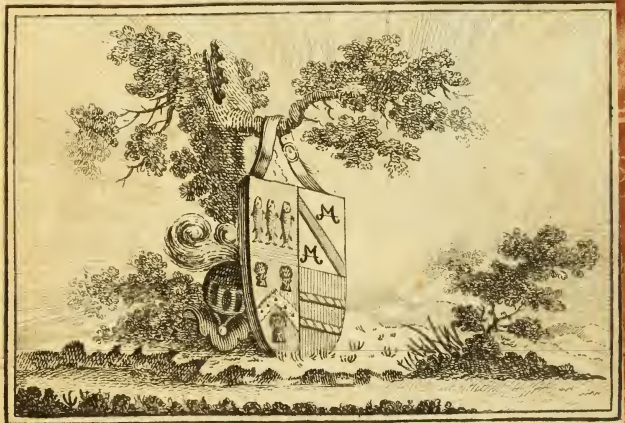

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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. III.

THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

COMEDY of ERRORS.	*King* RICHARD II.
WINTER'S TALE.	1ſt. Part of *K.* HENRY IV.
King JOHN.	2d. Part of *K.* HENRY IV.

LONDON:

Printed for A. BETTESWORTH and C. HITCH, J. TONSON, F. CLAY, W. FEALES, and R. WELLINGTON.

MDCCXXXIII.

G 4022
v.3

149,995
May 1872

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.
Antipholis *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to* Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, }
Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the two* Antipholis's.
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, }
Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and a Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Epheſus.*

THE

THE

(1) COMEDY *of* ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, *Jailor, and other Attendants.*

ÆGEON.

PRoceed, *Salinus*, to procure my Fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and discord, which of late

Sprung

(1) *Comedy* of ERRORS.] The Controversy of our Author's Acquaintance with the *Latine* Tongue has been partly canvas'd upon his having writ this Play. " It is in great Measure taken (says Mr. *Rowe*) " from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*. How That happen'd, I cannot easily " divine; since I do not take him to have been Master of *Latine* enough " to read it in the Original: and I know of no Translation of *Plautus* " so old as his Time". — Thus far, his Acquaintance with the *Roman* Language is rather disputed, than ascertain'd. Let us see, What Mr. *Gildon* has observ'd upon This. " I confess, with Submission to the Writer " of his Life, that I can find no such Need of Divination on this Head. " For as it is beyond Contradiction plain, that this Comedy is taken from " That of *Plautus*; so I think it as obvious to conclude from That, that

Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting Gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous Statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatning looks.
For, since the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracuſans* and our ſelves,
T'admit no traffick to our adverſe towns.
Nay, more; if any born at *Epheſus*
Be ſeen at *Syracuſan* marts and fairs,
Again, if any *Syracuſan* born
Come to the bay of *Epheſus*, he dies;
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, *Syracuſan*, ſay, in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd, (2)

Than

" *Shakeſpeare* did underſtand *Latine* enough to read him, and knew ſo " much of him as to be able to form a Deſign out of That of the " *Roman* Poet".——— We now find his Title to Learning a little better grounded. After theſe Gentlemen comes Mr. *Pope*, and diffidently corroborates Mr. *Gildon*'s Opinion. " He appears *(ſays he)* alſo to have " been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the Plot of *One* " of his Plays". The *Comedy* of *Errors* is the Play meant here. But tho', perhaps, I may believe our Author better acquainted with the antient Languages, than theſe three Learned Men profeſs to do; yet, with Deference to them, his Literature will not come into Diſpute on this Account. For the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus* was tranſlated into *Engliſh*, (which our Criticks might have known from *Langbaine*,) and printed in *Quarto* in the Year 1515, half a Century before our Author was born.

(2) *A heavier* Task *could not have been impos'd,*
Than I to ſpeak my Grief unſpeakable.] The Poet ſeems to me here

Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamnum*; 'till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before her self (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same Inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike:
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed; alas, too soon!
We came aboard.
A league from *Epidamnum* had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying Deep
Gave any tragick instance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful Warrant of immediate death;

here to have had in his Eye the Exordium of *Æneas*'s Speech to *Dido*, in the second Book of *Virgil*'s *Æneis*.

Infandum, *Regina*, jubes *renovare* dolorem, &c.

Which, tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come;)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me:
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
(6.) Faſten'd our ſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the Sun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas waxt calm; and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this;
But ere they came——oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the Sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the Gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us;
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,

Was

Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwrackt gueſts;
And would have reſt the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, 'till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus:*
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me, they live.

Duke. Hapleſs *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap;
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws, (3)

(3) *Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Laws,*
Againſt my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
Which Princes would, they may not diſannul,] Thus are theſe Lines placed in all the former Editions. But as the ſingle *Verb* does not agree with all the *Subſtantives*, which ſhould be govern'd of it, I have ventur'd to make a Tranſpoſition; and by a Change in the Pointing, clear'd up the Perplexity of the Senſe.

(Which Princes, would they, may not disanul;)
Against my Crown, my Oath, my Dignity,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed Sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our Honour's great disparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, Merchant, limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *and Train.*

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon, *and Jailor.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuse, *a Merchant, and* Dromio.

Mer. THerefore give out, you are of *Epidamnum*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the Statute of the Town,
Dies ere the weary Sun set in the west:
There is your mony, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host,
And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine Inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means. [*Exit* Dromio.

Ant. A truſty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the Inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o' clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward conſort you 'till bed-time:
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel 'till then; I will go loſe my ſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Ex.* Mer.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe my ſelf.

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance, thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit,
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell;
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek;
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt:
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the mony that I gave you?
E. Dro. Oh,—six pence, that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the mony?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
E. Dro. I pray you, jest, Sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock;
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness;
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phœnix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my mony;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?
E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your Worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phœnix*; She,

She, that doth faſt, 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God ſake hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Ex.* Dromio.
Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my mony.
They ſay, this town is full of couzenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye; (4)

(4) *As, nimble Jugglers, that deceive the Eye;*
Dark-working *Sorcerers, that change the Mind;*
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the Body;] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, the ingenious Conjecture, Mr. *Warburton* made to me upon this Paſſage, has ſuch an Appearance of Juſtneſs and Likelihood, that I ſhall ſubjoin it in his own Words. " Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three Lines, muſt confeſs, that the Poet intended, the Epithet given to each of theſe Miſcreants ſhould declare the Power by which they perform their Feats, and which would therefore be a juſt Characteriſtick of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* Jugglers, we are taught that they perform their Tricks by *ſlight of hand:* and by *Soul-killing* Witches, we are inform'd, the Miſchief they do is by the Aſſiſtance of the Devil to whom they have given their Souls: But then, by *dark-working* Sorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the Means by which they perform their Ends. Beſides, this Epithet agrees as well to Witches, as to them; and therefore, certainly, our Author could not deſign This in their Characteriſtick. I am confident, we ſhould read;

Drug-working *Sorcerers, that change the Mind;*

" And we know by the whole Hiſtory of antient and modern Superſtition, that theſe kind of Jugglers always pretended to work Changes of the Mind by theſe Applications. Hence all the Superſtition of Love-potions, which in this Line is alluded to: And this Practice was ſo common amongſt the *Greeks,* that they gave the Name of Φαρμακὸς to this Operator: and therefore has *Theocritus* call'd his ſecond *Eidyllium,* whoſe Subject is built on this kind of Sorcery, Φαρμακεύτρια.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Brabantio, I remember, in *Othello,* where he thinks his Daughter's Senſes and Inclinations muſt have been perverted by the *Moor*'s Practices, ſpeaks not a little in Confirmation of my Friend's Conjecture.

Judge me the World, if 'tis not groſs in Senſe,
That thou haſt practis'd *on her with foul* Charms,
Abus'd *her delicate* Youth *with* Drugs, *or* Minerals,
That weaken Notion. ———

Dark-

Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind;
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin:
If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear my mony is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

Soul-selling. Hanm:

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Houſe of* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

ADRIANA.

NEither my husband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is maſter of his liberty:
Time is their maſter; and when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.

Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lyes out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but aſſes, will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſht with wo.
There's nothing ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in sky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's ſubjects, and at their controuls:

Man

Man, more divine, the maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more preheminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelves complain;
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like Right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, did'ſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could under-ſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure, my maſter is horn-mad.
Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?
E. Dro. I mean not, cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thouſand Marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Will you come home, quoth I? my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand Marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; my gold, quoth he.
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; hang up thy miſtreſs;
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!
Luc. Quoth who?
E. Dro. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders:
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.
E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.
Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.
E. Dro. And he will bleſs that Croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.
E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
[*Exit.*
Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look:
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?

If

If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed Fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly Deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his Stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealouſie!— fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe:
I know, his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a Chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enameled, (5)
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch: yet often touching will
Wear Gold: and ſo no Man, that hath a Name,
But Falſhood, and Corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſie!

[*Exeunt.*

(5) *I ſee the Jewel beſt enameled*
Will loſe his Beauty; yet *the gold bides ſtill*
That others touch, and *often touching will:*
Where *gold and no Man that hath a Name,*
By *Falſhood and Corruption doth it Shame.*] In this miſerably mangled Condition is this Paſſage exhibited in the firſt *Folio*. All the Editions ſince have left out the laſt Couplet of it; I preſume, as too hard for them. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated the firſt *Folio*, ſhould have ſpar'd us the Lines, at leaſt, in their Corruption.— I communicated my Doubts upon this Paſſage to my Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and to his Sagacity I owe, in good part, the Correction of it. The Senſe of the whole is now very pertinent; which, without the two Lines from the 1ſt *Folio*, was very imperfect; not to ſay, ridiculous. The Compariſon is fully cloſed. "Gold, indeed, bides handling well; but, for all "that, often Touching will wear even Gold: So, no Man of a great "Character, even as pure as Gold, but may in Time loſe it by Falſhood "and Corruption.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine Hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtroaks, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix?* waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.

[*Beats* Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the Sun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport;

But

But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams:
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders: but, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon,
When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?
Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir; what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father *Time* himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

(6) *Ant.* Why is *Time* ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts; and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two, and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in tyring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

(6) Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a Niggard of Hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an Excrement?*

S. Dro. *Becauſe it is a Bleſſing that he beſtows on Beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in Wit*] Surely, this is Mock-reaſoning, and a Contradiction in Senſe. Can Hair be ſuppos'd a Bleſſing, which Time beſtows on Beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? I corrected this Paſſage, as I have now reform'd the Text, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has been pleas'd to adopt my Correction in his laſt Edition. *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken *vice verſâ* for each other, in the old Impreſſions of our Author.

Ant.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald Followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana, *and* Luciana.

Adri. Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never Touch well welcome to thy Hand,
That never Meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy Taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thy ſelf?
Thy ſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thy ſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſie may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelf; and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd skin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt: and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
e, My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſ-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured. (7)*

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?*

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro I never ſpoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

(7)* *I live* diſtain'd, *thou undiſhonoured.*] To *diſtaine* (from the *French* Word, *deſtaindre)* ſignifies, to *ſtain, defile, pollute.* But the Context requires a Senſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *Hyphen*, and giving the Prepoſition a *privative* Force, read diſ-ſtain'd, and then it will mean, unſtain'd, undefiled.

Be

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, brier, or idle moſs;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.
Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theam;
What was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the *Fairy* land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, ouphs, and elviſh ſprights; (8) *f*
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf, and anſwer'ſt not? (9)

(8) *We talk with Goblins,* Owls, *and elviſh Sprights;*] They might fancy, they talk'd with Goblins and Sprights; but why with *Owls*, in the Name of Nonſenſe? Or could *Owls* ſuck their Breath, and pinch them black and blue? I dare ſay, my Readers will acquieſce in the Juſtneſs of my Emendation here: The Word is common with our Author in other Paſſages;
Merry Wives *of* Windſor.
Strew good Luck, Ouphs, *on ev'ry ſacred Room.*
And, again;
Like Urchins, Ouphs, *and Fairies, green and white.*
(9) *Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelf?*
Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*] In the firſt of theſe Lines Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* have Both, for what Reaſon I cannot tell, curtail'd the Meaſure, and diſmounted the doggrel Rhyme, which I have replac'd from the firſt *Folio*. The ſecond Verſe is there likewiſe read;
Dromio, *thou* Dromio, *thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*
The Verſe is thus half a Foot too long; my Correction cures that Fault: beſides *Drone* correſponds with the other Appellations of Reproach.

Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhou'd know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to Scorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
Husband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any ask you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come, ſiſter; *Dromio*, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to my ſelf diſguiſ'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter; leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Street before* Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus, Dromio *of* Epheſus, Angelo, *and* Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say, what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it don't appear (10)
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;

(10) *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the Wrongs I ſuffer, and the Blows I bear.] Thus all the printed Copies; But, certainly, This is Croſs-purpoſes in Reaſoning. It appears, *Dromio* is an Aſs by his making no Reſiſtance: becauſe an Aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our Author never argues at this wild Rate, where his Text is genuine. I think the common reading may be underſtood tropically.

I ſhould kick, being kickt; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, Signior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.

Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But ſoft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. within. Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,
Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not: come again, when you may.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. What are thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtoll'n both mine office and my name:
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio?* who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, *Luce.*

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;
And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O lord, I muſt laugh;
Have at you with a *Proverb.*— Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another; that's, when, can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I trow?

Luc. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock, 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of Stocks in the town?

Adr. within. Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither.

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo bought and ſold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, *out, upon thee!* I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, maſter, mean you ſo?

For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together,

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.
Bal. Have patience, Sir: oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this;— your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner;
And about evening come your ſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And That ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.
E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of wrath, (11) mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and, yet too, gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert,)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine*;

(11) *And, in Deſpight of* Mirth,] In Deſpight of what *Mirth?* We don't find, that it was any Joke, or matter of Mirth, to be ſhut out of Doors by his Wife. I make no Doubt therefore, but I have reſtor'd the true Reading. *Antipholis*'s Paſſion is plain enough all thro' this Scene: and, in the next Act, we find him confeſſing how angry He was at this Juncture.— *And did not I in* Rage *depart from thence?* The Circumſtances, I think, ſufficiently juſtify my Emendation. *mirth.* W.

For

For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife,)
Upon mine Hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Houſe of* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, *with* Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.

Luc. AND may it be, that you have quite forgot (12)
A husband's office? ſhall, *Antipholis*, Hate,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
[302] Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;
Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty:
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret-falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard-fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas!

(12) *And may it be, that you have quite forgot*
An Husband's Office? Shall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the Spring of Love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*] This Paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double Corruption. What Conceit could our Editors

Alas! poor women, make us but believe, (13)
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
S. Ant. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:)
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit;
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then, well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline:

Editors have of *Love in Buildings* growing ruinate? Surely, they did not dream of Love made under an old Wall? Our Poet meant no more than This. Shall thy Love-springs rot, even in the Spring of Love? and shall thy Love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next Corruption is by an accident at Press, as I take it; This Scene for 52 Lines successively is strictly in alternate Rhymes: and this Measure is never broken, but in the *Second*, and *Fourth*, Lines of these two Couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a Monosyllable dropt from the Tail of the 2d Verse, and I have ventur'd to supply it by, I hope, a probable Conjecture.

(13) *Alas! poor Women, make us* not *believe*, &c.] From the whole Tenour of the Context it is evident, that this Negative *(not,)* got Place in the first Copies instead of *but*. And these two Monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossess'd one another in many other Passages of our Author's Works. Nothing can be more plain than the Poet's Sense in this Passage. Women, *says He*, are so easy of Faith, that only make them believe you love them, and they'll take the bare Profession, for the Substance and Reality.

Oh,

Oh, train me not, ſweet Mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, *Siren*, for thy ſelf, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair Sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thy ſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
S. Ant. Call thy ſelf ſiſter, Sweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good will. [*Exit* Luc.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?
S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio?* am I your man? am I my ſelf?
S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelf.

S. Dro

[109 102 161]

† them.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man and beſides my ſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thy ſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides my ſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if ſhe lives 'till doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over-ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault, that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah*'s flood could not do it.

S. Ant. (14) What's her name?

(14) *What's her Name?*

S. Dro. Nell; *Sir; but her name* is *three quarters; that is, an Ell and three Quarters,* &c.] This Paſſage has hitherto lain as perplext and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy, and truly humourous. If a *Conundrum* be reſtor'd, in ſetting it right, who can help it? There are enough beſides in our Author, and *Ben Jonſon,* to countenance that current Vice of the Times when this Play appear'd. Nor is Mr. *Pope,* in the *Chaſtity* of his Taſte, to briſtle up at me for the Revival of this Witticiſm, ſince I owe the Correction to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby:*

* *Lapland winter. Folio ed.* W *S. Dro.*

S. Dro. Nell, Sir;— but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland?*

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where *Scotland?*

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the palm of her hand.

(15) *S. Ant.* Where *France?*

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her Heir.—

S. Ant. Where *England?*

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could

(15) S. Ant. *Where* France?

S. Dro. *In her Forehead; arm'd and reverted, making War againſt her* hair.] All the other Countries, mention'd in this Deſcription, are in *Dromio*'s Replies ſatirically characteriz'd: but here, as the Editors have order'd it, no Remark is made upon *France*; nor any Reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her Forehead: but only the Kitchen-wench's high Forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern Editions; but the firſt *Folio* reads—— *making War againſt her* heir.—— And I am very apt to think, this Laſt is the true Reading; and that an *Equivoque*, as the *French* call it, a double Meaning is deſign'd in the Poet's Alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the Text. If my Conjecture be of any Weight, we may be able from it pretty preciſely to fix the Date of this Play's Appearance. I am not aſham'd to truſt it to Judgment, *& valeat quantum valere poteſt.* In 1589, *Henry* IIId of *France* being ſtab'd and dying of his Wound, was ſucceeded by *Henry* IVth of *Navarre*, whom he appointed his Succeſſor; but whoſe Claim the States of *France* reſiſted, on account of his being a Proteſtant. This, I take it, is what he means, by *France* making *War* againſt her *heir*. Now as, in 1591, Queen *Elizabeth* ſent over 4000 Men, under the Conduct of the Earl of *Eſſex*, to the Aſſiſtance of this *Henry* of *Navarre*; it ſeems to me very probable, that during this Expedition being on foot, this Comedy made its Appearance. And it was the fineſt Addreſs imaginable in the Poet, to throw ſuch an oblique Sneer at *France*, for oppoſing the Succeſſion of that *Heir*, whoſe Claim his Royal Miſtreſs, the Queen, had ſent over a Force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge.

find

find no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain?*

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſaphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who ſent whole Armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands?*

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid Claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i'th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's None but Witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She, that doth call me husband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to my ſelf:
But leſt my ſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the Mermaid's ſong.

* drudge of the Devil. W. conj:

Enter Angelo, *with a Chain.*

Ang. Maſter *Antipholis*,——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the Chain;
I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine*;
The Chain, unfiniſh'd, made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe your ſelf, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my mony for the Chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now;
For fear you ne'er ſee Chain, nor mony, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd Chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts:
I'll to the mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, *and an Officer.*

MERCHANT.

YOU know, ſince *Pentecoſt* the ſum is due;
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:

There-

Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction;
Or I'll attach you by this Officer.
Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you, (16)
Is growing to me by *Antipholis*;
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chain: at five o' clock,
I ſhall receive the mony for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Ephe. *and* Drom. Ephe. *as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may ſave: ſee, where he comes.
E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; That will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope!
[*Exit* Dromio.
E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chain:
But neither Chain nor goldſmith came to me:
Belike, you thought, our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together; therefore came not.
Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your Chain weighs to the utmoſt carat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;

(16) *Ev'n juſt the Sum, that I do owe to you,*
Is owing *to me by* Antipholis.] Mr. *Pope*, who pretends that he makes no Innovations but *ex fide Codicum*, has ſophiſticated this Paſſage for no Reaſon in the World as I apprehend. The oldeſt *Folio*, and all the other Copies that I have ſeen, read in the ſecond Line;
Is growing *to Me by* Antipholis.
So twice, afterwards, in this very Play;
Adr. *Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,*
And, knowing how the Debt grows, *I will pay it.*

Adr. *I know the Man; what is the Sum he owes?*
Offi. *Two hundred Ducats.*
Adr. *Say, how* grows *it due?*

Which do amount to three odd ducats more,
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman;
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent mony;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town;
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the Chain to her your ſelf?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the Chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope, you have:
Or elſe you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the Chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porcupine:*
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it;
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the Chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you ev'n now.
Or ſend the Chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath:
Come, where's the Chain? I pray you, let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The mony, that you owe me for the Chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the Chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it; Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay the sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for That I never had! Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer; I would not spare my brother in this case, If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, 'till I give thee bail. But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. *from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*, That stays but till her owner comes aboard; Then, Sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The *Oyl*, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*. The ship is in her trim; the merry wind Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all, But for their owner, master, and your self.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish sheep, What ship of *Epidamnum* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon: You sent me to the Bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee ſtrait,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkiſh* tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon 'till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana!* that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowſabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſters minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* E. Antipholis's *Houſe.*

Enter Adriana *and* Luciana.

Adr. AH, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd, you had in him no Right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.

He

He is deformed, crooked, old and ſere,
I'll-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No Evil loſt is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purſe; ſweet now make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, *Dromio?* is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough, (17)
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One, that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

(17) *A Fiend, a* Fairy, *pitileſs and rough,*] *Dromio* here bringing Word in haſte that his Maſter is arreſted, deſcribes the *Bailiff* by Names proper to raiſe Horror and Deteſtation of ſuch a Creature, ſuch as, a *Devil*, a *Fiend*, a *Wolf*, &c. But how does *Fairy* come up to theſe terrible Ideas? Or with what Propriety can it be uſed here? Does he mean, that a Bailiff is like a Fairy in ſtealing away his Maſter? The trueſt Believers of thoſe little Phantoms never pretended to think, that they ſtole any thing but Children. Certainly, it will ſort better in Senſe with the other Names annex'd, as well as the Character of a Catch-pole, to conclude that the Poet wrote;— *a Fiend, a* Fury, *&c.* I made this Conjecture in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt Edition.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well; but he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you send him, mistress redemption, the mony in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[*Exit* Luc.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!
Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing,
A Chain, a Chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the Chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to Season.
Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,
That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day?
If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio*; there's the mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Syracuse.

S. Ant. THere's not a man I meet, but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.

Some

Some tender mony to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; (18) what, have you got rid of the picture of old *Adam* new-apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam*, that kept the Paradiſe; but that *Adam*, that keeps the Priſon; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them ſuits of durance; he, that ſets up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike. (c)

(18) *what, have you got the picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?*] A ſhort Word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome Accident in copying, or at Preſs: otherwiſe I have no Conception of the Meaning of the Paſſage. The Caſe is this. *Dromio*'s Maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his Servant home for Money to redeem him: He running back with the Money, meets the Twin *Antipholis*, whom he miſtakes for his Maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the *Officer* before the Money was come, he cries in a Surprize;

What, have you got rid of *the Picture of old* Adam *new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventur'd to ſupply, by Conjecture. But why is the Officer call'd old *Adam* new apparell'd? The Alluſion is to *Adam* in his State of Innocence going naked; and immediately after the Fall, being cloath'd in a Frock of *Skins*. Thus he was new-apparell'd: and in like manner the *Sergeants* of the *Counter* were formerly clad in *Buff*, or *Calves-Skin*, as the Author humourouſly a little lower calls it.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he, that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to night; and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in Illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Curtezan.

Cur. Well met, well met, maſter *Antipholis.*
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the Chain, you promis'd me to day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs *Satan?*

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches ſay, God dam me, that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio?*

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:

I conjure thee to leave me, and begone.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the Chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry ſtone: but ſhe, more covetous, would have a Chain. Maſter, be wiſe; an if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Curtezan.

Cur. Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad;
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon, that I gather, he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad Tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatick,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Antipholis *of* Epheſus *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. FEar me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much mony,
To warrant thee, as I am reſted for.

My

My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio *of* Epheſus, *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you That I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's That, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beats* Dro.

Offi. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would, I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Curtezan, and* Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

(19) *E. Dro.* Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecie, like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.——

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats* Dro.

Cur. How ſay you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtaſie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

(19) *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your End, or rather the Prophecy, like the Parrot, beware the rope's End.*] We will endeavour to explain theſe Words, as they lie in Order. *Reſpice finem* ſeems to come in here oddly enough to make a Joke. But I am of Opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* might here allude to the laſt Words of a famous ſatirical Pamphlet, wrote at that time by *Buchanan* againſt the Lord of *Liddington* in Scotch, ending with theſe *Latine* Words, *Reſpice* finem, *reſpice* funem.—— Our Author, perhaps, would ſhew, he could punn as well in *Engliſh* as the Other had done in *Latine*; and therefore tranſlates, *Reſpect your End*, or *beware the Rope's End*. As for the Phraſe, *the Prophecy like the Parrot*, We are to remember, the *London* Tradeſmen of that time were very fond of this new exotic Bird, becauſe he could ſpeak; and, perhaps, almoſt as well as ſome grave Citizens. In teaching him the *Lingua*, 'twas no Wonder they ſhould delight themſelves in giving him many knaviſh Words, as *rope*, *Scot*, &c. to the Offence of many of his Majeſty's *Northern* Subjects, of whom there are ſuch a Number of merry Stories on record. However the Word *Rope*, by the bye, was the moſt common Word in his Language, and, no doubt, the moſt offenſive. And the Joke was this; when the Parrot had beſpatter'd any One with it, for the wiſe Owner to ſay to the offended Paſſenger, *Sir, take care; my Parrot* propheſies. *Butler* hints at this, Canto I. Part 1. ver. 549, ſpeaking of *Ralpho*'s Knowledge in Augury.

Could tell what ſubtleſt Parrots *mean*,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean;
What Member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry, Rope! *and* walk, Knave, walk.

For by this Time they had made many *Party* Parrots, we may well ſuppoſe. Mr. *Warburton.*

To

To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtrait,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where, would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe her ſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. *Sans* fable, ſhe her ſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. *Certes*, ſhe did; the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haſte for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me? heart and good will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſt;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold,
But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;— the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters; let him go:
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt, he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee, ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind* Ant. *and* Dro.
And,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!

E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.——

Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt* Pinch, Ant. *and* Dro.
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. *and Curtezan.*

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldſmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a Chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did beſpeak a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Strait after, did I meet him with a Chain.

Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis Syracuſan *with his rapier drawn, and* Dromio Syrac.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Ant. *and* Dro.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street, before a Priory.*

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the Chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſo'tly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis *and* Dromio *of* Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to your ſelf,

With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This Chain, which now you wear ſo openly;
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſie,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to day:
This Chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome Priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſower, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was:
But, 'till this afternoon, his paſſion

Ne'e

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference. (20)
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theam;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;

(20) *It was the* Copy *of our Conference.*] We are not to underſtand this Word here, as it is now uſed, in Oppoſition to an *Original*; any thing done after a Pattern; but we are to take it in the neareſt Senſe to the *Latine* Word *Copia*, from which it is derived. *Adriana* would ſay, her Reproofs were the Burden, the Fulneſs of her Conference, all the Subject of her Talk. And in theſe Acceptations the Word *Copie* was uſed by Writers before our Author's time, as well as by his Contemporaries. So *Hall*, in his Reign of K. *Henry* Vth. p. 8. ſays;

If you vanquiſh the Numidians, *you ſhall have* Copie *of Beaſts.*——

i. e. plenty.

And ſo *B. Jonſon* in his *Every Man* out of his *Humour*;

——— *that, being a Woman, She was bleſt with no more* Copy *of Wit, but to ſerve his Humour thus.*

And, again, in his *Cynthia*'s *Revels.*

——— *to be ſure to have daily about him* Copy *and Variety of Colours.*

And in many other Paſſages of his Works.

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou say'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,
(d) * Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life.
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving Reſt,
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcared thy husband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himſelf rough, rude and wildly;
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my husband forth

Abb. Neither; he took this place for Sanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands;
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but my ſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholſome ſirups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.

Ab.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit* Abbeſs.
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither;
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy Vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution, (21)
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend *Syracuſan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon *bare-headed; with the Headſman, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,

(21) *The Place of Death and* ſorry *Execution.*] i. e. diſmal, lamentable, to be griev'd at. In the like Acceptations our Poet employs it again, where *Macbeth*, after the Murder of *Duncan*, is looking on his own bloody Hands.

——— *This is a* ſorry *Sight.*

Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those, that had the guard of him;
mad. And, with his mad attendant and himself,
W. Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
(When thou didst make him master of thy bed,)
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, Some of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self;
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here,
And That is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you.
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholis, *and* Dromio *of* Eph.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No, my good lord: my ſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe, he burthens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the mad-man juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed, what I ſay.
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, head-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the Chain;
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech

To

To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.
Ang. My lord in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he ſuch a Chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the Chain about his neck.
Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the Chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you're come by miracle.
E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the Chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe, you burthen me withal.
Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think, you all have drunk of *Circe*'s Cup:
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that Saying. Sirrah, what ſay you?
E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcupine*.
Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that Ring.
E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cur. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.
Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither;
I think, you are all mated, or ſtark mad.
[*Ex. one to the Abbeſs.*
Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend, will ſave my life;
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, *Syracuſan*, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio?*

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our ſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not *Pinch*'s Patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot err,
Tell me thou art my ſon *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in *Syracuſa*-bay,
Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t'acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:

I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*, twenty years
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa:*
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, *and* Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;
And so of these which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds;
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man,
That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;
And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two *Antipholis*'s, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance;
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea, (a)
These plainly are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal Raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of *Corinth*
By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.

What

What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I; I came from *Syracuse*.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not, which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth*, my most gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say *nay* to that.
S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her Sister here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream, I see and hear.
Ang. That is the Chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this Chain arrested me.
Ang. I think, I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail,
By *Dromio*, but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors all arose.
E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And

And hear at large discourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty five years have I but gone in travel (22)
Of you my ſons; nor, 'till this preſent hour,
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the Calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt and go with me;
After ſo long grief ſuch Nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent the two Antiph. *and two* Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, *Dromio*.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon;
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* Antipholis S. *and* E.

(22) Thirty three *years*] 'Tis impoſſible the Poet could be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this Number here: and therefore I have ventur'd to alter it to *twenty five*, upon a Proof, that, I think, amounts to Demonſtration. The Number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the Miſtake might ariſe. *Ægeon*, in the 1ſt Scene of the 1ſt Act, is preciſe as to the Time his Son left him, in Queſt of his Brother:

My youngeſt Boy, and yet my eldeſt Care,
At eighteen *Years became inquiſitive*
After his Brother, &c.

And how long it was from the Son's thus parting from his Father, to their meeting again at *Epheſus*, where *Ægeon*, miſtakenly, recognizes the Twin-brother for him; we as preciſely learn from another Paſſage in the 5th Act.

Æge. *But* ſeven *years ſince, in* Syracuſa *bay,*
Thou know'ſt, we parted;

So that theſe two Numbers, put together, ſettle the Date of their Birth beyond Diſpute.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:
'Till then, lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus —— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

THE

a. 59 Besides her urging of her wrack at sea —

It seems either that some lines are lost out of the Abbessis Speech immediately preceding, or that this is an oversight of Shakespear's, for she does not mention the last word of the Shipwreck: unless we may be allowed to read his and refer it to what Egeon told the Duke in the first Scene of the Play. p. 7.

b 6. Fastend our selves at either end the mast.

Hanm: reads
—— at th'end of either mast.
which he scarce would have done if he had attended to what follows a little lower.
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst &c

c 41. Morris pike.

Hanmer reads Maurice pike, and says it alludes to the Pike men in Pr: Maurice's army, which were a famous body of souldiers at that time.

d 52 Kinsman to dull & comfortless despair

I had conjectured that it should be Akin — if one might venture to alter so much; and so Hanm:
Mr

Mr Warb: rejects the whole line.

e 20 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust
grime W. see p. 31.

f 21 We talk with ouphs —
W. keeps the old reading owls, striges. and to support it quotes Ovid. b Fast: l. 13 b &c
Nocte volant, puerosq; petunt nutricis egentes
Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis
Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris
Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent
Est illis Strigibus nomen —

g 55 — scorch your face — scotch. W.

h 58 All these old witnesses —
hold W. continue to testifie that —
but if, I cannot err, be read as a parenthesis, there needs no alteration.

THE

WINTER'S

TALE.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEONTES, *King of* Sicilia.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia.
Mamillius, *Young Prince of* Sicilia.
Florizel, *Prince of* Bohemia.
Camillo, }
Antigonus, } Sicilian *Lords.*
Cleomines, }
Dion, }
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court *of* Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Goaler.
Servant to the Old Shepherd.
Autolicus, *a Rogue.*
Time, *as* Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *Attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopſa, } *Shepherdeſſes.*
Dorcas, }

Satyrs for a Dance, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ſometimes in* Sicilia; *ſometimes, in* Bohemia.

(d.)

THE

(a)

THE WINTER's TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an Antichamber in* Leontes's PALACE.

Enter Camillo, *and* Archidamus.

(1) ARCHIDAMUS.

IF you ſhall chance, *Camillo*, to viſit *Bohemia*, d on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot; you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming ſummer, the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the viſitation, which he juſtly owes him.

Arch.

(1) ARCHIDAMUS.] This is a Character of that Sort, which the Old Criticks have call'd Πρόσωπον περιληπτικόν: One entirely out of the Action and Argument of the Play, and introduc'd only to open Something, neceſſary to be known, previous to the Action of the *Fable*. *Donatus*, in his Preface to *Terence*'s Fair *Andrian*, explains this Character thus. *Perſona autem* protatica *ea intelligitur, quæ ſemel inducta in Principio Fabulæ, in nullis deinceps fabulæ partibus adhibetur.* "By a *Protatick* Character we are to underſtand ſuch a One, as is introduc'd in the Beginning, and never after appears in any Part of the Fable." Such is *Soſia* in that Comedy of *Terence*; Such, *Davus* in his *Phormio*; and *Philotis* and *Syra*, in his *Mother-in-law*. Such are the Servants of the *Capulets* and *Mountagues*, in our Author's *Romeo* and *Juliet*: the

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,———

Cam. 'Beſeech you———

Arch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence— in ſo rare ——I know not what to ſay— we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak, as my Underſtanding inſtructs me; and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their incounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied with enterchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a Vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!——

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius:* it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches, ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Two Gentlemen, who open his *Cymbeline*; the Sea-Captain, in the Second Scene of *Twelfthnight*; and (tho' thrown into the Middle of the Play) of the ſame Nature are the Gentlemen in K. *Henry* VIII; who are introduced only to make the Narratives of *Buckingham*'s Arraignment, and *Anne Bullen*'s Coronation.

Arch.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?
Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they hould deſire to live.
Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to ive on crutches 'till he had one.

SCENE *opens to the Preſence.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine Changes of the watry ſtar hath been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our Throne
Without a burthen; time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one, *we thank you*, many thouſands more
That go before it.
Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them, when you part.
Pol. Sir, that's to morrow:
'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence, that may blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
"This is put forth too truly". Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.
Pol. No longer Stay.
Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.
Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.
Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that,
'll no gain-ſaying.
Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You 'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in *Bohemia*'s well: this ſatisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong,
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure
[*To* Polixenes.
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
(f) You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,
(g.) To let him there a month, behind the geſt (2)
Prefix'd for's parting: yet, (good-deed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t'unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, " Sir, no going: *verily*,

(2) ——— ——— *behind the* geſt
Preſcrib'd for's parting:] I have not ventur'd to alter the Text, tho', I freely own, I can neither trace, nor underſtand, the Phraſe. I have ſuſpected, that the Poet wrote;
——— ——— *behind the* juſt
Preſcrib'd for's parting.
i. e. the juſt, preciſe, time; the inſtant; (where Time is likewiſe underſtood) by an *Elleipſis* practis'd in all Tongues. It is familiar with us to ſay, *I'll do ſuch a thing* juſt *now*. And in the ſame manner the *French* uſe their Adverb *juſtement* (eo ipſo tempore) *preciſement, à point nommé.*

" You

" You ſhall not go; a lady's *verily* is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go, yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt? ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſie to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your Goaler then,
But your kind Hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow as to day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd,
That any did: had we purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; th' impoſition clear'd, (3)
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tript ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for

(3) ——— *th' Impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *Original Sin:* bating That impoſition from the Offence of our firſt Parents, we might have boldly roteſted our Innocence to Heaven, againſt any Guilt committed by Our-lves.

In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!——
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet, go on;——
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.
Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Never?
Leo. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon That.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
2. With ſpur we heat an acre. *But to th' goal:
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy ſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
" I am yours for ever.
Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
Th'other, for ſome while a friend.

Leo.

Leo. Too hot, too hot—— [*Aside.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me—— my heart dances;
But not for joy—— not joy.—— this entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom, (*h*)
And well become the Agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs—— and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer; (4) oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows—— *Mamillius*,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy (*i*)
noſe?
They ſay, it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain;
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
Upon his palm?—— how now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that
I have,
To be full like me. Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing;— but were they falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain. (*k*)
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop— can thy dam?— may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' center.

(4) *The* Mort *o'th' Deer.*] To blow a *Mort*, is a hunting Phraſe, ſignifying, to ſound a particular Air, call'd a *Mort*, to give notice that the Deer, which was hunted, is run down, and killing, or kill'd.

Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams— (how can this be?)
With what's unreal, Thou coactive art,
(l.) And fellow'ſt Nothings. Then 'tis very credent,
(m) Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And That beyond commiſſion; and I find it,
And That to the infection of my brains,
And hardning of my brows.
Pol. What means *Sicilia?*
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much Diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make it ſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years, and ſaw my ſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for mony?
Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.
Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole.— My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtates-man, all;
He makes a *July*'s day ſhort as *December*,
And with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo.

Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in *Sicily*, be cheap:
Next to thy ſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i'th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving* Her.
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exe.* Polix. Her. *and attendants.* *Manent* Leo.
Mam. *and* Cam.
To her allowing husband. Gone already,
Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears, a fork'd one.
Go, play, boy, play—— thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knel. Go, play, boy, play—— there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks, ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't, there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it. [128]
From eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,

With

With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of's
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not. How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they ſay.
Leo. Why that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leo. Go play, *Mamillius*—— thou'rt an honeſt man:
[*Ex.* Mamil.
Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.
Leo. Didſt note it?
(6) *Cam.* He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.
Leo. Didſt perceive it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, *Camillo*,
That he did ſtay?
Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.
Leo. At the Queen's be't; good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.
Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand
Bohemia ſtays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. Ay, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſs, and th' entreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.
Leo. Satisfie
Th' entreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfie?——
Let That ſuffice. I've truſted thee, *Camillo*,
(7) With all the things neareſt my heart; as well

My

My chamber-councels, wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom: I from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that, which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord——

Leo. To bide upon't;— Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game plaid home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh and fearful; (5)
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty

(5) *I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;*
In every one of theſe no Man is free,
But that his Negligence, his Folly, Fear,
Amongſt the infinite Doings of the World
Sometimes puts forth in your Affairs, *my Lord.*] Moſt accurate Pointing This, and fine Nonſenſe the Reſult of it! The old *Folio*'s firſt blunder'd thus, and Mr. *Rowe* by Inadvertence (if he read the Sheets at all,) overlook'd the Fault. Mr. *Pope*, like a moſt obſequious Editor, has taken the Paſſage on Content, and purſued the Track of Stupidity. I dare ſay, every underſtanding Reader will allow, my Reformation of the Pointing has entirely retriev'd the Place from Obſcurity, and reconcil'd it to the Author's Meaning.

Is

Is never free of. But, beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha'not you ſeen, *Camillo*,
(But that's paſt doubt, you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute;) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not think it;)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meating noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
That would, unſeen, be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, *Camillo*, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected, as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he, that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bohemia*, — who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do That
Which ſhould undo more Doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion,
But with a lingring dram, that ſhould not work,
Maliciouſly, like poiſon: but I cannot (6)

(6) ——— ——— *but I cannot*
Believe this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee. ———

Leo. *Make that thy Queſtion and go rot.*] This Paſſage wants very little weighing, to determine ſafely upon it, that the laſt Hemiſtich aſſign'd to *Camillo*, muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is a ſtrange Inſtance of Diſreſpect and Inſolence in *Camillo* to his King and Maſter, to tell him that He has once lov'd him. ——— But Senſe and Reaſon will eaſily acquit our Poet from ſuch an Impropriety. I have ventur'd at a Tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf-evident. *Camillo* will not be perſuaded into a Suſpicion of the Diſloyalty imputed to his Miſtreſs. The King, who believes Nothing but his Jealouſy, provok'd that *Camillo* is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a Rage and cries;

I've lov'd thee.— Make't thy Queſtion, and go rot. i. e. I have render'd thée well, *Camillo*, but I here cancel all former Reſpect at once. If Thou any longer make a Queſtion of my Wife's Diſloyalty; go from my Preſence, and Perdition overtake thee for thy Stubbornneſs.

Believe

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So soveraignly being honourable.
Leo. I've lov'd thee.—Make't thy Question, and go rot:
Do'st think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:)
Give scandal to the blood o'th' Prince, my son,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?
Cam. I must believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in Courts and Kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beveridge,
Account me not your servant.
Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.
Cam. I'll do't, my lord.
Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! but for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have

All

All that are his, ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany it ſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes *Bohemia.*

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak? —
Good day, *Camillo.*

Cam. Hail, moſt royal Sir!

Pol. What is the news i'th' Court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Province, and a region
Lov'd, as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelf, what you do know, you muſt,
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good *Camillo,*
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
My ſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſilisk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe Succeſs we are gentle;) I beſeech you,
If you know ought, which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which Honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,) that thou declare,
What Incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both your ſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo?*

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected gelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to

A

A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhun'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear this though over (7)
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I'm ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twoes, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th' city. For my ſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;

(7) Cam. ——— *Swear* his Thought *over*
By each particular Star in Heaven, &c.] The Tranſpoſition of a ſingle Letter reconciles this Paſſage to good Senſe; which is not ſo, as the Text ſtands in all the printed Copies. *Polixenes*, in the preceding Speech, had been laying the deepeſt Imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abus'd *Leontes* in any Familiarity with his Queen. To which *Camillo* very pertinently replies.

——— *Swear* this though *over*, &c.

i. e. Sir, Though you ſhould proteſt your Innocence never ſo often, and call every Star and Saint in Heaven to witneſs to your Adjuration; yet Jealouſy is ſo rooted in my Maſter's Boſom, that All you can ſay and ſwear will have no Force to remove it.

Be pilot to me, and thy Places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. — This jealouſie
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man, which ever
Profeſs'd to him; why, his revenges muſt
In That be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen; part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion. Come, *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs,
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, *and Ladies.*

HERMIONE.

TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, I'll none of you.
1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet lord?
Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love You better.
2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my lord?

Mam

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; (yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.)
2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?
1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.
1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.
2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk; (good time encounter her!)
Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.
Her. Let's have That, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man——
Her. Nay, come ſit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.
Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *and Lords.*

Leo. Was he met there? his train? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never

Saw I men ſcowr ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leo. How bleſt am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſt! There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent hefts. —— I have drunk, and ſeen the
ſpider. ——
Camillo was his help in this, his Pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my Crown;
All's true, that is miſtruſted: that falſe Villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your Command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him. —

Her. What is this, Sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,

'Tis

'Tis pity, ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which on my faith deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty-brands,
That Calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,—
That Mercy do's; for calumny will ſear
Virtue it ſelf.) Theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
(From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be;)
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.

Leo. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy Place,
Leſt Barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the Prince and Beggar.—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More; ſhe's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake.
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:

He, who shall speak for her, is far of guilty, (8)
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient, 'till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping; (as our sex
Commonly are,) the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's Will be perform'd! —

Leo. Shall I be heard? —

Her. Who is't, that goes with me? 'beseech your Highness,
My women may be with me, for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall. My women, — come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exit* Queen, *guarded*; *and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beseech your Highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three Great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t'accept it, that the Queen is spotless

(8) *He, who shall speak for her, is far* off *guilty,*
But that he speaks.] This cannot be the Speaker's Meaning. *Leontes* would say, I shall hold the Person *in a great Measure* guilty, who shall dare to intercede for her: And this, I believe, *Shakespeare* ventur'd to express thus:
He, who shall speak for her, is far of *guilty,* &c.
i. e. partakes far, deeply, of her Guilt.

I'th'

I'th' eyes of heaven, and to you, (I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.)
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where (O.)
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my lord,——
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for our ſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would, I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: be ſhe honour-flaw'd, (P)
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven; (9)
The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my ſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The Inſtruments that feel.

(9) *I have three Daughters; the Eldeſt is eleven;*
The Second and the Third, nine; and Sons *five;*
If this prove true, they'll pay for't.] The 2d *Folio* Edition led Mr. *Rowe* firſt inadvertently to fix five Sons upon *Antigonus*, more than the Poet ever deſign'd him: and Mr. *Pope* ſtumbled implicitly into the Miſtake. But what increaſes the Jeſt, theſe three Daughters, and five Sons were *Coheirs:* If This was ever according to the Laws of *Sicily*, 'tis ſo peculiar, that *Goltzius*, *Fazellus*, or *Cluverius* would have thought it worthy of a ſhort Notice. But the Reading of the 1ſt *Folio* Edition, which I have reſtor'd to the Text, makes no mention of any Sons, and ſo the Girls remain properly Coheirs; the Eldeſt, eleven years of Age; the ſecond, Nine; and the Third, *ſome* five. I'll ſubjoin two Inſtances of this manner of Expreſſion from our Author's K. *Lear*.

But I have a Son, Sir, by order of Law, ſome *Year elder than this;*
For that I am ſome *twelve or fourteen Moon-ſhines Lag of a Brother?*

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't, how you might.
Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you, (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill,) cannot, or will not
Reliſh a truth like us; inform your ſelves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.
Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.
Leo. How could That be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo*'s flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only; nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed) doth puſh on this Proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo*'s Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?
Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give Rest to th' minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
We are to speak in publick; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Prison.*

Enter Paulina *and a Gentleman.*

Paul. THE keeper of the prison, call to him:
[*Exit Gent.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good lady,
No Court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in Prison? now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
[*Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.*

Goa. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, Madam,
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's Ado to lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? *Emilia?*

Goa. So please you, Madam,
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Paul. I pray you now, call her:
Withdraw your selves. [*Exeunt Gent.* &c.

Goa. And, Madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul.

Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's ſuch Ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well, as one ſo Great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; On her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, My poor Priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i'th' King! beſhrew them, (10)
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, *Emilia*,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know,
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th' child:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.

Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living

(10) *Theſe dang'rous, unſafe* Lunes *i'th' King!* ———] I have n where, but in our Author, obſerv'd this Word adopted in our Tongu to ſignify, *Frenzy, Lunacy.* But it is a Mode of Expreſſion with th *French.* — *Il y a de la* lune: (*i.e.* He has got the Moon in his Hea he is frantick.) COTGRAVE. *Lune.* folie. *Les femmes ont des lun dans la téte.* RICHELET. *See Vol: I. p. 283.*

S

So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, *Emilia*,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.

Emil. Now be you bleſt for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur, to paſs it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine Honour, I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, *Lords and other attendants.*

Leo. NOR night, nor day, no Reſt;—it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus; meer weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being; part o'th' cauſe,
She, the adultreſs; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my Reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Atten. He took good Reſt to night; 'tis hop'd,
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely; go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares. — Fie, fie, no thought of him; —
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. *Camillo* and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow;
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter Paulina, *with a child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to night
commanded,
None ſhould come at him.

Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honeſ

Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, ho?
Pau. No noiſe, my lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.— *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew, ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo, my lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? can'ſt not rule her?
Pau. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
Pau. Good my liege, I come——
And I beſeech you hear me, who profeſs
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſellor: yet that dares
Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeems yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Pau. Good Queen, my lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, the worſt about you. *3.* [18]
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But firſt, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*

Leo.

Leo. Out!

q. * A mankind witch! (11) hence with her, out o' door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Pau. Not ſo,
I am as ignorant in That as you,
In ſo intit'ling me; and no leſs honeſt,
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To* Ant.
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy Croan.
Pau. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Pau So, I would, you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A neſt of traytors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau Nor I; nor any
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.
Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her husband.

(11) *A* Mankind *Witch!*] i. e. One as *bold* and *maſculine*, as if She were a Man. So in *B. Jonſon*'s *Silent Woman*, when *Moroſe* is teiz'd by his new Wife's She-friends, he cries out in Deteſtation of their Boldneſs.

O mankind *Generation!*

And ſo *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Monſieur* Thomas.

I do not bleed; 'twas a ſound Knock ſhe gave me;
A plaguy mankind *Girl!*

And now baits me!— This brat is none of mine;
t is the iſſue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Pau. It is yours;
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good Goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.
Leo. A groſs hag!
And lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your ſelf
Hardly one Subject.
Leo. Once more, take her hence.
Pau. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.
Pau. I care not;
It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you Tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.
Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Pau. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.

Look

Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jove* ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewel, we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leo. Thou, traytor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, Sir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.
Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leo. You're liars all.
Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt, and to come) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——
Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—— You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life? *Ant*

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my Ability may undergo,
And Nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thy ſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoyn thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place, (r)
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I ſwear to do this: tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor Babe;
Some powerful Spirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and Bleſſing,
Againſt this Cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs.— [*Exit, with the child.*
Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, Poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' Oracle, are come
An hour ſince. *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.

Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open tryal. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt, ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Part of* Sicily *near the Sea-ſide.*

Enter Cleomines *and* Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet, (12)
Fertile the iſle, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.

Dion.

(12) *The Climate's delicate, the Air moſt ſweet,*
Fertile the Iſle———] I muſt ſubjoin a very reaſonable Conjecture of my Friend upon this Paſſage.——— "But the Temple of "*Apollo* at *Delphi* was not in an *Iſland*, but in *Phocis* on the Continent. "It's plain, the blundering Tranſcribers had their Heads running on "*Delos*, an Iſland of the *Cyclades*. So that the true Reading is un- "doubtedly;
The Climate's delicate, the Air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Soil;———
"*Soil* might with a very eaſy Tranſpoſition of the Letters be corrupted "to *Iſle*. But the true Reading manifeſts itſelf likewiſe on this Ac- "count; that, in a Deſcription, the Sweetneſs of *Air*, and Fertility of "*Soil*, is much more terſe and elegant than *Air* and *Iſle*.
Mr. *Warburton.*

But

Dion. I ſhall report, (13)
For moſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the Sacrifice——
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the Burſt
And the ear-deafning voice o' th' Oracle,
Kin to *Jove*'s thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Senſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen, (O, be't ſo!)

But to confeſs the Truth, I am very ſuſpicious that our Author, notwithſtanding, wrote *Iſle*, and for this Reaſon. The Groundwork and Incidents of his Play are taken from an old Story, call'd, The pleaſant and delectable Hiſtory of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*; written by Mr. *Robert Green*, a Maſter of Arts in *Cambridge*, in the Reign of Q. *Elizabeth*: and there the Queen begs of her Lord, in the Rage of his Jealouſy, *That it would pleaſe his Majeſty to ſend ſix of his Nobles, whom he beſt truſted, to the* Iſle *of* Delphos, *there to enquire of the Oracle of* Apollo, &c. Another palpable Abſurdity our Author has copied from the ſame *Tale*, in making *Bohemia* a maritime Country, which is known to be Inland, and in the Heart of the main Continent.

(13) *Dion.* ——— I ſhall *report*,
For moſt *it caught me*, &c.] What will he *report?* And what means this Reaſon of his Report, *viz.* that the *Celeſtial Habits* firſt caught his Obſervation? I do not know, whether his Declaration of *reporting*, be more obſcure, or his Reaſon for it more ridiculous. The Speaker ſeems to be under thoſe Circumſtances, which his Brother Ambaſſador in the next Speech talks of,

——— *So ſurpriz'd my Senſe, that I was Nothing.*

But if we may ſuppoſe him recover'd from his Surprize, we may be aſſur'd He ſaid;

——— ——— It ſhames *Report.*
Foremoſt *it caught me, the Celeſtial Habits*, &c.

Cleomines had ſaid, The Temple much ſurpaſs'd the common Praiſe it bore. *Dion* replies, Yes, *it ſhames* Report by ſo far exceeding what Report had pretended to ſay of it: and then goes on to particularize the Wonders of the Place. The firſt Thing, ſays he, that ſtruck me, was the Prieſts Habits, *&c.* And, by the Bye, it is worth obſerving, that the Wonders are particulariz'd in their exact Order: firſt, the Habits of the Prieſts, who were ready to meet Enquirers; then, the Prieſts Behaviour; then, the Sacrifice; and then, the pronouncing the Oracle. The Reader may ſee *Van Dale* de *Oraculis Ethnicorum*; and be ſatisfied of This.

Mr. *Warburton.*

As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the Oracle,
(Thus by *Apollo*'s great Divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *repreſents a Court of Juſtice.*

Leontes, *Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.*

Leo. THIS Seſſion, (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;— let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner.—
Offi. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in Court. Silence!

Hermione *is brought in, guarded*; Paulina, *and Ladies, attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.
Offi. Hermione, *Queen to the worthy* Leontes, *King of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes *King of* Bohemia, *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the King, thy royal husband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true*

a true Subject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but That
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The Teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſhood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if Powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyranny
Tremble at Patience.— You, my lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſt, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than Hiſtory can pattern, tho' devis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A Moiety of the Throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only That I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrant I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act, or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.
Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as your self commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more than I,) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.
Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stands in the level of your Dreams,
Which I'll lay down.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreams.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it:— as you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to it self,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.
Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:

To

To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your Favour,
I do give loſt, for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my ſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; with immodeſt hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried (14)
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what Bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,—
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis Rigour, and not Law. Your Honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion *and* Cleomines.

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo*'s name, his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Ruſſia* was my father,
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but ſee

(14) ——— ——— *laſtly, hurried*
Here to this Place, i' th' open Air, before
I have got Strength of Limbs.] This is the Reading of Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope*. I have reſtor'd, with the old Editions; ——— *before*
I have got Strength of Limit.
i. e. Strength enough for coming abroad, going never ſo little a way. So, in *Cymbeline*;
A Priſon, for a Debtor that not dares
To ſtride a Limit.

The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of Pity, not Revenge!

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon the Sword of Juſtice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delphos*, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up Oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo*'s Prieſt; and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy Seal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. Hermione *is chaſte*, Polixenes *blameleſs*, Camillo *a true Subject*, Leontes *a jealous Tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King ſhall live without an heir, if That, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo!*

Her. Praiſed!

Leo. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle;
The Seſſion ſhall proceed; this is meer falſhood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the King, the King,——

Leo. What is the buſineſs?

Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's Speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.— How now, there?

[Her. *faints.*

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; ſhe will recover.

[*Exeunt* Paulina *and ladies with* Hermione.
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her

Some

Some remedies for life. *Apollo*, pardon
My great Prophaneneſs 'gainſt thine Oracle!
I'll reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woo my Queen, recal the good *Camillo*;
(Whom I proclaim a man of Truth, of Mercy)
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the Miniſter, to poiſon
My friend *Polixenes*; which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift Command; tho' I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten, and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honour) to my kingly Gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark Ruſt! and how his Piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.——

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What ſtudied torments, Tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads or oils? what old, or newer, torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
Together working with thy Jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing; (15)
That

(15) *That thou betrayd'ſt* Polixenes, *'twas Nothing;*
That did but ſhew thee, of a Fool, *inconſtant,*
And thee off,
W.

That did but ſhew thee of a Soul inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good *Camillo*'s honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer; but the laſt, O lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropt down yet.

Lord. The higher Powers forbid!

Pau. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou tyrant! (16)
Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier

And damnable ingrateful.] I have ventur'd at a ſlight Alteration here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies. It is certainly too groſs and blunt in *Paulina*, tho' She might impeach the King of Fooleries in ſome of his paſt Actions and Conduct, to call him downright a Fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his Morals, and the Qualities of his Mind, than rudely to call him *Idiot* to his Face.

(16) ——————*but, O, thou Tyrant!*
Do'ſt *not repent theſe Things, for they are heavier*
Than all thy Woes can ſtir? therefore betake thee
To Nothing but Deſpair.] Mr. *Rowe* read this Paſſage thus; but Mr. *Pope* has been pleas'd to add to the Abſurdity of it, by an Innovation in the Pointing. *Paulina* is made, by this notable Change, to argue with the King in this manner; *Do'ſt thou not repent of thy Actions, becauſe Repentance can do thee no Service?*— I have reſtor'd the genuine Reading of the old Copies: And, 'tis evident, *Paulina* is deſign'd to diſcourage him from Repentance, on the Suppoſition of his Crimes being too heinous to be forgiven: She therefore bids him abſolutely to embrace Deſpair.

Than

Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but Deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Pau. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman;
The love I bore your Queen— lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One Grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The Chappel where they lye, and tears ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Bohemia. *A desart Country; the Sea at a little distance.*

Enter Antigonus *with a Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. THou art perfect then, our Ship hath touch'd upon
The Desarts of *Bohemia?*
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heav'ns with That we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.
Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow instantly.
Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o' th' business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor Babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the Spirits o' th' dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was Dream
So like a Waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very Sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. "Good *Antigonus*,
"Since Fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out

"Of

"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
"I pr'ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
"Thy wife *Paulina* more." — And ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelf, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreams are toys,
Yet for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, This being indeed the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*, it ſhould here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well! (17)
[*Laying down the child.*
There lye, and there thy † character: there theſe, 5
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow; Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewel!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never ſaw
The heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! this is the Chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

(17) ——— ——— Bloſſom, *ſpeed thee well!*
There lye, and there thy Character. ——] The Reaſon why the Name of *Character* is given to the gold Mantle and Medal, ſeems this: By theſe, her *Quality* was to be known. And the *Naturaliſts* and *Botaniſts* pretending, that the *Qualities* of every *Plant* may be known by its *Mark* or *Character*, which, they ſay, Nature has impreſs'd on it; after he had called the Child *Bloſſom*, he ſtraight makes an Alluſion to that Opinion, and ſays, ——— *thy Character.* Mr. *Warburton.*

† Character ſeems here to mean the name of Perdita, the Mantle &c are mentioned Enter afterwards.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting — hark you now! — would any but theſe boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? they have ſcar'd away two of my beſt ſheep, which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find than the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! a boy, or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure, ſome 'ſcape: tho' I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry 'till my ſon come: he hollow'd but even now; Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! ——

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by land; (18) but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea; for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

(18) *But I am not to ſay, it is a Sea; for it is now the Sky; betwix the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a Bodkin's Point.*] I will no pretend to be poſitive, our Author had *Don Quixote* here in his Eye but *Sancho* facetiouſly ſays ſomething very like this, upon the ſudde Mutability of a Woman's Reſolutions. *Entre el ſi y el no de la Muge no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d' alfiler.* Between a Woman' *ay* and *no* I would not undertake to *thruſt a pin's point.* This Change ableneſs our Author, in his *Lear*, has finely call'd, The *undiſtinguiſh' Space* of *Woman's Will.*

Clo

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore; but that's not to the point; oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, — to see how the Bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd since I saw these sights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

(19) *Shep.* Would, I had been by to have help'd the Nobleman.

Clo. I would, you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. — [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see: it was told me, I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changling; open't; what's within, boy?

(20)**Clo.* You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth

(19) Shep. *Would, I had been by to have help'd the* old *Man.*] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, I am persuaded, we ought to restore, *Nobleman.* The Shepherd knew nothing of *Antigonus*'s Age; besides, the Clown had just told his Father, that he said, his Name was *Antigonus* a *Nobleman,* and no less than three times in this short Scene, the Clown, speaking of him, calls him the *Gentleman.*

(20)**You're a* mad *old Man; if the Sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all Gold!*] This the Clown says upon his

youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold! —

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecreſie. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that mask and unfold error; (21)
Now

his opening his Fardel, and diſcovering the Wealth in it. But this i no Reaſon why he ſhould call his Father a *mad* old Man. I have ventur'd to correct in the Text: —— *You're a* made *old Man:* i. e. you Fortune's made by this adventitious Treaſure. So our Poet, before, i his *Midſummer-Night's Dream*;

We had all been made *Men:*

And ſo, again, in his *Twelfth-night*;

Go to, thou art made *if thou deſireſt to be ſo.*

So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Elder Brother*;

We're made *for ever.*

And in their *Mad-Lover.*

Siph. *O happy I!*

Chil. *You're a* made *Man.*

And in a hundred more Inſtances, that might be quoted to prove th Uſe of the Expreſſion.

(21) —— *That make and unfold Error.*] This does not in m Opinion take in the Poet's Thought. Time does not *make* miſtake and *diſcover* them, at different Conjunctures; but the Poet means, th

Tim

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow Law, and in one ſelf-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm Cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times, that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeems to it: your Patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my Scene ſuch Growing,
As you had ſlept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle Spectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*; and remember well,
I mention here a Son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of *Perdita*, now grown in Grace
Equal with Wondring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſie. But let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

gulph. W.

Time often for a Seaſon *covers* Errors, which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to Light*. I chuſe therefore to read;

——— *that* maske *and* unfold *Error*.

To the like Purpoſe our Poet in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*.

Keep me in Patience; and with ripen'd Time
Unfold *the Evil which is here* wrapt up
In Countenance:

And, again, in his *Lear*.

Time *ſhall* unfold *what plaited Cunning* hides,
Who covers *Faults, at laſt with Shame derides.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Court of* Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

POLIXENES.

I Pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my Country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling Sorrows I might be ſome Allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſidered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips. Of that fatal Country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and Children are ever now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizel* my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince; what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown

but

but I have (miſſingly) noted, he is of late much retired from Court, and is leſs frequent to his princely Exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd. 6.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, *Camillo*, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. (22) That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; and, I fear, the Engle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſon's Reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your Command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo!* — we muſt diſguiſe our ſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus *ſinging.*

WHEN daffadils begin to peere,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'th' year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

(22) *That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence*; but, *I fear the* Angle *that plucks our Son thither.*] The *disjunctive* here, I think, makes ſtark Nonſenſe of the Context: and the Editors have palm'd an Alluſion in the Word *Angle*, which ſeems foreign to the Senſe of the Paſſage. As, before, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Angel* is miſtakenly put for

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my pugging tooth on edge: (L.)
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.
The lark that tirra-lyra chaunts,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the Stocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linnen. (23) My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, be-

for *Engle:* ſo, I ſuſpect, *Angle*, by the ſame eaſy Corruption, is here. I have there prov'd the Uſe and Meaning of the Word. I'll proceed briefly to juſtify the Emendation I have here made, by ſhewing how naturally it falls in with the Senſe we ſhould expect. *Camillo* had juſt told the King, he had heard of ſuch a ſhepherd, and of a Daughter he had of moſt rare Note. *Ay*, replies the King, *that's a Part of my Intelligence too*; and, *I fear*, [*that Daughter is*] *the* Siren, *the* Decoy, *the* Invitation, *that plucks our Son thither.*

(23) *My Father nam'd me* Autolicus, *who being, as I am, litter'd under* Mercury, *was likewiſe a ſnapper up of unconſider'd Trifles.*] The ſlight Tranſpoſition I have ventur'd to make of four ſhort Monoſyllables in this Paſſage, was preſcrib'd by my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. The Poet's Meaning ſeems to be this. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, becauſe I was born under *Mercury*; who was a Thief, as I am. The Alluſion is, unqueſtionably, to this Paſſage in *Ovid*;

Alipedis *de ſtirpe* Dei *verſuta propago*
Naſcitur Autolycus, *furtum ingenioſus ad omne.* Metam. Lib. xi.

The true *Autolycus* was the Son of *Mercury*; our fictitious one, born under his Planet: the firſt a Copy of his Father; the other, ſuppos'd to derive his Qualities from natal Predominance. To this *Autolycus*, the Son of *Mercury*, *Martial* has alluded in the 8th Book of his Epigrams.

Non fuit Autolyci *tàm* piceata manus.

We find his Hiſtory in *Pherecydes*, *Hyginus*, &c.

ing

ing litter'd under *Mercury*; who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this capariſon, and my revenue is the ſilly Cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way; beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—— A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee,—Every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, what comes the wooll to?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the cock's mine.—— [*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, what am I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, three pound of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice—what will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty noſe-gays for the ſhearers; (24) three-man ſong-men all, and very good ones, but they are moſt of them means and baſes; but one Puritan among them, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt have ſaffron to colour the warden-pies, mace—dates—none—that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raiſins o'th' Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born! [*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th' name of me——

(24) Three-man *Songmen all, and very good ones.*] By a *three-man* Songſter we are to underſtand, a Singer of *Catches*; which *Catches* were then, and are now moſt commonly, in *three* Parts. So our Author, in 2d Part of K. *Henry* IV;

Fal. *If I do, fillip me with a* three-man *beetle.*

i. e. a *three-handed* Beetle, or one uſed by three Men together. So in an old Play, call'd, *The Merry Milk-maids*;

Smirk. *Nay, I'll put in too for my ha, ha, ha.*
This is a three-man's *laughter.*

For the Laugh is kept up by *three* Perſons in the Scene

Aut. Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death —

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my mony and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any mony? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have mony, or any thing I want: offer me no mony, I pray you; That kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he, that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the Court.

Clo.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the Court; they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well, he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a Motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lyes; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue; ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; — he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bohemia*; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewel, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, (25) let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

(25) *Let me be* unroll'd, *and my Name put in the Book of Virtue.*] Begging Gipſies, *&c.* in the Time of our Author were in Gangs, that had ſomething of the Regularity of an incorporated Body. This is alluded to here. From this noble Society he wiſhes he may be *unroll'd*, if he does not do ſo, and ſo. Mr. *Warburton.*

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtile-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Proſpect of a Shepherd's Cotte.*

Enter Florizel *and* Perdita.

Flo. THESE your unuſual Weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but *Flora*
Peering in *April*'s front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a Meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extreams it not becomes me:
Oh pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious Mark o'th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a Swain's Wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt Goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew my ſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight a-croſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges Dread; (your Greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear;) even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vildly bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the Gods themſelves,
Humbling their Deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. *Jupiter*
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden *Apollo*; a poor humble Swain,
As I ſeem now. Their Transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be Neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feaſt; or I'll be thine, my Fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Tho' deſtiny ſay *no*. Be merry, (Gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your Gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that Nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, *Servants; with* Polixenes *and* Camillo *diſguis'd.*

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach;
Addreſs your ſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep.

Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o'th' table, now i'th' middle:
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The Hostess of the Meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your self
That which you are, mistress o'th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [*To* Pol. *and* Cam.
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The Hostessship o'th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas.*—Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you Both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Per. Sir, the Year growing ancient,
Not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling Winter, the fairest flowers o'th' season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-flowers,
Which some call Nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating Nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean; so over that Art,
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an Art
That Nature makes; you see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an Art,
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but
The Art it self is Nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This Youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. — Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle Summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that Blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'th' Spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Dis*'s waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright

Bright *Phœbus* in his ſtrength; (a malady
Moſt incident to maids;) bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one. O, theſe I lack
To make you garlands of, and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarſe; or if, — not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſon Paſtorals: ſure, this Robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (Sweet)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo, give alms;
Pray, ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but That; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your Doing,
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your Acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſord; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than her ſelf,
Too noble for this place. *Cam*

Cam. He tells her ſomething, (26)
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.
Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlick to mend her kiſſing with.—
Mop. Now, in good time!
Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this,
Who dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays, he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the Moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So ſhe does any thing, tho' I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him That
Which he not dreams of.

breeding
w

(26) ——*He tells her Something,*
That makes her Blood look on't.] Thus all the old Editions corruptedly. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd the true Reading; and the Meaning muſt be this. The Prince tells her Something, *that calls the Blood up into her Cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like Expreſſion to deſcribe the Prince's Sincerity, which appear'd in the honeſt Blood riſing on his Face.

Your Praiſes are too large; but that your Youth
And the true Blood, *which* peeps forth *fairly* through *it,*
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd Shepherd.

I corrected the above Paſſage, when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd:* and Mr. *Pope* in his laſt Impreſſion has thought fit to embrace the Correction.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O maſter, if you did but hear the Pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell mony; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he ſhall come in; I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange) with ſuch delicate burthens of dil-do's and fa-ding's: jump her and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns; why, he ſings 'em over, as they were Gods and Goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the (x) *ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe Pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter

Enter Autolicus *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no mony of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than That, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you All he promis'd you: 'may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'tis well, they are whispring: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

Aut. And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are ſure, they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony bags at a burthen; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs *Tale-porter*, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd upon the coaſt, on *Wedneſday* the fourſcore of *April*, forty thouſand fadom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids; it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh with one that lov'd her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.—

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of *two maids wooing a man*; there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month a-go.

Aut.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither:*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to th' grange, or mill,*
Dor. *If to either, thou doſt ill:*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by our ſelves: my father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy Pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: Pedler, let's have the firſt choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the Pedler; mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens Ware-a.

[*Ex. Clown,* Autolicus, Dorcas, *and* Mopſa.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. (27) Maſter, there are three goat-herds, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that [83] have made themſelves all men of hair, they call [151] themſelves Saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they are not in't: but they themſelves are o'th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe, that refreſh us: 'pray, let's ſee theſe four-threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's ſimple, and tells much.— How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed Love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The Pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this

(27) *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds,*] Thus all the printed Copies hitherto. Now, in two Speeches after this, theſe are call'd *four* three's of *herdſmen*. But could the *carters* properly be call'd *herdſmen?* At leaſt, they have not the final Syllable, *herd*, in their Names; which, I believe, *Shakeſpeare* intended, all the *four three's* ſhould have. I have therefore gueſs'd that he wrote;— *Maſter, there are three* goat-herds, &c. And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* Species of Cattle uſually tended by *Herdſmen*.

Your

Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a Reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are;
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my Love
Before this ancient Sir, who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian*'s tooth, or the fann'd ſnow
That's bolted by the northern Blaſt twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before! I've put you out;
But, to your Proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my Neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your Wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the Nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo.

Flo. No; he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not:
Mark our Contract.

Pol. Mark your Divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom Son I dare not call: thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou coap'ſt with———

Shep. O my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the Court. Thou churl, for this time,
Tho' full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, Enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoope his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone:
I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
The ſelf-ſame Sun, that ſhines upon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone?
[*To* Flo.

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know That which I know. O Sir, [*To* Flor.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones; but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt. O curſed wretch!
[*To* Perdita.
That knew'ſt, This was the Prince; and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear;
Then, 'till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, *Camillo*——

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my Dignity would laſt
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith, and then

Let

Let Nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,
And mar the Seeds within!— Lift up thy looks!—
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy; if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the Pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the Sun sees, or
The close Earth wombs, or the profound Seas hide
In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath
To this my Fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let my self and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our Need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*.—
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Cam.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His Going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,

And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see. [*Aside.*
Flo. Now, good *Camillo*;
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.
Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' th' love
That I have born your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And thorough him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction;
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highness, where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As, heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualifie,
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after That trust to thee?
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for *Sicilia*;

And

And there preſent your ſelf, and your fair Princeſs
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i'th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs, and his kindneſs: th'one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your Bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down; (28)
The which ſhall point you forth at every fitting,
What you muſt ſay; that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of your ſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who

(28) *Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,*
The which ſhall point you forth at ev'ry ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;—] Every *Sitting*, methinks, gives but a very poor Idea. Every *fitting*, as I have ventur'd to correct the Text, means, ev'ry convenient Opportunity; every Juncture, when it is *fit* to ſpeak of ſuch, or ſuch, a Point. So, in the *Tempeſt*.

For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a Relation for a Breakfaſt, nor
Befitting *this firſt Meeting.*

Do

Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loth to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She is as forward of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis Pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita* ——
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! *Camillo*,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our Houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia*'s ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in *Sicily* ——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene, you play, were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word. —
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; (29) not a counterfeit ſtone, not

(29) *Not a counterfeit Stone, not a ribbon, &c. to keep my pack from* faſtning]. But theſe Wares, all together, would not keep the Pack from

not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhooe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes 'till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Flor. *and* Perd. *come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that Doubt.

Flor. And thoſe that you'll procure from King *Leontes* ——

Cam. Shall ſatisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing* Autol.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

from faſtning, unleſs they crouded it ſo, that it could not ſhut cloſe. The Error is as old as the 2d Folio Edition, and from thence continued down. Mr. *Pope*, who pretends to have collated Impreſſions, might have obſerv'd that the 1ſt Folio has it, as I have corrected, *faſting*. The Metaphor is taken from thoſe who have no Proviſion left. His Pack, as it would hold a great deal, might be call'd a *devouring* Pack: and being now emptied of all its *Food*, it might figuratively be ſaid to have nothing left to *ſtay its Stomach*.

Aut.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why, hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal That from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly: (thou muſt think, there's a neceſſity in't) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half ſtead already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)——

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſs! (let my Prophecy
Come home to ye,) you muſt retire your ſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own Seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee, the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt bear a Part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, lady, come: farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aſide.*
Of this Eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's Longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, *Camillo*, to th' ſea ſide.
[*Exit* Flor. *with* Per.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? ſure, the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion. 4

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide, — here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and, ſo, your

your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew these things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies! [*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is That in this Farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily, he be at the Palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my Pedler's excrement. How now, rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace, and it like your Worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? hath not my gate in it the measure of the Court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not, on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am there-

herefore no Courtier? I am courtier, *Cap-a-pè*; and ne that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſi-eſs there, whereupon I command thee to open thy ffair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, and't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay, ou have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomly.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a Great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'th' farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under

under the hangman; which tho' it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! ſome ſay, he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: draw our throne into a ſheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, and't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vitæ*, or ſome other hot infuſion; then raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the Sun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf, and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn Bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold; ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive.——

Shep. And't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, Sir; but tho' my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope, I ſhall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang im, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, nd ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know, 'tis none f your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, will give you as much as this old man does, when he buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your 'awn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea- de, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the edge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even leſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided o do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, *Fortune* vould not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. am courted now with a double occaſion: gold, and means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, vho knows how That may turn back to my advance- ıent? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, board him; if he think it fit to ſhoar them again, and ıat the complaint they have to the King concerns im nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far fficious; for I am proof againſt that Title, and what ıame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, here may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE *changes to* Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, *and Servants.*

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self; which was so much,
That heir-less it hath made my Kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man (30)
Bred his hopes out of.

Pau. True, too true, my lord;
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the All that are, took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
Kill'd? she I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

(30) *Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that e'er Man Bred his hopes out of,* true.

Pau. *Too true, my Lord.*] A very slight Examination will convinc ev'ry intelligent Reader, that, *true,* here has jump'd out of its place i all the Editions. What the King would say, is absolutely complet without it: and the placing it, where the printed Copies have done, an Embarrassment to the Sense. These two Reasons, I hope, will b sufficient to justify my Transposition.

Upo

Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the State, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign Name; consider little,
What dangers (by his Highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his Kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for Royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of Majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone; besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine *Apollo* said,
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
Till his lost Child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his Grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary;
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for issue;
[*To the King.*
The Crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthiest; so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*,
I know, in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now

— Queen? This will. W.

I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted Spirit (31)
Again possess her corps; and on this stage,
(Where we offend Her now) appear soul-vext,
And begin, Why to me?—

Pau. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

Pau. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina*.

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, *Paulina*; so be bless'd my Spirit!

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.

(31) ——— *would make her sainted Spirit*
Again possess her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offenders now appear) *soul-vext,*
And begin, &c.] 'Tis obvious, that the Grammar is defective and the Sense consequently wants supporting. The slight Change have made cures Both: and, surely, 'tis an Improvement to the Sentim for the King to say, that *Paulina* and He offended his dead Wif Ghost with the Subject of a second Match; rather than in general Ter to call themselves *Offenders, Sinners.*

Pa

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's Ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, 'till thou bid'ſt us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf Prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſs (ſhe,
The faireſt I have yet beheld) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's Greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the Sun ſhone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every preſent time doth boaſt it ſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Grave
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you your ſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder than that Theme; ſhe had not been,
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you've ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too This is a creature,

Z [87 150]

Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelites
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Pau. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leo. Go, *Cleomines*;
Your ſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit* Cleo.

Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider That which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, *and others.*

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair Princeſs, Goddeſs: — oh! alas!
I loſt a Couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth (32)

(32) *I loſt a Couple, that 'twixt Heav'n and Earth*
Might thus have ſtood, begetting Wonder, as
You gracious Couple do; —] I have ſeveral times hinted how dangerous to Senſe an innocent *Comma* is, in the Hands of Ignorance. The Editors, by a ſtupid Pointing here, had ſtifled a fine *Hyperbole*, and blunder'd the Text into Abſurdity. Did the young Prince and his Conſort ſtand betwixt Heaven and Earth, *ſuſpenſi ad Ventos*, as *Virgil* calls it? No ſuch Matter. The King's Meaning is This; He had loſt a pair of Children, who might have ſtood the Wonder of two Worlds, the Objects of Admiration to Gods and Men; as this young Prince and his Princeſs did, in his Opinion.

Might

Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious Couple do; and then I loſt
All mine own folly) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his Command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all Greetings, that a King, (at friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your Throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bad me ſay ſo, more than all the Scepters,
And Thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good Gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs,
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your *Sicilian* ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not only my ſucceſs in *Libya*, Sir,

But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all infection from our Air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, Great Sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has,
His Dignity and Duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia?* speak.

Lord. Here in your City; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message: to your Court
Whilst he was hastning, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair Couple, meets he on the way.
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their Country quitted
With this young Prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour and whose honesty 'till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his Charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo?*

Lord. Camillo, Sir, I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches

Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves, as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!
The Heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry, (33)
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, viſible an enemy,
Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

(33) ——— ——— *and as ſorry*
Your Choice is not ſo rich in Worth, *as Beauty,*
That you might well enjoy her.] Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the Poet wrote here;
Your Choice is not ſo rich in Birth *as Beauty,*
Becauſe *Leontes* was ſo far from diſparaging, or thinking meanly of, her Worth; that, on the contrary, he rather eſteems her a Treaſure, and, in his very next Speech to the Prince, ſays:
Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious *Miſtreſs,*
Which he counts but a Trifle.
I have not, however, diſturb'd the Text, becauſe by *Worth*, perhaps, the Poet might mean not the Endowments of Nature or Education; but the Royalty of her Dower.

Leo.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſs,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch Gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.— But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your Honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *near the Court in* Sicily.

Enter Autolicus, *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. BEſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, me-thought, I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. There was Speech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ranſom'd, or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: he news, *Rogero?*

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the Oracle is fulill'd; the King's Daughter is found; ſuch a deal of vonder is broken out within this hour, that balladnakers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the lady *Paulina*'s Steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, vhich is call'd true, is ſo like an old Tale, that the veity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion; has the King found his Heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*,— her jewel about the neck of it,— the etters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know o be his character,— the Majeſty of the Creature, in reſemblance of the mother,— the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,— and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty o be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be een, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old

ſhep-

ſhepherd, who ſtands by, like a weather-beaten Conduit of many King's Reigns. I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old Tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' Credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much, to juſtifie him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in *Paulina!* She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her husband, another elevated that the Oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; 'till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an, *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the Court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princeſs hearing of her mother's Statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a Piece many

many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by (34) that rare *Italian* maſter, *Julio Romano*; who, had he himſelf Eternity, and could put breath into his Work, would beguile Nature of her Cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape: He ſo near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoycing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now had not I the daſh of my former life in me, would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter (ſo he then took her to be) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this Secret, it would not have reliſhed among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will,

(34) *that rare* Italian *Maſter*, Julio Romano;] All the Encomiums, put together, that have been conferr'd on this excellent Artiſt in Painting and Architecture, do not amount to the fine Praiſe here given him by our Author. He was born in the Year 1492, liv'd juſt that Circle of Years which our *Shakeſpeare* did, and dy'd Eighteen Years before the Latter was born. Fine and generous, therefore, as this Tribute of Praiſe muſt be own'd, yet it was a ſtrange Abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a Tale, the Action of which is ſuppos'd within the Period of Heatheniſm, and whilſt the Oracles of *Apollo* were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful Anachroniſm; which might have ſlept in Obſcurity, perhaps Mr *Pope* will ſay, had I not animadverted on it.

and

and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: ſee you theſe cloaths? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. 'Pry'thee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and frankiins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and

hat thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no all fellow of thy hands; and that thou wilt be drunk; ut I'll swear it; and, I would, thou would'st be a tall ellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means to prove a tall fellow; if I do ot wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not eing a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings nd the Princes, our kindred, are going to see the Queen's Picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good naſters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Paulina's *House.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, *Lords and Attendants.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, sovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my services
You have paid home. But that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your Kingdoms, my poor House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the Statue of our Queen. Your Gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content,
In many singularities; but we saw not
That, which my daughter came to look upon,
The Statue of her mother.

Pau. As she liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleep mock'd Death; behold, and say, 'tis well!

[Paulina *draws a curtain, and discovers* Hermione *standing like a statue.*

I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your Wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?

Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, *Paulina*,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our Carver's excellence,
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her,
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; do's not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? oh, royal Piece!
There's Magick in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring Daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her Bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Pau. O, patience;——
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd it ſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power

T

To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.
Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Pau. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your Fancy
May think anon, it move.
Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already ——
What was he, that did make it? ſee, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd; and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Maſterly done!
The very Life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't, [7. 149]
As we were mock'd with Art.
Pau. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that Madneſs. Let't alone.
Pau. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but [65]
could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, *Paulina*;
For this affliction has a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an Air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Pau. Good my lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
You'll marr it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily Painting; ſhall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Pau. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappel, or resolve you
For more amazement; if you can behold it,
I'll make the Statue move, indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie
To make her speak, as move.
Pau. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then all stand still:
And those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;
No foot shall stir.
Pau. Musick; awake her: strike; [*Musick.*
'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your Grave up: stir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your Numness; for from him
Dear life redeems you; you perceive, she stirs;
[Hermione *comes down.*
Start not; her Actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my Spell is lawful; do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand;
When she was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is she become the suitor.
Leo. Oh, she's warm; [*Embracing her.*
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Po

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead?
Pau. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale; but it appears, ſhe lives,
Tho' yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your Mother's Bleſſing; turn, good lady:
Our *Perdita* is found.
[*Preſenting* Perdita, *who kneels to* Herm.
Her. You Gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head; tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's Court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by *Paulina* that the Oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in Being, have preſerv'd
My ſelf, to ſee the iſſue.
Pau. There's time enough for That;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace, *Paulina:*
Thou ſhould'ſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her Grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: Both your Pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill ſuſpicion: this, your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King — whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

65 (a) The Winter's Tale.

This Play is evidently taken from an old English Novel called "The Pleasant and Delightful History of Dorastus and Faunia. "Pleasant for Age to shun drowsy thoughts; "Profitable for Youth to avoid other wanton "pastimes, and bringing to both a desired "content." By Robert Green Master of Arts in Cambridge.

In this Novel

The K. of Sicilia whom Shakespeare names Leontes is called Egistus

Polixenes K of Bohemia — Pandosto
Mamilius Pr: of Sicilia — Garinter
Florizel Pr: of Bohemia — Dorastus
Camillo ——— Franion
Old Shepherd ——— Porrus

Hermione ——— Bellaria
Perdita ——— Faunia

Mopsa is the same Name.

The Parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolicus are of the Poets invention; and many circumstances of the Old Novel are left out of the Play.

4 (b)

Cam: He would not stay at your petitions made;
His business more material.

J

I cannot but think this passage is wrong pointed, and the sense of it spoild if not destroyed; I would read

If would not stay at your petitions; made His business more material.

that is the more you asked him to stay, the more urgent he represented the business which called him away.

79 (c)

Polix: - - - do you know and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, his thereabouts:

There seems too to be a wrong pointing here, I think it should be read,

do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?

that is, Do you know, and yet dare not inform me? or you do know &c.

d. pp. 65. 66. &c.

Sr Tho Hanmer puts Bithynia instead of Bohemia for the Scene because Bohemia is no maritime country. but see note 12. p 99.

e. 67 This is put forth too truely
early. Hanm:

f 68 — I'll give him my commission —
You — Hanm:

g — — behind the gest —
gists. journal which fixed the
times & stages of the Kings progresses.
Hanm:

h 71 — from bounty, fertile bosom,
Hanm: reads from bounty's fertile —
perhaps it should be bounty-fertile

i — — Bawcock
from Bas coque Hanm: I should
think more probably from beau
coque, for it is used as a term of
commendation, not of reproach.

k — — welkin-eye.
Hanm: has it welking eye - but it
may mean a blue, skie colord eye.

l 72 And fellowest Nothing —
Hanm:
nothings

m. — — credent, for credible.

n. 74 —— as well My chamber cowsels
—— with all —— Hanm:

o. 87 —— I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ——
Stable-stand.
Stabilis statio — a place where a
Deer-stealer fixes his stand under
some cover to watch for and shoot
the Deer. Spelman's Gloss: Hanm:

p. — I would Land-damn him: ——
Hanm: reads
Land-dam. is kild [by stop:
ping of urine. from Lant. urine
and dam, to stop.

q 94. A mankind witch!
perhaps this should be written
man-keen, a word which is used
to this day in the North of England
both of Horses, when they bite at
men, and of girls that are inde=
cently forward and shew themselves
too fond of men.

r 97 —— commend it strangely to some
place —
—— to some strange place ——
Hanm:

s. 115 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale
ovr. Hanm:

t 116 Doth set my pugging tooth on edge
progging Hanm:

u 118. troll my dames
nine holes. trou ma dame.

v. 120 And merrily hent the stile-a
hind, the present sense
Hanm:

w. 126 — chaunts to the sleeve hand —
sleeve-band. Hanm:

x. 142. — my Pedlar's excrement —
means his false beard.

y 149 —— so must thy Graves
Give way to what's seen now ——
Graces — Hanm:

z. 164 —— whom Heavns directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter —
from Heaven's directing
Hanm;

. 70 — we heat an aere, but to the goal,
but, as even. qu: W.

3. 93 — by combat make her good —
if we keep this reading, make is
here used for prove, otherwise
we should read make it good

4. 141 — if I thought it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would do it; Hanm:

5 109 Mr Warburton's refinement about the characters of plants is nothing to the purpose here; the character which Antigonus mentions was a writing, by which according to the command of the Vision he signified the infants name; which was found with her, and is mentioned to be so p. 155 — "the letters of "Antigonus found with it, which "they knew to be his character". —

6 115 — but I have (missingly) noted — missing him — W.
musingly. H.

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

KING *JOHN.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING John.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*
a. Pembroke,
b. Eſſex,
c. Salisbury, } Engliſh *Lords.*
Hubert,
d Bigot,
Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-Son to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis, *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Card. Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Neice to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* England; *and, ſometimes, in* France.

THE

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court of* ENGLAND.

Enter King John, *Queen* Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, *and* Salisbury, *with* Chatilion.

King JOHN.

NOW ſay, *Chatilion*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus, after Greeting, ſpeaks the King of *France*,
In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of *England* here.

Eli. A ſtrange Beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!

(1) *The* LIFE *and* DEATH—] Tho' this Play have this Title, yet the Action of it begins at the 34th Year of his Life; and takes in only ſome Tranſactions of his Reign to the Time of his Demiſe, being an Interval of about 17 Years. Of all the *Engliſh* Princes, (as Mr. *Warburton* obſerv'd to me,) that *Shakeſpeare* has taken into Tragedy, King *John* was the fitteſt to have made a Hero for a Tragedy on the antient Plan. *Henry* IV, V, and VIII, had Qualities great enough for it, but were generally fortunate. *Richard* II, and *Henry* VI, *(ſit Verbo Venia)* were, at times, little better than Poltrons: And *Richard* III. was ſo black a Villain, that the Antients would have thought him fitter for a Gibbet than a Stage. But *John* had that Turbulence and Grandeur of the Paſſions, that Inconſtancy of Temper, that equal Mixture of Good and Ill, and that Series of Misfortunes conſequent thereto, as might make him very fit for a Hero in a juſt Compoſition.

K. *John.* Silence, good Mother; hear the Embaſſie.
Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother *Geffry*'s Son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful Claim
To this fair Iſland, and the territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poictiers*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Maine*:
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral Titles;
And put the ſame into young *Arthur*'s hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal Soveraign.
K. *John.* What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T'inforce theſe Rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. *John* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer *France*.
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.
K. *John.* Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of *France*,
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, *Chatilion*.
[*Ex.* Chat. *and* Pem.
Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the Right and Party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of love;
Which now the Manage of two Kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. *John.* Our ſtrong Poſſeſſion, and our Right for us.—
Eli. Your ſtrong Poſſeſſion much more than your Right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Eſſex.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſie,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. *John.* Let them approach.
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This Expedition's charge — What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, *and* Philip, *his Brother.*

Phil Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt Son,
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of *Cœur-de-lion* knighted in the field.
K. *John.* What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*
K. *John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. *John.* A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land;
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our Faces, and be judge your ſelf.

If old Sir *Robert* did beget us Both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir *Robert*, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. *John*. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of *Cœur-de-lion*'s face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my Son
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. *John*. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard:* ſirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land? (2)
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my Father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much;—

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he imploy'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:

(2) *With* half that *Face*] But why with *half* that Face? There is no Queſtion but the Poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd the Text, *With that* half-face —— Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, will be angry with me for diſcovering an *Anachroniſm* of our Poet's, in the next Line; where he alludes to a Coin not ſtruck till the Year 1504, in the Reign of K. *Henry* VII. *viz.* a Groat, which, as well as the half Groat, bare but half-faces impreſs'd. *Vid.* Stow's *Survey of* London, *p.* 47. Holingſhed, Camden's *Remains*, &c. The Poet ſneers at the meagre ſharp Viſage of the Elder Brother, by comparing him to a ſilver Groat, that bore the King's Face in Profile, ſo ſhew'd but half the Face. The Groats of all our Kings of *England*, and, indeed, all their other Coins of Silver, one or two only excepted, had a full Face crown'd; till *Henry* VII, at the Time above-mention'd, coin'd Groats and half Groats, as alſo ſome Shillings, with half Faces; that is, Faces in *Profile*, as all our Coin has now. The firſt Groats of K. *Henry* VIII. were like theſe of his Father; tho' afterwards he return'd to the broad Faces again. Theſe Groats, with the Impreſſion in Profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to tho', as I ſaid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an Anachroniſm in it for, in the Time of King *John* there were no Groats at all: they being firſt, as far as appears, coin'd in the Reign of K. *Edward* III.

Th'ad

Th'advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty Gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. *John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth, he might; then if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him; this concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed Son of *Cœur-de-lion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide? [153]

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir *Robert* his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,

My

My arms such Eel-skins stuft; my Face so thin, (3)
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "look, where three-farthings goes!
And to his shape were heir to all this land;"
Would, I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir *Nobbe* in any case.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to *France*.

Phil Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. *John.* What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my Liege, so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wife's eldest son.

(3) ——— ——— *my Face so thin,*
That in mine Ear I durst not stick a Rose,
Left Men should say, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*]

In this very obscure Passage our Poet is anticipating the Date of another Coin; humourously to rally a thin Face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *Rose*. We must observe, to explain this Allusion, that Queen *Elizabeth* was the first, and indeed the only, Prince who coin'd in *England* three-half-pence, and three-farthing Pieces. She at one and the same time, coin'd Shillings, Six-pences, Groats, Three-pences, Two-pences, Three-half-pence, Pence, Three-farthings, and Half-pence: And these Pieces all had her Head, and were *alternately* with the *Rose* behind, and without the *Rose*. The Shilling, Groat, Two-Pence, Penny, and Half-penny had it not: the other intermediate Coins, *viz.* the Six-pence, Three-pence, Three-half-pence, and Three-farthings had the *Rose*. This accurate Distinction I owe to the Favour and Communication of the worthy and ingenious *Martin Folkes*, Esq; I'll venture to advance one Observation, before I have done with this Subject, that as each of the lesser of these Pieces were hardly to be distinguish'd in Size from that immediately next to it in Value; it was the common practice to deface the *Rose* upon the lesser Coin, to make it pass for that next above it in Price. And this serves to give Light to a Passage of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady*.

He had a Bastard, his own toward Issue, whipt, and then cropt, for washing out the Roses *in* Three-farthings *to make them* Pence.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* From henceforth bear his Name, whose form thou bear'st:
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but rise up more great;
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Phil. Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet!*
I am thy grandam; *Richard*, call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is still well-shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. *John.* Go, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire;
A landless Knight makes thee a landed 'Squire:
Come, Madam; and come, *Richard*; we must speed
For *France*, for *France*; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th' way of honesty. [*Ex. all but* Phil.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse!
Well, now can I make any *Joan* a lady.
Good-den, Sir *Richard*,—Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
For new-made honour doth forget mens names:
'Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my Worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
My picqued man of Countries;—My dear Sir, (4) [155]

(4) *My* piked *Man of Countries.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* exhibits this Passage, and interprets the Word, *formal, bearded.* The old Copies give it us, *picked*, by a slight Corruption in the Spelling; but the Author certainly design'd, *picqued*; (from the *French* Verb, *se piquer*) i. e. touchy, tart, apprehensive, upon his Guard.

(Thus

(Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you, — that is Queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir: —
No, Sir, ſays Queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours, —
And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would, (5)
Serving in dialogue of Compliment;
And talking of the *Alps* and *Apennines*,
The *Pyrenean* and the river *Po*;
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[32] (And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver

(5) *And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would.*

(Saving *in Dialogue* ———] In this fine Speech *Faulconbridge* would ſhew the Advantages and Prerogatives of *Men of Worſhip*. He particularly obſerves, that he has the *Traveller* at Command. (And here we muſt remember the Time our Author wrote in; when Travellers, by the daily Diſcovery of new Worlds, were in the greateſt Eſtimation.) At the firſt Intimation of his Deſire to hear ſtrange Stories, the *Traveller* complies, and the Anſwer comes as eaſy as an A, b, c, book. Now, Sir, ſays the Knight, this is my Queſtion: ——— The over-ready Traveller will ſcarce give him Leave to make it, but, *e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would*, ——— What then? Why, according to the Stupidity of the hitherto receiv'd Reading, it grows towards Supper-time. And is not this worſhipful Society? To ſpend all the Time betwixt Dinner and Supper, before either of them knows what the other would be at. So abſurdly is the Senſe vitiated, by putting the three Lines in a *Parentheſis*; which, we may ſuppoſe, was firſt occaſion'd by their Blunder in the Word, *Saving*, inſtead of the true Word, *Serving*. Now my Emendation gives the Text this Turn; "And e'er Anſwer "knows what the Queſtion would be at, my Traveller *ſerves in* his "Dialogue of Compliment, which is his ſtanding Diſh at all Tables, "then he comes to talk of the *Alps* and *Apennines*, &c. and by the "time this Diſcourſe concludes, it draws towards Supper." All now here is Senſe and Humour; and the Phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very humourous one, to ſignify that this was his Worſhip's ſecond Courſe.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Sweet,

Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my Mother; now, good lady,
What brings you here to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, *and* James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Robert*'s ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Robert*'s Son, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir *Robert*'s ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir *Robert*'s ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Robert*'s ſon; and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good *Philip.*

Phil. Philip! —— ſpare me, *James*; (6)

(6) —— *Philip*, ſparrow, *James.*] Thus the old Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has attempted to gloſs this Reading by telling us, that *Philip* is the common Name for a tame Sparrow. So that then *Faulconbridge* would ſay, *Call me* Philip? *You may as well call me* Sparrow. —— The Alluſion is very mean and trifling: and every Body, I believe, will chuſe to embrace Mr. *Warburton*'s Emendation, which I have inſerted into the Text. *Spare me*, and *Forbear me*, it may be obſerved, are our Author's accuſtom'd Phraſes; either when any one wants another to leave him, or would be rid of a diſpleaſing Subject. So, in the *Tempeſt*, *Alonſo*, when his Companions teize him with unſeaſonable Diſcourſe, ſays;

I pr'ythee, ſpare.

So, *Imogen*, in *Cymbeline*, when She wants to get rid of CLOTEN;

—— *I pray you*, ſpare me; *faith*,
I ſhall unfold equal Diſcourteſy
To your beſt Kindneſs

So in *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, when he diſmiſſes the Meſſenger, that brings an Account of his Wife's Death:

—— Forbear me;
There's a great Spirit gone!

And, in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*, when the Duke would have *Mariana* leave him;

I ſhall crave your Forbearance *a little*; *may be, I will call upon you anon.*

There's

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Ex.* James.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Robert*'s ſon
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon *Good-Friday*, and ne'er broke his Faſt:
Sir *Robert* could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir *Robert* could not do it;
We know his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy Brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
[66] *Phil.* Knight, Knight, good mother——— *Baſiliſco* like. (7)
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir *Robert*'s ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir *Robert*, and my land;
Legitimation, Name, and all is gone:

(7) Knight, Knight,——*good Mother*, Baſiliſco *like*.] Thus muſt this Paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the Humour of it, I muſt clear up an old Circumſtance of Stage-Hiſtory. *Faulconbridge*'s Words here carry a conceal'd Piece of Satire on a ſtupid *Drama* of that Age, printed in 1599, and call'd *Soliman* and *Perſeda*. In this Piece there is the Character of a bragging cowardly Knight, call'd *Baſiliſco*. His Pretenſion to Valour is ſo blown and ſeen thro', that *Piſton*, a Buffoon-ſervant in the Play, jumps upon his Back, and will not diſengage him, till he makes *Baſiliſco* ſwear upon his dudgeon Dagger to the Contents, and in the Terms, he dictates to him: as, for Inſtance.

Baſ. *O, I ſwear, I ſwear.*
Piſt. *By the Contents of this Blade,*
Baſ. *By the Contents of this Blade,*
Piſt. *I, the aforeſaid* Baſiliſco,
Baſ. *I, the aforeſaid* Baſiliſco,
Knight, *good Fellow*, knight, knight, ———
Piſt. Knave, *good Fellow*, knave, knave, ———

So that 'tis clear, our Poet is ſneering at this Play; and makes *Philip*, when his Mother calls him *knave*, throw off that Reproach by humourouſly laying claim to his new Dignity of *Knighthood*; as *Baſiliſco* arrogantly inſiſts on his Title of *Knight* in the Paſſage above quoted. This old Play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently exploded in the Repreſentation: which might make this Circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the Butt for a Stage-Sarcaſm.

Then

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thy ſelf a *Faulconbridge?*
Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the Devil.
Lady. King *Richard Cœur-de-lion* was thy father;
By long, and vehement, Suit I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.
Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from *Richard*'s hands.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays, it was, he lyes; I ſay, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the walls of* Angiers *in* France.

Enter Philip *King of* France, Lewis *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, Conſtance, *and* Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE *Angiers* well met, brave *Auſtria*.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in *Paleſtine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave:
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his Colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the Uſurpation
Of thy unnatural Uncle, *Engliſh John*.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you *Cœur-de-lion*'s death
The rather, that you give his off-ſpring life;
Shadowing their Right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers*, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee Right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till *Angiers* and the Right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that *England*, hedg'd in with the Main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,

Ev'n

Ev'n 'till that outmoſt corner of the Weſt,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Conſt. O, take his Mother's thanks, a Widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Auſt. The peace of heav'n is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.
K. *Philip.* Well then, to Work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town;
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *Frenchmens* blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.
Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord *Chatilion* may from *England* bring
That Right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter Chatilion.

K. *Philip.* A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger *Chatilion* is arriv'd;
What *England* ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. *Chatilion*, ſpeak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier task.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His Marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An *Até*, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her Neice, the lady *Blanch* of *Spain*;

With them a Baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'rate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the *Engliſh* bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. *Philip.* How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch Pembroke, *and others.*

K. *John.* Peace be to *France*, if *France* in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed *France*, and Peace aſcend to heav'n!
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his Peace to heav'n.

K. *Philip.* Peace be to *England*, if that war return
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that *England*'s ſake
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving *England* art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the Crown.
Look here upon thy brother *Geffrey*'s face,
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;

Th

This little abſtract doth contain that Large,
Which dy'd in *Geffrey*; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; *England* was *Geffrey*'s Right,
And this is *Geffrey*'s; in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the Crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. *John*. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, *France*,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. *Philip*. From that ſupernal Judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. *John*. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. *Philip*. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, *France*?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.—

Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy husband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*,
Than thou and *John*, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true-begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that wouldſt blot thee.

Auſt. Peace.——

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that Lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him, (8)
[104] As great *Alcides'* ſhews upon an Aſs;
But, Aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on That, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Philip*, determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.

K. *Philip.* Women and fools, break off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very Sum of all;
England, and *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Touraine*, *Main*,
In Right of *Arthur* I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy Arms?

K. *John.* My Life as ſoon. — I do defie thee, *France*.
Arthur of *Britain*, yield thee to my Hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of *France* can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy Grandam, child.

Conſt. Do, child, go to it Grandam, child.
Give Grandam Kingdom, and it Grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;

(8) *It lyes as ſightly on the Back of him,*
As great Alcides' Shoes *upon an Aſs.*] But why his *Shoes*, in the Name of Propriety? For let *Hercules* and his *Shoes* have been really as big as they were ever ſuppos'd to be, yet they (I mean, the *Shoes*) would not have been an Overload for an Aſs. I am perſuaded, I have retriev'd the true Reading; and let us obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Compariſon now. *Faulconbridge* in his Reſentment would ſay this to *Auſtria*. "That Lion's Skin, which my great Father King *Richard* once wore, "looks as uncouthly on thy Back; as that other noble Hide, which "was borne by *Hercules*, would look on the Back of an Aſs." A double Alluſion was intended; firſt, to the *Fable* of the Aſs in the Lion's Skin: then *Richard* I. is finely ſet in Competition with *Alcides*; as *Auſtria* is ſatyrically coupled with the Aſs.

There's

There's a good Grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would, that I were low laid in my Grave;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe're ſhe does or no!
His Grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth,
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The Domination, Royalties and Rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. *John.* Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this Child,
And All for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadvis'd Scold, I can produce
A Will, that bars the Title of thy Son.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a Will! —— a wicked Will;
A Woman's Will, a cankred Grandam's Will.
K. *Phil.* Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate:
It ill beſeems this Preſence to cry Aim
To theſe ill-tuned Repetitions.
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the Walls

Theſe men of *Angiers*; let us hear them ſpeak.
Whoſe Title they admit, *Arthur*'s or *John*'s.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Citizen upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. *Philip.* 'Tis *France*, for *England.*

K. *John. England* for it ſelf;
You men of *Angiers* and my loving Subjects ——

K. *Philip.* You loving men of *Angiers*, *Arthur*'s Subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle ——

K. *John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt:
Theſe flags of *France*, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And, mercileſs proceeding, by theſe *French*,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their Ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient March
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the *French*, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,

Fore-

Fore-weary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.
K. *Philip.* When I have said, make answer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whose Protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the Right
Of him it holds, stands young *Plantagenet*;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike March these Greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the Constraint of hospitable Zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young Prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled Bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a blessed, and unvext retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly pass your proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war:
Tho' all these *English*, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, shall your City call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?
Cit. In brief, we are the King of *England*'s Subjects;
For him, and in his Right, we hold this town.
K. *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. *John.*

K. *John.* Doth not the Crown of *England* prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of *England*'s breed——
Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)
K. *John.* To verify our title with their lives.
K. *Philip.* As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe—
Faulc (Some baſtards too.)
K. *Philip.* Stand in his face to contradict his Claim.
Cit. Till you compound, whoſe Right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the Right from both.
K. *John.* Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful tryal of our Kingdom's King!
K. *Philip.* *Amen, Amen.*——Mount, chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint *George*, that ſwing'd the Dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your Lioneſs,
I'd ſet an Ox-head to your Lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To* Auſtria.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the Lion roar.
K. *John.* Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. *Philip.* It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our Right!
[*Exeunt.*

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France *with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of *Angiers*, open wide your gates,
And let young *Arthur* Duke of *Bretagne* in;
Who by the hand of *France* this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an *Engliſh* mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground;
And

And many a widow's husband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;
While Victory with little loss doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the *French*;
Who are at hand triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of *Bretagne*, *England*'s King, and yours.

Enter English *Herald with Trumpet.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of *Angiers*; ring your bells;
King *John*, your King and *England*'s, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in *Frenchmens* blood.
There stuck no plume in any *English* Crest,
That is removed by a staff of *France*.
Our Colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty *English*, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From first to last, the Onset and Retire
Of both your armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers, at several Doors.

K. *John.* *France*, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our Right run on?
Whose passage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell

With

With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.
K. *Philip.* *England*, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot tryal, more than we of *France*;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear;
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.
Faulc. Ha! Majeſty,— how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal Potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let Confuſion of one part confirm
The other's Peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.
K. *John.* Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?
K. *Philip.* Speak, Citizens, for *England*, who's your King?
Cit. The King of *England*, when we know the King.
K. *Philip.* Know him in us, that here hold up his Right.
K. *John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
[153] Lord of our preſence, *Angiers*, and of you.
Cit. A greater pow'r, than ye, denies all this; (9)
And till it be undoubted, we do lock

(9) *A greater Pow'r than* We *denies all this*;] We muſt certainly read, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to Me;
A greater Pow'r, than Ye, *denies all This*;
i. e. Tho' each of You pretend to be our rightful Kings, you are as yet only ſo in ſwaying over our Fears, in the Terrors we have of you; not acknowledg'd Kings in our Obedience.

Our

Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings of our fears,— until our fears reſolv'd
Be by ſome certain King purg'd and depos'd.
Faulc. By heav'n, theſe Scroyles of *Angiers* flout you, Kings,
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a Theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and Acts of death.
You royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the Mutines of *Jeruſalem*,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let *France* and *England* mount
Their batt'ring cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have braul'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous City.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled Colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then in a moment fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious Victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty States?
Smacks it not ſomething of the Policy?
K. *John.* Now by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. *France*, ſhall we knit our Pow'rs,
And lay this *Angiers* even with the ground,
Then after, fight who ſhall be King of it?
Faulc. And if thou haſt the mettle of a King,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcy walls;
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then, defie each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon our ſelves for heav'n or hell.
K. *Philip.* Let it be ſo; ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. *John.*

K. *John.* We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this City's boſom.
Auſt. I from the north.
K. *Philip.* Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South;
Auſtria and *France* ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to it; come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroak or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field;
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.
K. *John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of *Spain*, the lady *Blanch*,
Is near to *England*; look upon the years
Of *Lewis* the *Dauphin*, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in *Blanch?*
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in *Blanch?*
If love ambitious ſought a match of Birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young *Dauphin* every way compleat:
If not compleat of,— ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name Want,)
If Want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man, (10)
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a She:
And ſhe a fair divided Excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
O two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorifie the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,

(10) *He is the half Part of a bleſſed Man,*
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as She:] The ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* preſcrib'd that Reading, which I have here reſtor'd to the Text; and which is abſolutely requiſite to the Senſe of the Paſſage.

Two

* oh. Hanm:

Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter Spleen than Powder can enforce, (11)
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this City.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring Lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What Cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce,
He gives the baſtonado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of *France*;
Zounds, I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our Niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now-unſur'd aſſurance to the Crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no Sun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a Yielding in the looks of *France:*

(11) *With ſwifter* Speed *than Powder can inforce,*] This is a wiſe Sophiſtication of Mr. *Pope's*, becauſe he did not underſtand the genuine Text. I have reſtor'd, with the old Copies;

With ſwifter Spleen *than Powder*, &c.

i. e. with a Paſſion of Deſire more ſwift in its Influence, than your Fire and Fury can compel us to. The Poet uſes this Word again, afterwards in this Play, in the very ſame Senſe;

Faulc. *Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent Motion,*
And Spleen *of Speed to ſee your Majeſty!*

Mark,

Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly Treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. *Philip.* Speak, *England*, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this City: what ſay you?

K. *John.* If that the *Dauphin* there, thy Princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For *Anjou*, and fair *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, (12)
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this City now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to our Crown and Dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any Princeſs of the world.

K. *Philip.* What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle;

(12) *For* ANGIERS *and fair* Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that We upon this Side the Sea,
Except this City *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable, &c.] This is a remarkable Inſtance of Careleſſneſs in a Point that ſtares common Senſe full in the Face: and yet thus all the Editors in their profound Sagacity. What was the City *beſieg'd*, but *Angiers?* King *John*, conſenting to match the Lady *Blanch* with the *Dauphin*, agrees, in Part of her Dowry, to give up all he held in *France* except the City of *Angiers* which he now beſieg'd and laid Claim to. But could it be thought, that he ſhould at one and the ſame time give up all except *Angiers*, and give up *That* too? I corrected this Paſſage in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has embrac'd it in his laſt Edition. *Anjou* was one of the Provinces, (methinks, that Gentleman might have remembred;) which the *Engliſh* held in *France* and which the *French* King by *Chatilion* claim'd of K. *John* in Right of Duke *Arthur*, at the very Opening of the Play. *Angiers*, inſtead of *Anjou*, has been falſely printed in ſeveral other Paſſages of this Hiſtory.

Th

The ſhadow of my ſelf form'd in her eye;
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a Sun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt, I never lov'd my ſelf
Till now infixed I beheld my ſelf,
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpie
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a Love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. *John.* What ſay theſe young Ones? what ſay you, my Neice?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in Honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. *John.* Speak then, Prince *Dauphin*, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, ask me, if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. *John.* Then do I give *Volqueſſen*, *Touraine*, *Maine*, *Poictiers*, and *Anjou*, theſe five Provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Marks of *Engliſh* coin.
Philip of *France*, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy Son and Daughter to join hands.

K. *Philip.* It likes us well; young Princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.

K. *Philip.* Now, Citizens of *Angiers*, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at Saint *Mary*'s Chappel presently
The Rites of Marriage shall be solemniz'd.
Is not the lady *Constance* in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this Match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' Tent.

K. *Philip.* And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her sadness very little Cure.
Brother of *England*, how may we content
This widow lady? in her Right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.

K. *John.* We will heal up all,
For we'll create young *Arthur* Duke of *Britain*,
And Earl of *Richmond*; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady *Constance*;
Some speedy Messenger bid her repair
To our Solemnity: I trust, we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared Pomp.

[*Ex. all but* Faulconbr

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad composition!
John, to stop *Arthur*'s Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And *France*, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom Zeal and Charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,

Tha

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of Kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the biaſs of the world,
The world, which of it ſelf is poiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing biaſs,
This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame biaſs, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle *France*,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the* French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter Conſtance, Arthur *and* Salisbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall *Lewis* have *Blanch*, and *Blanch* thoſe Provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, Man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, husbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears,
And tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former Tale,
But this one word, whether thy Tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think Them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my Saying true.

Conſt

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.
Lewis wed *Blanch!* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England!* what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within it ſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.
Conſt. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great Birth, nor deſerve a Crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy Birth, dear boy!
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee Great.
Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lillies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from Thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle *John*;
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on *France*
To tread down fair reſpect of Soveraignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to *John*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping *John!*
Tell me, thou fellow, is not *France* forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my Sorrows to be proud;
Stout. For Grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop.
H. To me, and to the State of my great Grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my Grief's ſo great,
That no Supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: Here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my Throne, bid Kings come bow to it. (13)
[*Sits down on the Floor.*

(13) —— *bid Kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for the Liberty I have taken to make a Change in the Diviſion of the 2d and 3d *Acts*. In the old Editions, the 2d *Act* was made to end here; tho' 'tis evident, Lady *Conſtance* here, in her Deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the Floor: and She muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerv'd, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the *Act* decently; or the *flat Scene* muſt ſhut her in from the Sight of the Audience, an Abſurdity I cannot wiſh to accuſe *Shakeſpeare* of. Mr. *Gildon* and ſome other Criticks fancied, that a conſiderable Part of the 2d *Act* was loſt; and that the Chaſm began here. I had joined in this Suſpicion of a Scene or two being loſt; and unwittingly drew Mr. *Pope* into this Error. " *It ſeems to be ſo*, ſays " he, *and it were to be wiſh'd the* Reſtorer (*meaning* Me,) *could ſupply* " *it.*" To deſerve this Great Man's Thanks, I'll venture at the Task; and hope to convince my Readers, that Nothing is loſt; but that I have ſupplied the ſuſpected Chaſm, only by rectifying the Diviſion of the *Acts*. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the *Conſtitution* of the Play, I am ſatisfied that the 3d *Act* ought to begin with that Scene, which has hitherto been accounted the Laſt of the 2d Act: and my Reaſons for it are theſe. The Match being concluded, in the Scene before That, betwixt the *Dauphin* and *Blanch*, a Meſſenger is ſent for Lady *Conſtance* to K. *Philip*'s Tent, for Her to come to St. *Mary*'s Church to the Solemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the Marriage; and the *Baſtard*, ſtaying a little behind, to deſcant on Intereſt and Commodity, very properly ends the *Act*. The next Scene then, in the *French* King's Tent, brings us *Salisbury* delivering his Meſſage to *Conſtance*, who, refuſing to go to the Solemnity, ſets herſelf down on the Floor. The whole Train returning from the Church to the *French* King's Pavilion, *Philip* expreſſes ſuch Satisfaction on Occaſion of the happy Solemnity of that Day; that *Conſtance* riſes from the Floor, and joins in the Scene by entring her Proteſt againſt their Joy, and curſing the Buſineſs of the Day. Thus, I conceive, the Scenes are fairly continued; and there is no Chaſm in the Action: but a proper Interval made both for *Salisbury*'s coming to Lady *Conſtance*, and for the Solemnization of the Marriage. Beſides, as *Faulconbridge* is evidently the Poet's favourite Character; 'twas very well judg'd to cloſe the *Act* with his Soliloquy.

Enter

Enter King John, *King* Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, *and* Auſtria.

K. *Philip.* 'Tis true, fair Daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in *France* ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious Sun
Stays in his Courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holy-day.— [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the Week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But, on this day, let ſeamen fear no wrack;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. *Philip.* By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a Counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings:
A widow cries, be husband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere Sun-ſet,

Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria!* thou doſt ſhame
That bloody Spoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortune's Champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up Greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my Party; thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a Lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O, that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Methinks, that *Richard*'s Pride and *Richard*'s Fall (14)

Should

(14) Auſt. *Methinks, that* Richard's *Pride and* Richard's *Fall*] Theſe 12 ſubſequent Lines Mr. *Pope* firſt inſerted from the Old Sketch of this Play, call'd, The *troubleſom Reign of* K. *John*, in 2 Parts. As the Verſes are not bad, I have not caſheer'd them; tho' I do not conceive them ſo abſolutely eſſential to clearing up any Circumſtance of the Action, as Mr. *Pope* ſeems to imagine. *What was the Ground of this Quarrel of the Baſtard to* Auſtria (ſays that Gentleman,) *is no where ſpecified in the preſent Play; nor is there in this Place, or the Scene where it is firſt hinted at, (namely, the 2d of* Act 2) *the leaſt Mention of any Reaſon for it.* This is the Editor's Aſſertion; but let us examine, how well it is grounded. In the very Beginning of the 2d *Act*, the *Dauphin*, ſpeaking of *Auſtria* to young *Arthur*, ſays;

Richard, *that robb'd the Lyon of his heart,*
And fought the holy Wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave Duke came early to his Grave.

To

Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

Faulc. What words are these? how do my sinews shake!
My Father's foe clad in my father's Spoil!
How doth *Alecto* whisper in my ears,
" Delay not, *Richard*, kill the villain strait;
" Disrobe him of the matchless monument,

To which *Arthur* replies;

God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's *Death,*
The rather, that you give his Offspring Life;

Is not this a sufficient Ground for *Faulconbridge*'s Quarrel to *Austria?* It may be objected, *Faulconbridge* is not present to hear this. But, what if he be not? So the Audience be inform'd duely of the Circumstance, the Fact was too notorious to suppose *Faulconbridge* did not know of it. The Ground of his Quarrel, therefore, is fairly implied in that Knowledge: And the Poet's Art, perhaps, better shewn, (if we were to contend that Point,) to let the Information come from any other Mouth than That of *Faulconbridge*. But then to a second material Point. *The Story is,* (subjoins the Editor,) *that* Austria, *who kill'd K.* Richard Cœur-de-lion, *wore, as the Spoil of that Prince, a Lion's Hide which had belong'd to him: This Circumstance renders the Anger of the Bastard very natural: and ought not to have been omitted.* But is it omitted? Or, else, 'tis but begging the Question. In the 3d *Act*, when Lady *Constance* perceives that *Austria* has abandon'd her Interest, She says to him;

O Lymoges! *O* Austria! *thou dost shame*
That bloody Spoil. ———
Thou wear a Lion's hide! *doff it, for shame;*
And hang a Calf's Skin on those recreant Limbs.

Now *Faulconbridge* is present here, and sees *Austria* thus habited. But before, in the 2d *Act*, where *Faulconbridge* begins to quarrel with *Austria*, let us attend to their Dialogue.

Aust. *What the Devil art Thou?*

Faulc. *One, that will play the Devil, Sir, with you,*
An' he may catch your Hide *and You alone.*
You are the Hare, of whom the Proverb goes,
Whose Valour plucks dead Lions *by the Beard,*
I'll smoak your Skin-Coat, *an' I catch you right;*

But may it not here again be objected, that though *Faulconbridge* saw *Austria* clad in a Lion's Hide; yet he might not know it to be the very Hide, which was worn by K. *Richard* his Father? But to put that Point out of all Doubt, let us only hear what Lady *Blanch* immediately replies;

O, well did He *become* that Lion's Hide,
That did disrobe *the* Lion *of* that Robe.

I submit it therefore, whether these Lines have not been inserted, rather arbitrarily, than necessarily. Upon the whole, as Mr. *Pope* has generally been unfortunate in his Criticisms; so he is no less unhappy in his Diligence, when he would aim at giving a Reason for what he does.

" Thy

" Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages——
Now by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
Twice will I not review the Morning's Riſe,
Till I have torn that Trophy from thy back;
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. *John.* We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

K. *Philip.* Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed Deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King *John*, my holy Errand is;
I *Pandulph*, of fair *Milain* Cardinal,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep *Stephen Langton*, choſen Archbiſhop
Of *Canterbury*, from that holy See?
This in our foreſaid holy Father's name,
Pope *Innocent*, I do demand of thee.

K. *John.* What earthly name to Interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an Anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this Tale, and from the mouth of *England*
Add thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our Dominions:
But as we under Heav'n are ſupreme Head,
So, under Him, that great Supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th'aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all Rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd Authority.

K. *Philip.* Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

K. *John.* Tho' you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the Curſe, that mony may buy out;
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted Pardon of a man,

Who

Who in that ſale ſells Pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful Power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretick;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O, lawful let it be, (15)
That I have room with *Rome* to curſe a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, *Amen*,
To my keen Curſes; for without my Wrong
There is no tongue hath pow'r to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my Child his Kingdom here;
For he, that holds his Kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore ſince law it ſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. Philip of *France*, on peril of a Curſe,
Let go the hand of that Arch-heretick;
And raiſe the Pow'r of *France* upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to *Rome*.
Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, *France?* do not let go thy hand.

(15) *O, lawful let it be,*
That I have leave *with* Rome *to curſe a while*;] Mr. *Pope*, in the Nicety of his Ear, has, againſt the Authority of all the Copies, diſplaced a Jingle here; (which I have made bold to reſtore to the Text,) tho' it is obvious to every knowing Reader, how cuſtomary it is with our Poet, in a thouſand Inſtances, to play on Words ſimilar in Sound, and differing in Signification. He repeats the very ſame Conundrum on the two Words now before Us, in *Julius Cæſar*.

Now is it Rome, *indeed; and* room *enough,*
When there is in it but One only Man.

Conſt.

Conſt. Look to that, Devil! leſt that *France* repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.———
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinal.
Faulc. And hang a calve's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——
Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
K. *John.* *Philip*, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?
Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy Curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſs of *England* for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the Curſe of *Rome*.
Conſt. *Lewis*, ſtand faſt; the Devil tempts thee here (16)
[85] In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.
[123] *Blanch.* The lady *Conſtance* ſpeaks not from her faith:
But from her Need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my Need,
Which only lives but by the death of Faith,
That Need muſt needs infer this principle,
That Faith would live again by death of Need:
O, then tread down my Need, and Faith mounts up;
Keep my Need up, and Faith is trodden down.
K. *John.* The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to This.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King *Philip*; hang no more in Doubt.

(16) ——— ——— *the Devil tempts thee here*
In Likeneſs of a new untrimmed *Bride.*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any Signification to ſquare with the Senſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted Reading. It might, indeed, admit of this Explanation, *undreſs'd, ready to go to Bed:* but then That is giving in to an Alluſion too groſs for Lady *Conſtance.* I have ventur'd to throw out the Negative, and read;
In Likeneſs of a new and trimmed *Bride.*
i. e. of a new Bride; and One, deck'd and adorn'd as well by Art as Nature. Or we might read; but it departs a little wider from the Traces of the Text as we find it;
In Likeneſs of a new betrimmed *Bride.*
But the firſt Conjecture anſwers the Senſe and Purpoſe of the Speaker; and requires but a very ſlight Variation.

Faulc.

Faulc. Hang Nothing but a Calve's-Skin, moſt ſweet Lout.

K. *Philip.* I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.

Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt?

K. *Philip.* Good rev'rend father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow your ſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our Kingdoms and our royal Selves.
And ev'n before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With Slaughter's pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heav'n,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of our ſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling Peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle Order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to *England*'s love.
Therefore, to arms! be Champion of our Church!
Or let the Church our Mother breathe her Curſe,

A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed Lyon by the mortal paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand, which thou doſt hold.
K. *Philip*. I may diſ-join my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd;
That is, to be the Champion of our Church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thy ſelf;
And may not be performed by thy ſelf.
For That, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to Ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better Act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is Religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelf Rebellion to thy ſelf.
And better Conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions:
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee

So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a Calve's-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Lewis. Father, to arms.
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband, hear me: (ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth?) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.
Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous *Dauphin*, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.
Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?
Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, *Lewis*, thine honour!—
Lewis. I muſe, your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a Curſe upon his head?
K. *Philip.* Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I'll fall from thee.
Conſt. O fair Return of baniſh'd Majeſty!
Eli. O foul Revolt of *French* Inconſtancy!
K. *John.* *France*, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.
Faulc. Old Time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton Time,
Is it, as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Blanch. The Sun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with Both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They

They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies

K. *John.* Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together. [*Exit* Faulc.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of *France.*

K. *Philip.* Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thy ſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. *John.* No more, than he that threats. To arms, let's hie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms, Excurſions: Enter Faulconbridge, *with* Auſtria's *head.*

Faulc. NOW, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot; (17)
[12] Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down miſchief. *Auſtria*'s head lie there. —

(17) ——— *it grows wond'rous hot;*
Some airy *Devil hovers in the Sky.*] I have, by Mr. *Warburton*'s Direction, ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *fiery Devil.* It is a very unconcluſive Inference, ſure, that, becauſe it grew wond'rous hot, ſome airy Devil hover'd in the Sky. It is a ſort of Reaſoning, that carries an Air of Ridicule; unleſs we could determine, that the Poet meant no more by the Epithet than to expreſs the Sacred Text, in which the Devil is ſtiled the *Prince of the Air.*

Thus

Thus hath King *Richard*'s ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd *Auſtria*'s blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter John, Arthur, *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* There, *Hubert*, keep this boy. *Richard*, make up;
My mother is aſſailed in our Tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I reſcu'd her:
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms, Excurſions, Retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords.*

K. *John.* So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
So ſtrongly guarded: Couſin, look not ſad,
[*To* Arthur.
Thy Grandam loves thee, and thy Uncle will
As dear be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. *John.* Couſin, away for *England*; haſte before,
[*To* Faulc.
And, ere our Coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of Peace (18)
Muſt by the hungry War be fed upon.
Uſe our Commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. Bell, Book, and Candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray,

(18) ——— *the fat Ribs of Peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] This Word *now* ſeems a very idle Term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory Idea. An Antitheſis, and Oppoſition of Terms, ſo perpetual with our Author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry War *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large Expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the Wealth and *Fat* of *Peace*. Mr. *Warburton.*

(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewel, my gentle Couſin.
K. *John.* Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faulc.
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman; — hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. *John.* [*to* Hubert *on the other ſide.*]
Come hither, *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay ——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, *Hubert*, I'm almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet, ——
But thou ſhalt have — and creep Time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay — but, let it go:
The Sun is in the heav'n, and the proud Day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of Gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell (19)
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound

(19) —— *If the mid-night Bell*
Did with his iron Tongue, and brazen Mouth,
Sound on into *the drowzy race of Night;*] I do not think, that *ſound on* gives here that Idea of Solemnity and Horror, which, 'tis plain, our Poet intended to impreſs by this fine Deſcription; and which my Emendation conveys. *i. e.* If it were the ſtill part of the Night, or *One* of the Clock in the Morning, when the Sound of the Bell ſtrikes upon the Ear with moſt Awe and Terror. And it is very uſual with our *Shakeſpeare* in other Paſſages to expreſs the Horror of a Midnight Bell.
So, in *Othello*;
Silence that dreadful *Bell, it* frights *the Iſle.*
—— *what's the Buſineſs,*
That ſuch an hideous *Trumpet calls to Parley*
The Sleepers *of the Houſe?* Macbeth.
And

Sound One unto the drowſie race of night;
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly Spirit Melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that Ideot Laughter keep mens eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my Death were adjunct to my Act,
By heav'n, I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know, thou would'ſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert*, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee What, my friend;
He is a very Serpent in my way,
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. *John.* A Grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.
I could be merry now. *Hubert*, I love thee;

nd ſometimes, for the more Solemnity, he is uſed to add the Circumance of the particular Hour.

The iron Tongue of Midnight *hath toll'd* twelve.
Midſum. Night's Dream.

The Bell then beating One. Hamlet.

Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: —— Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe Pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.
Eli. My Bleſſing go with thee!
K. *John.* For *England*, Couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; On, toward *Calais*, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, *and Attendants*

K. *Philip.* SO, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. *Philip.* What can go well, when we have run ſo ill
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur ta'en Pris'ner? diverſe dear friends ſlain?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpight of *France?*
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?
K. *Philip.* Well could I bear that *England* had thi
praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a Grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th'eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath;
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your Peace.
K. *Philip.* Patience, good lady; comfort, gentle *Co*
ſtance.

Conſ

Conſt. No, I defie all counſel, all redreſs,
But That, which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, Death; oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous Stench, ſound Rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy Couch of laſting Night,
Thou hate and terror to Proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſom duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thy ſelf;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; Miſery's Love,
O come to me!

K. *Philip.* O fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from Sleep that fell Anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation. (20)

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art not holy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffrey*'s wife:
Young *Arthur* is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget my ſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon

(20) *And ſcorns a* modeſt *Invocation.*] So Mr. *Pope*: but I have thought fit to reſtore the Reading of the old Copies. 'Tis certain, our Author employs this Word, *modern*, in a great many places, very cramply. But we ſhall always underſtand him, if we but carry this Remark with us; that he generally uſes it in the Signification of *trifling, inſignificant, not weighty, of ſmall Moment*, &c. Thus his Senſe will be always clear to us; as it were, metaphorically, from thoſe, who deſpiſe *modern* Things, and prefer the Antient to them.

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang my self.
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent Plague of each Calamity.

K. *Philip.* Bind up those tresses; O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thousand wiery friends
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful Loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.——

K. *Philip.* Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeem my Son,
As they have giv'n these Hairs their Liberty!
But now I envy at their Liberty,
And will again commit them to their Bonds;
Because my poor Child is a Prisoner,
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If That be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of *Cain*, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious Creature born.
But now will canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a Ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the Court of Heav'n
I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.——

K. *Philip.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child:
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. *Philip.* I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told Tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſie man.
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.

Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The Fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt, by loſing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no; when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King *John* hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd, that *Arthur* is his Priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetick Spirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead

Thy foot to *England*'s Throne: and therefore mark.
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that Infant's veins,
The miſplac'd *John* ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of Reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd, as gain'd.
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young *Arthur*'s Fall?

Pand. You, in the Right of lady *Blanch* your Wife,
May then make all the Claim that *Arthur* did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he, that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his Reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No nat'ral exhalation in the sky,
No ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young *Arthur*'s life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young *Arthur* be not gone already,
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted Change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,

Out

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of *John*.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!— The bastard *Faulconbridge*
Is now in *England*, ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity. If but twelve *French*
Were there in arms, they would be as a Call
To train ten thousand *English* to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble *Dauphin*;
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their Souls are top-full of offence,
For *England* go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong reason makes strong actions: let us go;
If you say *ay*, the King will not say *no*. [*Exeunt*.

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to* ENGLAND.

A Prison.

Enter Hubert *and Executioner.*

HUBERT.

HEAT me these irons hot, and, look, thou stand
Within the Arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope, your Warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, *Hubert.*

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Arth. As little Prince (having ſo great a Title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in *France*,
Young Gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my Chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My Uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffrey*'s ſon?
Indeed, it is not; and I would to heav'n,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, *Hubert.*

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent Prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide*

Arth. Are you ſick, *Hubert?* you look pale to day;
In ſooth, I wou'd, you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young *Arthur* —— [*Shewing a paper*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide*
Turning diſ-piteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears. ——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, *Hubert*, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

* natur H.

Arth.

Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt — Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it.
The iron of it ſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an Angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but *Hubert*'s.
Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you do.
[*Stamps, and the men enter.*
Arth. O ſave me, *Hubert*, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heav'n ſake, *Hubert*, let me not be bound.
Nay,

— believ'd a tongue 'bate Hubert:
ie abate, disparage. Warb: but Old Ed:

Nay, hear me, *Hubert*, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed. [*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare your ſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.---

Arth. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not, *Hubert*;
Or, *Hubert*, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extreams; ſee elſe your ſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes:

And like a Dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only You do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguiſed.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That *Hubert*, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heav'n! I thank you, *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords.*

K. *John.* HERE once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for Change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a Title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,

To

To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient Tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome;
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetouſneſs; (21)
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
tt *flaw* W. Diſcredit more in hiding of the †fault,
Than did the †fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a Stand at what your Highneſs will.

K. *John.* Some reaſons of this double Coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the Tongue of theſe,

(21) *They do confound their Skill in* Covetouſneſs.] i. e. Not by their Avarice, but in an eager Emulation, an intenſe Deſire of excelling; as in *Henry* V.

But if it be a Sin to covet Honour,
I am the moſt offending Soul alive.

To

To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for my ſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, my ſelf and they
Bend their beſt Studies;) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of *Arthur*; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument;
If what in Reſt you have, in Right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears, (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our Weal, on you depending,
Counts it your Weal that he have liberty.

Enter Hubert.

K. *John.* Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction. *Hubert*, what news with you?
Pemb. This is the man, ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a Friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a Charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battels ſent: (22)
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break.

(22) *Like Heralds, 'twixt two dreadful Battles* ſet;] But Heralds are not planted, I preſume, in the midſt betwixt two Lines of Battle; tho' they, and Trumpets, are often ſent over from Party to Party, to propoſe Terms, demand a Parley, &c. I have therefore ventur'd to read, *ſent*.

Pemb.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.
K. *John.* We cannot hold Mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.
K. *John.* Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of Deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul-play, and 'tis ſhame
That Greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewel!
Pemb. Stay yet, lord *Salisbury*, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little Kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breadth of all this Iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt*

Enter a Meſſenger.

K. *John.* They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others death — [*Aſide*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
[*To the Me*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather: how goes all in *France?*
Meſ. From *France* to *England* never ſuch a Power,
For any foreign Preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a Land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told, they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. *John*

K. *John.* Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my Mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in *France*,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of *April*, dy'd
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my lord,
The lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie dy'd
Three days before: but this from Rumour's tongue
I idely heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. *John.* With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful Occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented Peers. What! Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in *France?*
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe Powers of *France*,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the *Dauphin.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Peter *of* Pomfret.

K. *John.* Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.

K. *John.* Bear with me, Couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the Clergy-men,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither through the Land,
I find the People ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſt with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of *Pomfret*, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,

That, ere the next *Aſcenſion-day* at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your Crown.
K. *John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?
Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.
K. *John. Hubert*, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my Crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee. — O my gentle Couſin,
[*Exit* Hubert, *with* Peter.
Hear'ſt thou the News abroad, who are arriv'd?
Faulc. The *French*, my lord; mens mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord *Bigot* and lord *Salisbury*,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And Others more, going to ſeek the Grave
Of *Arthur*, who, they ſay, is kill'd to night
On your ſuggeſtion.
K. *John.* Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelf into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Faulc. I will ſeek them out.
K. *John.* Nay, but make haſte; the better foot before.
O, let me have no Subject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be *Mercury*, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.
Faulc. The Spirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*
K. *John.* Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*
K. *John.* My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, five moons were ſeen to night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about

The

The other four, in wond'rous motion.
K. *John*. Five moons?
Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſie upon it dangerouſly:
Young *Arthur*'s death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear.
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike *French*,
That were embatteled and rank'd in *Kent*.
Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his Tale, and talks of *Arthur*'s death.
K. *John*. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young *Arthur*'s death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.
Hub. Had none, my lord? why, did you not provoke me?
K. *John*. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaves that take their humours for a Warrant,
To break into the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous Majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.
Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal, for what I did.
K. *John*. Oh, when the laſt-Account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,

Makes† deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur*'s death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. *John.* Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign Pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young *Arthur* is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlander'd Nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,

† *f. ill deeds* murderers *W. q.*

Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
K. *John.* Doth *Arthur* live? O, haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street before a Priſon.*

Enter Arthur *on the Walls, diſguis'd.*

Arth. THE wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and *England* keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. *Edmondsbury*;
It is our Safety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count *Melun*, a noble lord of *France*,
Whoſe Private with me of the *Dauphin*'s love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or ere we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſt himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon, you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lyes here?
[*Seeing* Arthur
Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on Revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the Grave,
Found it too precious princely for a Grave.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what think you? have you beheld
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's Arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroak,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of Time;

An

And prove a deadly blood-ſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of *Hubert*'s hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs Excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of Revenge.
Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death.
Avant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his Sword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's skin.
Hub. Stand back, lord *Salisbury*; ſtand back, I ſay;
By heav'n, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget your ſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatneſs, and Nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.

Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lyes.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, *Faulconbridge.*
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the Devil, *Salisbury.*
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think, the Devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch rheume;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me All You, whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd *Bury*, to the *Dauphin* there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*
Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, (if thou didſt this deed of death)
Art thou damn'd, *Hubert.*
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black—— nay, nothing is ſo black
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince *Lucifer.*
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub

Hub. Upon my ſoul——

Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thy ſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* up! (23)
From forth this morſel of dead Royalty, [103]
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm
Is fled to heav'n; and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling State.
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt;
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now Pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a Raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)

(23) *How eaſie doſt Thou take all* England *up,*
From forth this Morſel of dead Royalty?] But how did *Hubert* take *England* up, from forth the dead Body of young *Arthur?* Moſt ſagacious Editors! The ſtupid Pointing, which has prevail'd in all the Copies, makes ſtark Nonſenſe of the Paſſage. My Pointing reſtores it to its genuine Purity. *Faulconbridge*, ſeeing *Hubert* take up the Body of the dead Prince, makes two Reflections:— *How eaſily*, ſays He, *doſt thou take up all* England *in that Burthen!* and then, That the Life, Right, and Truth of the Realm was fled to Heaven from out the breathleſs Coarſe of that ſlaughter'd Royalty, *&c.*

The

The imminent Decay of wreſted Pomp.
Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n it ſelf doth frown upon the Land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* ENGLAND.

Enter King John, Pandulph, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my Glory. [*Giving the Crown*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſoveraign Greatneſs and Authority.
K. *John.* Now keep your holy word; go meet th
French,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their Marches, 'fore we are enflam'd.
Our diſcontented Counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign Royalty;
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or Overthrow incurable inſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope;

But since you are a gentle convertite, (24)
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war;
And make fair weather in your blust'ring Land.
On this *Ascension-day*, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the *French* lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. *John.* Is this *Ascension-day?* did not the Prophet
Say, that before *Ascension-day* at noon
My Crown I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All *Kent* hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But *Dover-Castle: London* hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the *Dauphin* and his Powers.
Your Nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. *John.* Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard, young *Arthur* was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away,

K. *John.* That villain *Hubert* told me, he did live.

Faulc. So on my soul he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

(24) *But since you are a gentle* Convertite.] i. e. a Convert, (a Penitent) as we now phrase it: But in our Author's Time, Convertite was the Term in Fashion. We find him use it again more than once; In *As you like it*, sententious *Jaques* says;

——— *out of these* Convertites
There is much Matter to be heard and learn'd.

And in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*;

He thence departs a heavy Convertite;
She there remains a hopeless Cast-away.

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Noble Gentleman.*

Your Cousin, who is now a Convertite;

The Termination of this Word, no doubt, we form'd from the *Italian* Participle, *convertito:* And the *Spaniards* likewise call a Convert, *un Convertido.*

Be

Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the Great,
Grow great by your example; and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the God of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the Lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. *John.* The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the Powers
Led by the *Dauphin.*

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our Land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parly, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cockred, silken, Wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with Colours idely spread,
And find no check? let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw, we had a purpose of defence.

K. *John.* Have thou the ord'ring of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know
Our Party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Dauphin's *Camp, at St.* Edmundsbury. (25)

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. MY lord *Melun*, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the president to these lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the Sacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble *Dauphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal and un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that such a Sore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' invet'rate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our Right,

(25) *at St.* Edmondsbury.] I have ventur'd to fix the Place of the Scene here, which is specified by none of the Editors, on the following Authorities. In the preceding Act, where *Salisbury* has fix'd to go over to the *Dauphin*, he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondsbury.

And Count *Melun*, in this last Act, says;

——— ——— *and many more with me,*
Upon the Altar at St. Edmondsbury;
Even on that Altar, where We swore to You
Dear Amity, and everlasting Love.

And it appears likewise from the *Troublesom Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts, (the first rough Model of this Play) that the Interchange of Vows betwixt the *Dauphin* and the *English* Barons was at St. *Edmond's-Bury*.

We

We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this Iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger March (26)
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep (27)
Upon the Spot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted Colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That *Neptune*'s arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thy ſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo un-neighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of Nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,

(26) *Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march*
Upon her gentle Boſom.] Thus all the printed Copies have miſtakingly pointed this Paſſage: but, with Submiſſion to the former Editors, the Word *Stranger* is here an Adjective in its Uſage, and to be coupled to *March*, which is its Subſtantive and no Verb. So in *Richard* II.

And tread the ſtranger *Paths of Baniſhment.*

And ſo in his Poem, call'd, *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*;

But She, that never cop'd with ſtranger *Eyes.*

As to the Uſe of this Word *adjectively*, I have already ſpoke in my 2d Note on *Midſummer Night's Dream.*

(27) ——— ——— *I muſt withdraw and weep*
Upon the Spot, for *this enforced Cauſe.*] Thus Mr. *Pope* points and reads theſe Lines: which, if I underſtand the Drift, is making *Salisbury* ſay, "*I muſt go from this Spot, and weep upon it.*" — I have choſe to ſtick to the reading of the old Copies, and to throw the Paſſage into *Parentheſis*; This is what, I apprehend, the Poet means, *Salisbury* ſhould ſay; "I muſt turn aſide, and weep for this *Stain*, this *Diſgrace*, of our "Revolt; to which We have been enforced by the King's Proceedings." So in the laſt Speech of *Salisbury* to Prince *Henry* the Word *Spot* again is uſed.

And the like Tender of our Love we make
To reſt without a Spot *for evermore.*

Between

etween compulsion, and a brave respect!
et me wipe off this honourable dew,
'hat silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
Iy heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
eing an ordinary inundation:
ut this effusion of such manly drops,
'his show'r, blown up by tempest of the soul,
tartles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
'han had I seen the vaulty top of heav'n
igur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
ift up thy brow, renowned *Salisbury*,
nd with a great heart heave away this storm.
ommend these waters to those baby-eyes,
hat never saw the giant world enrag'd;
'or met with fortune, other than at feasts,
ull-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
ome, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
ito the purse of rich prosperity,
s *Lewis* himself; so, Nobles, shall you all,
hat knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulph.

nd even there, methinks, an angel spake! *speeds H*
look, where the holy legate comes apace,
o give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
nd on our actions set the name of Right
'ith holy breath.
Pand. Hail, noble Prince of *France!*
he next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
imself to *Rome*; his spirit is come in,
hat so stood out against the holy Church,
he great Metropolis and See of *Rome.*
herefore thy threatning Colours now wind up,
nd tame the savage spirit of wild war;
hat, like a Lion foster'd up at hand,
may lye gently at the foot of peace;
nd be no further harmful than in shew.
Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
m too high-born to be propertied,
o be a secondary at controul;

Or

Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any soveraign State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chastis'd Kingdom and my self;
And brought in matter, that should feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of Right,
Acquainted me with int'rest to this Land;
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart:
And come ye now, to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young *Arthur*, claim this Land for mine:
And now it is half conquer'd, must I back,
Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Rome*'s slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my Claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easie match, plaid for a Crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded Set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant Head of war;
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook Conquest, and to win Renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet sound.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Ent.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair Play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of *Milain*, from the King:
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dauphin* is too willfull-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The Youth ſays well. Now hear our *Engliſh* King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me:
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too, he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd mask, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſawcineſs and boyiſh troops, (28)

The

(28) *This* unheard *Sawcineſs, and boyiſh Troops,*] Thus the printed Copies in general: but *unheard* is an Epithet of very little Force, or Meaning here; beſides let us obſerve how 'tis coupled. *Faulconbridge* is ſneering at the *Dauphin*'s Invaſion, as an unadvis'd Enterprize, ſavouring of Youth and Indiſcretion; the Reſult of Childiſhneſs, and unthinking Raſhneſs: and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this Character of it, by calling his Preparation *boyiſh Troops, dwarfiſh War, pigmy Arms*; &c. So before, in the 1ſt Scene of this Act, *Faulconbridge* ſays;

——— ——— *ſhall a* beardleſs Boy,
A cockred, ſilken, Wanton brave our Fields?

Let me ſubjoin a few Inſtances to ſhew, that this Epithet *unhair'd* is very much in the Mode of our *Shakeſpeare*'s Expreſſion. So, in *Macbeth.*

——— ——— *And many* unrough Youths,
That even now proteſt their Firſt of Manhood.

Love's Labour loſt.

I'll mark no Words that ſmooth-fac'd *Lovers ſay.*

Antony *and* Cleopatra.

——— ——— *or who knows,*
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar *have not ſent*
His pow'rfull Mandate to you?

Coriolanus.

When with his Amazonian *Chin he drove*
The briſtled *Lips before him.*

Tempeſt.

——— ——— *Till new-born Chins*
Be rough *and* razorable.

The King doth ſmile at; and is well-prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To lye, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's Crow,
Thinking his voice an armed *Engliſh* man;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant Monarch is in arms;
And like an Eagle o'er his Aiery tow'rs,
To ſouſe annoiance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody *Nero's*, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother *England*, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drums;
Their Thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needles to Lances, and their gentle Hearts
To fierce and bloody Inclination.

Lewis. There end thy Brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Henry V.

For who is he, whoſe Chin *is but* enrich'd
With one appearing Hair, ———
And in his Poem, call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*;
Whoſe Beams upon his hairleſs Face *are fix'd*;

Fauk.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten; do but ſtart
An Echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport, than need)
Is warlike *John*; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the *French*.
Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.
Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, *Dauphin*, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John *and* Hubert.

K. *John.* HOW goes the day with us? oh, tell me, *Hubert.*
Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?
K. *John.* This feaver, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, *Faulconbridge*,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.
K. *John.* Tell him, tow'rd *Swinſtead*, to the Abbey there.
Meſ. Be of good Comfort: for the great Supply,
That was expected by the *Dauphin* here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Godwin*-ſands.
This news was brought to *Richard* but ev'n now;
The *French* fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. *John.* Ah me! this tyrant feaver burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd *Swinſtead*; to my Litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp.*

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke *and* Bigot.

Sal. I Did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the *French:*
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, *Faulconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, King *John*, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* here.
Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.
Pemb. It is the Count *Melun.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Melun. Fly, noble *Engliſh*, you are bought and ſold;
Untread the rude way of Rebellion, (29)

And

(29) Unthread *the rude* Eye *of Rebellion,*] Tho' all the Copies concur in this Reading, how poor is the Metaphor, of *unthreading* the *Eye* of a *Needle?* And, beſides, as there is no Mention made of a Needle how remote and obſcure is the Alluſion without it? The Text, as I have reſtor'd it, is eaſy and natural; and it is the Mode of Expreſſion, which our Author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread*, the *Way*, *Path*, *Steps*, &c. So *Salisbury* ſays afterwards in this Scene;

We will untread *the* Steps *of damned flight.*

Henry VIII.

Say, Wolſey, *that once* trod *the* Ways *of Glory.*

Richard II.

But tread *the ſtranger* Paths *of Baniſhment.*

Richard III.

Go, tread *the* Path *that thou ſhalt ne'er return.*

Merchant *of* Venice.

Where is the Horſe, that doth untread *again*
His tedious Meaſures wi'th' unbated Fire,
That he did pace *them firſt?*

Hamlet

And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King *John*, and fall before his feet:
For if the *French* be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the Altar at St. *Edmondsbury*;
Ev'n on that Altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true,
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the East:
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sun,
Ev'n this ill night, your Breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If *Lewis* by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
(For that my Grandsire was an *Englishman*,)
Awakes my Conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

Tumlet.

Whilst, like a puft and careless Libertine,
Himself the Primrose Path *of Dalliance* treads.
Ed in his Poem, call'd, *Venus* and *Adonis*;
She treads *the* Paths, *that She* untreads *again*.

In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation, and devout deſires.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds, we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new Flight;
And happy Newneſs, that intends old Right!

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

Right. H.

SCENE *changes to a different part of the* French *Camp*.

Enter Lewis, *and his Train.*

Lewis. THE Sun of heav'n, methought, was loth to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th' *Engliſh* meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd Colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it! ——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the *Dauphin?*
Lewis. Here; what news?
Meſ. The Count *Melun* is ſlain; the *Engliſh* lords
By his perſwaſion are again fall'n off;
And your Supply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on *Godwin* ſands.

Lewis.

Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, News! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to night,
As this hath made me. Who was he, that ſaid,
King *John* did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary Powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good Quarter, and good care to night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an open Place in the Neighbourhood of* Swinſtead *Abbey.*

Enter Faulconbridge, *and* Hubert, *ſeverally.*

Hub. WHO's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the Part of *England.*
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?
Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt be-friend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
Hub. Unkind Remembrance! thou and eyeleſs night (30)
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,

(30) *Unkind Remembrance; thou and* endleſs *Night*
Have done me ſhame: ———] Why, *endleſs* Night? *Hubert* means no more, than that the Dulneſs of his Recollection, and the Darkneſs of the Night, had diſgraced him in his not knowing *Faulconbridge* by the Tone of his Voice. Our Author certainly wrote, *eye-leſs.* Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe concurr'd in ſtarting this Emendation.

That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *ſans complement*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a Monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this Evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monk, I tell you; a reſolved Villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out; the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, *Hubert*, half my Pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe *Lincoln*-waſhes have devoured them;
My ſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away, before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt, he will be dead, or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Orchard in* Swinstead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury *and* Bigot.

Henry. IT is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain,
(Which, some suppose, the soul's frail dwelling house,)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison, which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient,
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness! fierce extreams
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them; invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their Throng, and Press to that last Hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing:——
I am the Cygnet to this pale, faint Swan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting Rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that Indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John *brought in.*

K. *John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There

† Leaves them insensible; *H.*

There is so hot a Summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majesty?

K *John.* Poison'd, ill Fare! dead, forsook, cast off; (31)
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my Kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom: nor intreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I ask not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. *John.* The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. *John.* Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

(31) *Poison'd, ill* Fate!] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, on no Authority that I can find. I have replac'd *Fare*, with the old Copies; and considering how much our Author lov'd and has practised the Jingle and Play on Words, similar in Sound; there is no Question but he intended it here.
So, in his Second Part of *Henr.* VI.
Sheriff, farewel; *and better than I* fare:
And, in the Third Part of *Henr.* VI.
How now, fair *Lords? What* Fare? *What News abroad?*
Ill Fate both takes away the Antithesis, and makes a very flat insipid Exclamation.

Which

Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a Clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Faulc. The *Dauphin* is preparing hitherward,
Where, heav'n he knows, how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my Power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear:
My Liege! my lord! — but now a King — now thus.

Henry. Ev'n so must I run on, and ev'n so stop
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you Stars, that move in your bright spheres,
Where be your pow'rs? shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting Land:
Strait let us seek, or strait we shall be sought;
The *Dauphin* rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at Rest,
Who half an hour since came from the *Dauphin*;
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many Carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his Cause and Quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom your self, my self, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc.

Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's Funeral.

Henry. At *Worceſter* muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal State, and Glory of the Land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a Spot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This *England* never did, nor never ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound it ſelf.
Now theſe her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them! — Nought ſhall make us rue,
If *England* to it ſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

† *Thus. H. W.*

THE

King John.

Dramatis Personæ.

a. E. of Pembroke. William Marshal

b E. of Essex: Jeffrey Fitz peter Ch: Justice of England

c E. of Salisbury. William Longsword or Longespee Son to Henry II by Rosamond Clifford.

d Bigot. Roger, Earl of Norfolk & Suffolk.

but as this and some other of the Histo: cal plays take up so many years it some times happens that the title towards the end of a play does not belong to the per: son who owned it at the beginning; for instance the Pembroke in the rebellion Act 4 and 5 of this play is William the Son of him who was Earl at the begin: ning.

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

RICHARD

THE

SECOND.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Richard *the Second.*
Duke of York,
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Barkley.
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland, }
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
Roſs, }
Willoughby, }
Biſhop of Carliſle, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Sir Stephen Scroop, }
Fitzwater, }
Surry, }
Abbot of Weſtminſter, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Sir Pierce *of* Exton, }

Queen to King Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardiners, Keeper, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of* England.

THE

(1) The LIFE and DEATH of KING *RICHARD* II.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the COURT.*

nter King Richard, John *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

O L. D. *John* of *Gaunt*, time-honour'd *Lancaſter*,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſt'rous late Appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*
Gaunt. I have, my liege.

(1) *The* Life *and* Death *of King* Richard II.] But this Hiſtory comzes little more than the Two laſt Years of this unfortunate Prince. The tion of the Drama begins with *Bolingbroke*'s appealing the Duke of *rfolk*, on an Accuſation of high Treaſon, which fell out in the Year 98; and it cloſes with the Murder of King *Richard* at *Pomfret*-Caſtle, vards the End of the Year 1400, or the Beginning of the enſuing ar. Mr. *Gildon* acknowledges, that *Shakeſpeare* has drawn K. *Richard*'s aracter according to the beſt Accounts of Hiſtory; that is, inſolent, oud, and thoughtleſs in Proſperity; dejected, and deſponding on the pearance of Danger. —— But whatever Blemiſhes he had either in mper or Conduct, the Diſtreſſes of his latter Days, the Double Divorce m his Throne and Queen, are painted in ſuch ſtrong Colours, that ſe Blemiſhes are loſt in the Shade of his Misfortunes; and o. Compaſſion for Him wipes out the Memory of ſuch Spots, *quas humana parum cavit Natura.*

K. *Rich.*

K. *Rich.* Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded hi
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good Subject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argume
On ſome apparent Danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your Highneſs; no invet'rate malice.

K. *Rich.* Then call them to our preſence; face to fa
And frowning brow to brow, Our ſelves will hear
Th' accuſer, and th' accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomach'd are they Both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea; haſty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Mowbray.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Soveraign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your Crown!

K. *Rich.* We thank you both, yet one but flatters
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t' appeal each other of high Treaſon.
Couſin of *Hereford*, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Boling. Firſt, (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech
In the devotion of a Subject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſ-begotten hate,
Come I Appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, *Thomas Mowbray*, do I turn to thee,
And mark my Greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heav'n.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the Sky,
The uglier ſeem the Clouds, that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the Note,
With a foul Traytor's Name ſtuff I thy throat:

A

nd wiſh, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, e're I move,
Vhat my Tongue ſpeaks, my Right-drawn Sword may
prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the tryal of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair Rev'rence of your Highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
These terms of Treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's Royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the *Alps*,
Or any other ground unhabitable, (2)

(2) *Or any other Ground* inhabitable.] I don't know that this Word, like the *French* Term, *inhabitable*,) will admit the two different Acceptations of a Place *to be dwelt in*, and *not to be dwelt in:* (or that it may be taken in the latter Senſe, as *inhabitabilis* (among the *Latines)* ſignifies *uninhabitable*; tho' *inhabitare* ſignifies only to *inhabit:)* and therefore I have ventur'd to read,

Or any other Ground unhabitable;

as in the old *Quarto*, or firſt rough Draught of our Author's *Taming of the Shrew*;

Unhabitable *as the burning Zone.*

I confeſs, there is a Paſſage in *Ben. Jonſon*'s Tragedy of *Catiline*, which ſhould ſeem to favour the equivocal Conſtruction and Uſe of this Word;

And who, in ſuch a Cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch Fiends,
Would not now wiſh himſelf all Arm and Weapon,
To cut ſuch Poyſons from the Earth, and let
Their Blood out, to be drawn away in Clouds,
And pour'd on ſome inhabitable *Place,*
Where the hot Sun and Slime breeds nought but Monſters?

But, I ſuſpect, *Jonſon* wrote here;

And pour'd on ſome unhabitable *Place*, &c.

Tho', I know, by our Idiom, *un* and *in* prefix'd to Words for the Generality are equally Negatives in their Power.

Where never *Engliſhman* durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my Loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.
Boling. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my Gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's Royalty:
(Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except:)
If guilty Dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take up mine Honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken, or thou canſt deviſe.
Mowb. I take it up, and by that Sword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly tryal;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!
K. *Rich.* What doth our Couſin lay to *Mowbray*'s charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of Ill in him.
Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;
That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highneſs' ſoldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments;
Like a falſe traitor and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battel prove,
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge,
That ever was ſurvey'd by *Engliſh* eye;
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this Land,
Fetch from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad Life to make all This good,
That he did plot the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluc'd out his inn'cent ſoul through ſtreams of blood;

Which

Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abel's*, cries
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement.
And by the glorious Worth of my Deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. *Rich.* How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!
Thomas of *Norfolk*, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my Soveraign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this Slander of his blood, (3)
How God and good men hate ſo foul a liar.

K. *Rich. Mowbray*, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our Kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's ſon;
Now by my Scepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing priv'lege him, nor partialize
Th' unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our Subject, *Mowbray*, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, *Bolingbroke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that Receipt I had for *Calais*,
Disburſt I to his Highneſs' ſoldiers;
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent,
For that my ſoveraign Liege was in my debt;
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to *France* to fetch his Queen.

(3) *Till I have told this* Sland'rer *of his blood,*] All the authentic Copies read, *Slander*, as I have reſtor'd to the Text; This Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to throw out, as an Abſurdity; and ſubſtituted *Slanderer* in its Place. But why not, *Slander?* 'Tis our Author's Mode of Expreſſion in other Paſſages;

But you muſt learn to know ſuch Slanders *of the Age, or elſe you may be marvellouſly miſtook.* *K.* Henr. V.
Stain *to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy Doom.* 1 Henr. VI.
Thou Slander *of thy heavy Mother's Womb!* Rich. III.

Homer, in the ſame manner, as Mr. *Pope* might have remember'd, makes *Agamemnon* call the *Greeks* the *Shames*, the *Reproaches*, of Themſelves.

Ὦ πέπονες, κάκ' Ἐλέγχε', Ἀχαΐδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.
Il. B. v. 235.

Now, ſwallow down that Lie.— For *Glouceſter*'s death,
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.
For you, my noble lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul;
But ere I laſt receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degen'rate traitor:
Which in my ſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot;
To prove my ſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our tryal-day.

K. *Rich.* Wrath-kindled Gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this Choler without letting blood:
[26] This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of *Norfolk*, you your Son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my Son, the Duke of *Norfolk*'s gage.

K. *Rich.* And, *Norfolk*, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, *Harry*, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. *Rich.* *Norfolk*, throw down, we bid; there is n
boot.

Mowb. My ſelf I throw, dread Soveraign, at thy foo
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my Shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair Name,
(Deſpight of death, That lives upon my Grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.

I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. *Rich.* Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots: take but my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is spotless Reputation; That away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In That I live, and for That will I die.

K. *Rich.* Cousin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heav'n defend my soul from such foul sin!
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,
Before this out-dar'd Dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbray*'s face.
[*Exit* Gaunt.

K. *Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At *Coventry* upon Saint *Lambert*'s day.
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling diff'rence of your settled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Justice decide the Victor's Chivalry.
Lord Marshal, bid our officers at Arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter Gaunt *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. ALAS, the part I had in *Glo'ſter*'s blood
Doth more ſollicit me, than your Exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our Quarrel to the Will of heav'n;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſev'n ſons, whereof thy ſelf art one,
Were as ſev'n vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſev'n fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſev'n are dry'd by Nature's Courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the Deſt'nies cut:
But *Thomas*, my dear lord, my life, my *Glo'ſter*,
(One vial, full of *Edward*'s ſacred blood;
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root;)
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody axe!
Ah, *Gaunt!* his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death;
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life;
Call it not patience, *Gaunt*, it is deſpair.
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murther how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardiſe in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,

Th

The beſt way is to 'venge my *Glo'ſter*'s death.
Gaunt. God's is the Quarrel; for God's Subſtitute,
His Deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his Miniſter.
Dutch. Where then, alas, may I complain my ſelf?
Gaunt. To heav'n, the widow's Champion and Defence.
Dutch. Why then, I will: farewel, old *Gaunt*, farewel.
Thou go'ſt to *Coventry*, there to behold
Our Couſin *Hereford* and fell *Mowbray* fight.
O, ſit my husband's wrongs on *Hereford*'s ſpear,
That it may enter butcher *Mowbray*'s breaſt!
Or if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be *Mowbray*'s ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming Courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A caytiff recreant to my couſin *Hereford!*
Farewel, old *Gaunt*; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion Grief muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter, farewel; I muſt to *Coventry*.
As much Good ſtay with thee, as go with me!
Dutch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For Sorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, *Edmund York:*
Lo, this is all —— nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him — oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at *Plaſhie* viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old *York* ſee there
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Un-peopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow that dwells every where;
All deſolate, will I from hence, and die;
The laſt Leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Lists, at* Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and the Duke of Aumerle.

Mar. MY lord *Aumerle*, is *Harry Hereford* arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of *Norfolk*, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the Summons of th' Appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they are set, Enter the Duke of Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his Cause.
Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy Knighthood, and thine Oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
Mowb. My name is *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heav'n defend, a Knight should violate!)
Both to defend my Loyalty and Truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of *Hereford*, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of my self,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

The trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, *Appellant, in armour.*

K. *Rich.* Marshal, ask yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,

Thu

Thus plated in habiliments of war:
And formally, according to our Law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his Cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before King *Richard*, in his royal Liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy Quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heav'n!

Boling. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heav'n's grace and my body's valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolk*,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heav'n, King *Richard*, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me heav'n!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Soveraign's hand,
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious Leave
And loving Farewel of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' Appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs.
[*To K.* Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. *Rich.* We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of *Hereford*, as thy Cauſe is right,
So be thy Fortune in this royal fight;
Farewel, my Blood; which if to day thou ſhed, (4)
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling.

(4) *Farewel, my* blood;] *i. e.* my Kinſman. This Appellation is purely claſſical.

Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus. Virg. *Æn.* VI. ver. 836.
— *Tu* Sanguinis *ultimus auctor*. Id. *Æn.* VII. ver. 49.
Clarus Anchiſæ Veneriſq; Sanguis. Horat. *Carm. Sæcul.*
——— *Vos O*
Pompilius Sanguis. Id. *Art. Poet.* ver. 292.
— *tenet*,

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbray*'s ſpear:
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you, my noble Couſin, lord *Aumerle.*
Not ſick, although I have to do with Death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing Breath. ——
Lo, as at *Engliſh* Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at Victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy Bleſſings ſteel my Lance's point,
That it may enter *Mowbray*'s waxen Coat,
And furbiſh new the Name of *John* o' *Gaunt*
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heav'n in thy good Cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like Lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave and live.

Boling. Mine Innocence, God and St. *George* to thrive!

Mowb. However heav'n or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King *Richard*'s Throne,
A loyal, juſt and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This Feaſt of battel, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,

——— *tenet, longumq; tenebit*
Tarpeias arces Sanguis tuus. Sil. Italicus. *Lib.* 3.
——— *vos, O Superi,* meus, *ordine* Sanguis,
Ne pugnate ciiis. Statius. *Theb. lib.* 3.
&c. &c. &c.

Take

Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years;
As gentle and as jocund, as to †jeſt,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breaſt. [27]
K. *Rich.* Farewel, my lord; ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the tryal, Marſhal, and begin.
Mar. Harry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Receive thy Lance; and heav'n defend thy Right!
Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry *Amen.*
Mar. Go bear this Lance to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk.*
1 *Her. Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
Stands here for God, his Soveraign and Himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the Duke of *Norfolk*, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.
2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter* and *Derby*,
To God, his Soveraign, and to him, diſloyal:
Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the Signal to begin. [*A Charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound, Trumpets; and ſet forward, Combatants.
—But ſtay, the King hath thrown his warder down.
K. *Rich.* Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And Both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe Dukes what we decree.
[*A long Flouriſh; after which, the King ſpeaks to the Combatants.*
Draw near; ——
And liſt, what with our Council we have done.
For that our Kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts

† *juſt. W. q.*

With

With rival-hating Envy ſet you on,
To wake our Peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;
(Which thus rouz'd up with boiſt'rous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets dreadful Bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet Confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood:)
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You couſin *Hereford*, on pain of death,
Till twice five Summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not re-greet our fair Dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of Baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort be,
That Sun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my Baniſhment.

K. *Rich. Norfolk*, for thee remains a heavier Doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy Sentence, my moſt ſoveraign Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native *Engliſh*, now I muſt forgo;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or, like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue, (5)
Doubly

(5) *Within my Mouth you have engoal'd my Tongue,*
Doubly portcullis'd *with my Teeth and Lips:*] Theſe Verſes Mr. *Pope* has degraded and thrown out of the Text, on Account of the Image convey'd in the ſecond Line, as I preſume. I am far from praiſing

Doubly port-cullis'd with my Teeth and Lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren Ignorance
Is made my Goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a Pupil now:
What is thy Sentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. *Rich.* It boots thee not to be compaſſionate;
After our Sentence, Plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my Country's light.
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.

K. *Rich.* Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on our royal Sword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heav'n,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves,)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall, (ſo help you truth, and heav'n!)
Embrace each other's love in Baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, re-greet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any Ill,
'Gainſt us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, ſo far, as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandred in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this Realm;
Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.

Mowb. No, *Bolingbroke*; if ever I were traitor,

praiſing the Metaphor; but, perhaps, the Uſage might be defended for once from the Example of our Maſter *Homer*.

Ἀτρεΐδη, ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων. Iliad. Δ. v. 350.

The ἕρκος ὀδόντων here, methinks, approaches very nigh to the Idea of a *Port-culliſe*.

My

My Name be blotted from the Book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heav'n, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoon, I fear, the King ſhall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I ſtray,
Save back to *England*; all the world's my way. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart; thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away; ſix frozen winters ſpent,
Return with Welcome home from Baniſhment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging Winters, and four wanton Springs
End in a word; ſuch is the Breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oyl-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done:
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canſt give;
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is currant with him, for my death;
But dead, thy Kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. *Rich.* Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to low'r?

Gaunt. Things, ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſow'r.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his Fault, I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,

I wa

I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the Sentence my own life deſtroy'd.
K. *Rich.* Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exit.*
Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no Greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.
Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.
Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a Travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious ſtride I make (6)
Will but remember me, what a deal of World
I wander from the Jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long Apprentice-hood,

(6) Boling. *Nay, rather, ev'ry tedious Stride I make,*] This, and the ſix Verſes which follow, I have ventur'd to ſupply from the old *Quarto*. The Alluſion, 'tis true, to an *Apprentice-ſhip*, and becoming a *Journeyman*, is not in the ſublime Taſte, nor, as *Horace* has expreſs'd it, *ſpirat Tragicum ſatis*: however as there is no Doubt of the Paſſage being genuine, the Lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt.

To

To foreign paſſages, and in the End
Having my Freedom, boaſt of Nothing elſe
But that I was a Journeyman to Grief?
Gaunt. All Places, that the Eye of Heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh Thee;
But Thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives It is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the King exil'd thee. Or ſuppoſe,
Devouring Peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagin it
To lye that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs, whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence-floor;
The flow'rs, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance.
For gnarling Sorrow hath leſs Pow'r to bite
The Man, that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus?*
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in *December* ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtick Summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy Youth, and Cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Boling. Then, *England*'s Ground, farewel; ſweet ſoil adieu,
My mother and my nurſe, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born *Engliſhman.* [*Exeun.*

SCEN

SCENE *changes to the Court.*

Enter King Richard, *and* Bushy, *&c. at one door; and the Lord* Aumerle, *at the other.*

K. *Rich.* WE did, indeed, observe —— Cousin *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high *Hereford* on his way?
Aum. I brought high *Hereford*, if you call him so,
But to the next High-way, and there I left him.
K. *Rich.* And say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awak'd the sleepy rheume; and so by chance
Did grace our hollow Parting with a tear.
K. *Rich.* What said your cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel.——
And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, That taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's Grave.
Marry, would the word *farewel* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short Banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewels;
But since it would not, he had none of me.
K. *Rich.* He is our kinsman, Cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from Banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our self, and *Bushy*, †*Bagot* here, and *Green*,
Observ'd his Courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesie;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their Affects with him.

† *Bagot. see p. 274.*

Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well!
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee;
With,—Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our *England* in reverſion his,
And he our Subjects next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.——
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient Manage muſt be made, my Liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highneſs' loſs.

K. *Rich.* We will our ſelf in perſon to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a Court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farm our royal Realm,
The Revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand; if they come ſhort,
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for *Ireland* preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

K. *Rich.* *Buſhy*, what news?

Buſhy. Old *John* of *Gaunt* is ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. *Rich.* Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At *Ely-houſe*.

K. *Rich.* Now put it, heav'n, in his phyſician' mind,
To help him to his Grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe *Iriſh* wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heav'n, we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, Ely-houſe.

Gaunt *brought in, ſick; with the Duke of* York.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth?

York. Vex not your ſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they're ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The ſetting Sun,— and muſick in the cloſe.—
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad Tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is ſtopt with other flatt'ring charms,
As praiſes of his State; there are, beſide,
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of Faſhions in proud *Italy*,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh, Nation
Limps after, in baſe aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,)
That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,

Where Will doth mutiny with wits regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.
Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inspir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small show'rs last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light vanity, insatiate Cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon it self.
This royal Throne of Kings, this scepter'd Isle,
This Earth of Majesty, this Seat of *Mars*,
This other *Eden*, demy *Paradise*,
This fortress, built by Nature for her self,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy Breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier Lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For christian service and true chivalry,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
Of the world's Ransom, blessed *Mary*'s Son;
This Land of such dear souls, this dear dear Land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out, (I dye, pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watry *Neptune*, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That *England*, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful Conquest of it self.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Ent

Enter King Richard, *Queen*, Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, *and* Willoughby.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, *Lancaster?*
K. *Rich.* What comfort, man? How is't with aged *Gaunt?*
Gaunt. Oh, how that Name befits my composition!
Old *Gaunt*, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping *England* long time have I watch'd,
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast; I mean, my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the Grave, gaunt as a Grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. *Rich.* Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock it self:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.
K. *Rich.* Should dying men flatter those that live?
Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.
K. *Rich.* Thou, now a dying, say'st, thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.
K. *Rich.* I am in health, I breathe, I see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows, I see thee ill;
Ill in my self, but seeing thee too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than the Land,
Wherein thou liest in Reputation sick;
And thou, too careless Patient as thou art,
Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians, that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatt'rers sit within thy Crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet ingaged in so small a verge, *incaged in*
Thy waste is no whit lesser than thy Land.
Oh, had thy Grandsire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt;
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thy ſelf.
Why, Couſin, wert thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of *England* art thou now, not King:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And Thou ——

K. *Rich.* And thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my Seat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not Brother to Great *Edward*'s ſon,
This tongue, that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother *Edward*'s ſon,
For that I was his father *Edward*'s ſon.
That blood already, like the Pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother *Glo'ſter*, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heav'n 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edward*'s blood.
Join with the preſent Sickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long-wither'd flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my Bed, then to my Grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out*

K. *Rich.* And let them die, that Age and Sullens have
For both haſt thou, and both become the Grave.

York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs, and age:

He loves you, on my life; and holds you dear
As *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, were he here.

K. *Rich.* Right, you ſay true; as *Hereford*'s love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Majeſty.

K. *Rich.* What ſays old *Gaunt?*

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſter* hath ſpent.

York. Be *York* the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. *Rich.* The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.— Now for our *Iriſh* wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do ask ſome Charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.

York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender Duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glo'ſter*'s death, not *Hereford*'s Baniſhment,
Not *Gaunt*'s rebukes, nor *England*'s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor *Bolingbroke*
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me ſow'r my patient cheek;
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraign's face.
I am the laſt of noble *Edward*'s ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of *Wales*, was firſt:
In war, was never Lion rag'd more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle Lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely Gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours.
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the *French*,

And not againſt his friends: His noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not That,
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, *Richard! York* is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. *Rich.* Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd *Hereford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead, and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* juſt, and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take *Hereford*'s Rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomary Rights.
Let not to morrow then enſue to day;
Be not thy ſelf.— For how art thou a King,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize *Hereford*'s Right,
Call in his letters patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. *Rich.* Think, what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. *Rich.* Go, *Buſhy*, to the Earl of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repair to us to *Ely-houſe*,
To ſee this buſineſs done: To morrow next

We

We will for *Ireland*; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of our ſelf,
Our uncle *York* Lord-governor of *England:*
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.
Come on, our Queen; to morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of Stay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt King, Queen,* &c.

Manent Northumberland, Willoughby, *and* Roſs.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of *Lancaſter* is dead.
Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.
Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be disburthen'd with a lib'ral tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.
Willo. Tends, what you'd ſpeak, to th' Duke of *Hereford?*
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of Good towards him.
Roſs. No Good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heav'n, it's ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal Prince, and many more,
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the King ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The Commons hath he pill'd with grievous Taxes,
And loſt their hearts; the Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new Exactions are devis'd;
As Blanks, Benevolences, I wot not what;

But

But what, o'God's name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That, which his Anceſtors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The Earl of *Wiltſhire* hath the Realm in farm.
Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and diſſolution, hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not mony for theſe *Iriſh* wars,
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
North. His noble Kinſman— moſt degenerate King
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck, that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the Danger now,
For ſuff'ring ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo: ev'n through the hollow eyes of Death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, *Northumberland*;
We three are but thy ſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port *le Blanc*,
A bay in *Bretagne*, had intelligence,
That *Harry Hereford*, *Rainald* lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainſton*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, and *Francis Coines*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Bretagne*,

With

With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoak,
Imp out our drooping Country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown, (7)
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepter's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like it ſelf:
Away with me in poſt to *Ravenſpurg*.
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelf will go.'

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge Doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter Queen, Buſhy, *and* Bagot.

Buſhy. MAdam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King, I did; to pleaſe my ſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe,
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief;
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard:* yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul

(7) *Redeem from* broken *Pawn the blemiſh'd Crown,*] What Ideas Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* form'd to themſelves from this *paſſive* Epithet annex'd to Pawn, I cannot tell. To me, it ſeems direct Nonſenſe. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the genuine old Copies, *broking Pawn*. The Revenues of the Crown were farm'd to the Earl of *Wiltſhire*, who had them in *Pawn* for what Sums he advanc'd, and ſo plaid the *Broker* betwixt the King and Subject.

With

With nothing trembles, yet at ſomething grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Buſhy Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief it ſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire, to many objects;
Like Perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, (8)
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.— So your ſweet Majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which look'd on, as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your lord's departure; more's not ſeen:
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me otherwiſe: how-e'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,

(8) *Like* Perſpectives, *which*, rightly *gaz'd upon*,
Shew Nothing but Confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh Form] This is a very fine Similitude, and the Thing meant is This. Amongſt *Mathematical* Recreations, This, which your Maſters in *Optics* amuſe themſelves with, holds a principal Place. They draw a Figure, in which all the Rules of *Perſpective* are directly *inverted:* ſo that, conſequently, if held in the ſame Poſition with thoſe Pictures which are drawn according to the Rules of *Perſpective*, it muſt preſent Nothing but Confuſion: and to be ſeen in Form, and under a regular Appearance, it muſt be look'd upon from a contrary Station: or, as *Shakeſpeare* ſays, *ey'd awry*. Theſe Kind of Pictures are now very common; but not ſo, I believe, in our Author's Time, tho' he ſo well underſtood their Nature. Of our Writers, the Neareſt I can meet with to his Time is *Hobbes*, who deſcribes this Curioſity very particularly. *Eſt & aliud* Perſpectivæ *Genus, hujus de quâ diximus* inverſæ, *in quâ* Objectum *ipſum* rude *aliquid apparet*; *& (niſi* Oculo *in* certo Puncto *collocato)* informe; *in* Eo *verò* Puncto *id videtur quod apparere voluit Pictor.*
Mr. *Warburton.*

To this Sort of Picture our Author ſeems again to allude in his King *Henry* V.

K. Henry. *It is ſo; and you may ſome of you thank Love for my Blindneſs, who cannot ſee many a fair* French *City, for one fair* French *Maid that ſtands in my Way.*

Fr. King. *Yes, my Lord, you ſee them* perſpectively; *the* Cities turn'd into a Maid.

As

As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.
Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but Conceit, my gracious lady.
Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs; Conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reverſion That I do poſſeſs;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:
I hope, the King is not yet ſhipt for *Ireland.*
Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope, he is:
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope, he is not ſhipt?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his Power;
And driv'n into deſpair an enemy's Hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bolingbroke* repeals himſelf;
And with up-lifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At *Ravenſpurg.*
Queen. Now God in heav'n forbid!
Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The lord *Northumberland,* his young ſon *Percy,*
The lords of *Roſs, Beaumond,* and *Willoughby,*
With all their pow'rful friends, are fled to him.
Buſhy. Why have you not proclaim'd *Northumberland,*
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?
Green. We have: whereon the Earl of *Worceſter*
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his Stewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To *Bolingbroke.*
Queen. So, *Green,* thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bolingbroke* my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,

And

And I, a gaſping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow join'd.
Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the Duke of *York.*
Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heav'n's ſake, comfortable words.
York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts;
Comfort's in heav'n, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but Croſſes, Care, and Grief.
Your husband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop his Land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport my ſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.
York. He was; why, ſo, go all, which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on *Hereford*'s ſide.
Get thee to *Plaſhie*, (9) to my ſiſter *Glo'ſter*;
Bid her ſend preſently a thouſand pound:
Hold, take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot
To tell, to day I came by, and call'd there;
But I ſhall grieve you to report the reſt.
York. What is't?

(9) *Get thee to* Plaſhie,—] The Lordſhip of *Plaſhie* was a Town of the Dutcheſs of *Glouceſter*'s in *Eſſex.* See *Hall*'s Chronicle, p. 13.

Serv.

Serv. An hour before I came, the Dutcheſs dy'd.
York. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this woful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to heav'n,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there Poſts diſpatch'd for *Ireland?*
How ſhall we do for mony for theſe wars?
Come, ſiſter; (couſin, I would ſay;) pray, pardon me.
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muſter men?
If I know how to order theſe affairs,
Diſorderly thus thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinſmen;
The one my Soveraign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th'other again
My kinſman is, One whom the King hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do: come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you. Go muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at *Barkley* caſtle:
I ſhould to *Plaſhie* too;——
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.
Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to *Ireland*,
But none returns; for us to levy Power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.
Green. Beſides, our Nearneſs to the King in Love
Is near the Hate of thoſe, love not the King.
Bagot. And that's the wav'ring Commons, for their love
Lies in their purſes; and who empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſhy. Wherein the King ſtands gen'rally condemn'd.
Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then ſo do we;
Becauſe we have been ever near the King.

Green.

Green. Well; I'll for Refuge ſtrait to *Briſtol*-caſtle;
The Earl of *Wiltſhire* is already there.
Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces:
Will you go with us?
Bagot. No: I'll to *Ireland* to his Majeſty.
Farewel: if hearts Preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.
Buſhy. That's as *York* thrives, to beat back *Bolingbroke.*
Green. Alas, poor Duke! the task he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Green. Well, we may meet again.
Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a wild Proſpect, in* Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke *and* Northumberland.

Boling. HOW far is it, my lord, to *Barkley* now?
North. I am a ſtranger here in *Glo'ſterſhire.*
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From *Ravenſpurg* to *Cotſhold* will be found,
In *Roſs* and *Willoughby*, wanting your Company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.

Bolin

Boling. Of much leſs value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young *Harry Percy*,
Sent from my brother *Worceſter:* whenceſoever,
Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy I thought, my lord, t'have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queen?
Percy No, my good lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The Houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.
Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to *Ravenſpurg*,
To offer ſervice to the Duke of *Hereford*,
And ſent me o'er by *Barkley*, to diſcover
What Pow'r the Duke of *York* had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to *Ravenſpurg*.
North Have you forgot the Duke of *Hereford*, boy?
Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.
North. Then learn to know him now; this is the Duke.
Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.
Boling. I thank thee, gentle *Percy*; and be ſure,
I count my ſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.
North. How far is it to *Barkley?* and what ſtir
Keeps good old *York* there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the Caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords, *York*, *Barkley*, *Seymour*;
None elſe of name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs *and* Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of *Roſs* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.
Boling. Welcome, my lords; I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my Treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.
Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore, thanks;—— (th' exchequer of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter Barkley.

North. It is my lord of *Barkley*, as I gueſs.
Bark. My lord of *Hereford*, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to *Lancaſter*;
And I am come to ſeek that Name in *England*,
And I muſt find that Title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will.)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of *York*, to know, what pricks you on
e [70] To take advantage of the abſent time,
[145] And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble Uncle! [*Kneel*
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy kne
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Bolin

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor Uncle me no Uncle:—
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd, and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of *England*'s ground?
But more than,— why, why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou, because th' anointed King is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the King is left behind;
And in my loyal bosom lies his Power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy father, and my self
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that young *Mars* of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand *French*;
Oh! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Ev'n in condition of the worst degree;
In gross Rebellion, and detested Treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy Soveraign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*;
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks, in you
I see old *Gaunt* alive. O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my arms perforce, and giv'n away
To upstart unthrifts? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of *England*,
It must be granted, I am Duke of *Lancaster*.

You have a ſon, *Aumerle*, my noble Kinſman:
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle *Gaunt* a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's Goods are all diſtrain'd and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs imploy'd.
What would you have me do? I am a Subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my Claim
To mine Inheritance of free Deſcent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abus'd

Roſs. It ſtands your Grace upon, to do him Right.

Willo Baſe men by his endowments are made great

York My lords of *England*, let me tell you this,
I have had Feeling of my Couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him Right:
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath ſworn, his Coming
But for his own; and, for the Right of That,
We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my Pow'r is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel.
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Boling. An offer, Uncle, that we will accept;
But we muſt win your Grace to go with us
To *Briſtol-Caſtle*, which, they ſay, is held

By *Bushy*, *Bagot*, and their complices;
The caterpillars of the Common-wealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our Country's Laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past Redress are now with me past Care.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *in* Wales.

Enter Salisbury, *and a Captain.*

Cap. MY lord of *Salisbury*, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will disperse our selves: farewel.
Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty *Welchman:*
The King reposeth all his trust in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the King is dead: we will not stay.
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heav'n;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-look'd Prophets whisper fearful Change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy;
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
These signs forerun the death of Kings——
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, *Richard* their King is dead. [*Exit.*
Salis. Ah, *Richard*, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament;
Thy Sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest;
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes;
And, crossly to thy Good, all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp*, *at* Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy Willoughby, *with* Buſhy *and* Green *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men. ——
Buſhy and *Green*, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part you bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives
For 'twere no charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſ-led a Prince, a royal King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the Poſſeſſion of a royal Bed,
And ſtain'd the Beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrong.
My ſelf, a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,)
Have ſtoopt my neck under your injuries;
And ſigh'd my *Engliſh* breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of Baniſhment:
While you have fed upon my Signiories;
Diſ-park'd my Parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods;
From mine own windows torn my houſhold Coat;
Raz'd out my Impreſs; leaving me no ſign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemn

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bushy. More welcome is the stroak of death to me,
Than *Bolingbroke* to *England.* — Lords, farewel.
Green. My comfort is, that heav'n will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.
Boling. My lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd.
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For heav'n's sake, fairly let her be intreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind Commends;
Take special care, my Greetings be deliver'd.
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle Uncle: come, my lords, away; (10)
A while to Work; and, after, Holy-day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Coast of* Wales.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King Richard, Aumerle, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *and Soldiers.*

K. *Rich.* BArkloughly-castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your tossing on the breaking Seas?

(10) *Thanks, gentle Uncle; Come, my Lords, away,*
To fight with *Glendower* and his Complices,
A while to Work, and after Holyday.] Tho' the intermediate Line has taken Possession of all the old Copies, I have great Suspicion of its being an Interpolation; and have therefore ventur'd to throw it out. The first and third Line rhyme to each other; nor, do I imagine, This was casual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the Line genuine, it must argue the Poet of Forgetfulness in his own Plan; and Inattention to History, of which he was most observant. *Bolingbroke* is, at it were, yet but just arriv'd; He is now at *Bristol*; weak in his Numbers; has had no Meeting with a Parliament; nor is so far assur'd of the Succession, as to think of going to suppress Insurrections before he is planted in the Throne. Besides, we find, the Opposition

K. *Rich.* Needs muſt I like it well; I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my Kingdom once again.
Dear Earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Soveraign's foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe:
But let thy ſpiders that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lye in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraign's enemies.
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This Earth ſhall have a Feeling: and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Biſhop. Fear not, my lord; that Pow'r, that made you King,
Hath pow'r to keep you King, in ſpight of all.
The means, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected: elſe if heaven would,
And we would not heav'n's offer, we refuſe
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt *Bolingbroke*, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in power.

K. *Rich.* Diſcomfortable Couſin, know'ſt thou not,

poſition of *Glendower* begins the *Firſt* Part of K. *Henry* IV; and *Mortimer*'s Defeat by that hardy *Welſhman* is the Tidings of the firſt Scene of that Play. Again, tho' *Glendower* in the very firſt Year of K. *Henry* IV, began to be troubleſome, put in for the Supremacy of *Wales* and impriſon'd *Mortimer*; yet it was not till the ſucceeding Year, tha the King employ'd any Force againſt him.

Tha

That when the ſearching eye of heav'n is hid
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world; *and. ff.*
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody here.
But when from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through ev'ry guilty hole;
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor *Bolingbroke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilſt we were wand'ring with th' Antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our Throne, the eaſt;
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea (11)
Can waſh the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that *Bolingbroke* hath preſt,
To lift ſharp ſteel againſt our golden Crown,
Heav'n for his *Richard* hath in heav'nly Pay
A glorious Angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall, for heav'n ſtill guards the Right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord, how far off lies your Power?
Saliſ. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,

(11) *Not all the* Water *in the rough rude* Sea
Can waſh *the* Balm *from an* anointed King;] This Paſſage ſeems to be parodied, if not ſneer'd at, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Monſieur *Marine* is perſuaded to quit a Country Life, and come up to Court. When there, his Wife and her Accomplices make him believe that the King has created him a Duke. Upon his not behaving to their Minds, they unduke him; but He, not willing to reſign his new Grandeur, argues thus upon it.

The King cannot take back What he has giv'n,
Unleſs I forfeit it by Courſe of Law:
Not all the Water in the River *Seine*
Can waſh the Blood out of theſe princely Veins.

Than

Than this weak arm: Diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but Deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To day, to day,—unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the *Welſhmen*, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bolingbroke*, diſperſt and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?

K. *Rich.* But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege; remember, who you are.

K. *Rich.* I had forgot myſelf: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my Name; a puny Subject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle *York*
Hath pow'r to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. *Rich.* Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my Kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care:
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives *Bolingbroke* to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our Subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.

Cry

Cry, Woe, Deſtruction, Ruin, Loſs, Decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.
Scroop. Glad am I, that your Highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of *Bolingbroke*, cov'ring your fearful Land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with womens voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy Crown:
Thy very Beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal Ewe, againſt thy State:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.
K. *Rich.* Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of *Wiltſhire?* where is He got? (12)
What is become of *Buſhy?* where is *Green?*
That they have let the dang'rous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?

(12) *Where is the Earl of* Wiltſhire? *where is* Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? *where is* Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few Lines, the King, hearing they had made their peace with *Bolingbroke*, calls them THREE *Judas's*. But how was their Peace made? Why, with the Loſs of their Heads. This being explain'd, *Aumerle* ſays, *Is* Buſhy, Green, *and th' Earl of* Wiltſhire *dead?* So that *Bagot* ought to be left out of the Queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for *Cheſter*, and from thence had eſcap'd into *Ireland*. And ſo we find him, in the 2d Act, determining to do.
Bagot. *No: I'll to* Ireland *to his Majeſty.*
The Poet could not be guilty of ſo much Forgetfulneſs and Abſurdity. The Tranſcribers muſt have blunder'd. It ſeems probable to me that He wrote, as I have conjecturally alter'd the Text.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? *where is* He got?
i. e. Into what Corner of my Dominions is He *ſlunk*, and *abſconded?*

If

If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant, they've made peace with *Bolingbroke*.
Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. *Rich*. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption;
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man;
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart;
Three *Judaſſes*, each one thrice worſe than *Judas!*
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!
Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſow'reſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhy*, *Green*, and th' Earl of *Wiltſhire* dead?
Scroop. Yea, all of them at *Briſtol* loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his Power?
K. *Rich*. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of Graves, of Worms, and Epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo —— for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are *Bolingbroke*'s,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'ns ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war:
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd:
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. —For within the hollow Crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,

Keep

Keeps Death his Court; and there the Antick ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Boars through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn Rev'rence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death:
Where fearing, dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a Pow'r, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. *Rich.* Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bolingbroke*, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom;
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſie task it is to win our own.
Say, *Scroop*, where lyes our uncle with his Power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſower.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.

Your

Your uncle *York* is join'd with *Bolingbroke*,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.
K. *Rich.* Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to Deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heav'n, I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to *Flint-caſtle*, there I'll pine away:
A King, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That Pow'r I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow:
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
K. *Rich.* He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my Foll'wers: let them hence, away,
From *Richard*'s night to *Bolingbroke*'s fair day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp*, *near* Flint.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, *and Attendants.*

Boling. SO that by this intelligence we learn,
The *Welſhmen* are diſpers'd; and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this Coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord,
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord *Northumberland*,
To ſay, King *Richard*. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head!
North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath been,
Woul

Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with You, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, the whole Head's Length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake; the heav'ns are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe my ſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, *Harry*; what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? why, it contains no King?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone;
And with him lord *Aumerle*, lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroop*, beſides a clergy man
Of holy reverence: who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of *Carliſle*.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that antient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of *Bolingbroke* upon his knees
Doth kiſs King *Richard*'s hand, and ſends allegiance
And faith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Ev'n at his feet I lay my arms and pow'r,
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my pow'r,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhow'rs of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd *Engliſhmen*.
The which, how far off from the mind of *Bolingbroke*
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King *Richard*'s Land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignifie as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſie carpet of this Plain;

Let's

Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this Caſtle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, King *Richard* and my ſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring Shock, (13)
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heav'n:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King *Richard* how he looks.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a flouriſh. Enter on the walls, King Richard, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop *and* Salisbury.

† See! ſee! King *Richard* doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sun,
From out the fiery portal of the Eaſt,
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his Glory; and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.

York. Yet looks he like a King: behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty; alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. *Rich.* We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To* North
Becauſe we thought our ſelf thy lawful King;

(13) ——— ——— *when their thund'ring* Smoak,
At meeting, tears the cloudy Cheeks of heav'n:] This is the firſt Time, I believe, we ever heard of a *thund'ring Smoak:* I never conceiv'd any Thing of a more ſilent Nature. But this is a *Noſtrum* of the wiſe Editors; who imagine, I preſume, that the Report and Thundering of a Cannon proceed from the *Smoak*, and not from the Explosion of the *Powder*. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the elder *Quarto*, which gives us the true Alluſion of the Poet. So again in the Beginning of 1 K. *Henry* IV.

——— ——— *Thoſe oppoſed Eyes,*
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meet *in the inteſtine* Shock
And furious Cloſe *of civil Butchery,* &c.

An

† W. gives all these ten lines to York.

And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our Stewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, — My Maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds on our behalf
Armies of Peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crown.
Tell *Bolingbroke*, (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding War;
But ere the Crown, he looks for, live in peace, (14)
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers ſons
Shall ill become the flow'r of *England*'s face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation; and bedew

(14) *But e'er the Crown, he looks for,* live *in Peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody Crowns of Mothers Sons
Shall ill become the Flow'r *of* England's *face;*] Tho' I have not liſturb'd the Text here, I cannot but think it liable to Suſpicion. A Crown living in Peace, as Mr. *Warburton* juſtly obſerv'd to me, is a very odd Phraſe. He ſuppoſes;
But e're the Crown, he looks for, light *in Peace,*
i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon *Bolingbroke*'s Head in Peace. —— Again, I have a ſmall Quarrel to the third Line quoted. Would the Poet ſay, That bloody Crowns ſhould disfigure the *Flow'rs* that ſpring on the Ground, and bedew the *Graſs* with Blood? Surely, the two Images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,
Shall ill become the Floor *of* England's *Face;*
i. e. Shall make a diſmal Spectacle on the Surface of the Kingdom's Earth. So, in the *Merchant of* Venice,
—— *Look, how the* Floor *of Heav'n*
Is thick inlay'd with Patterns of bright Gold.

+ flower of England is choicest youth
W.

Her Pasture's grass with faithful *English* blood.
North. The King of heav'n forbid, our lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry of *Bolingbroke*, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal Grandsire's bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents, that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the bury'd hand of warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn, or said,
His Coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal Royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust;
His barbed steeds to stables; and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a Prince, is just;
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, say, thus the King returns:
His noble Cousin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle Hearing kind Commends.
We do debase our self, Cousin, do we not, [*To* Aum.
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No, good my lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords
K. *Rich.* Oh God, oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of Sooth; oh, that I were as great

A

As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from *Bolingbroke.*

K. *Rich.* What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall do it: muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large Kingdom, for a little Grave;
A little, little Grave;—an obſcure Grave.
Or I'll be bury'd in the King's high way: (15)
Some way of common Tread, where Subjects feet
May hourly trample on their Soveraign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; (my tender-hearted couſin!)
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus, to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of Graves

(15) *Or I'll be buried in the King's high way;*
Some Way of common Trade,——] As ſpecious as this Reading appears, Mr. *Warburton*, Mr. *Biſhop*, and I, all concurr'd in ſuſpecting it, and in the Amendment which now poſſeſſes the Text;
Some way of common Tread,———
i. e. a high Road. He ſubjoins immediately;
For on my heart they tread *now, while I live;*
And we know how much it is *Shakeſpeare's* way to diverſify the Image with the ſame Word.

Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two kinſmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I ſee
I talk but idley, and you mock at me.
Moſt mighty Prince, my lord *Northumberland*,
What ſays King *Bolingbroke?* will his Majeſty
Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die?
You make a leg, and *Bolingbroke* ſays, *ay.*

North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you, may't pleaſe you to come down.

K. *Rich.* Down, down I come; like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the baſe court? baſe court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors Calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court come down? down, court; down, King;
For Night-owls ſhriek, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow, and Grief of Heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantick Man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious lord —— [*Kneels.*

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſie.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own

K. *Rich.* Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. *Rich.* Well you deſerve: they well deſerve to have
That know the ſtrong'ſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand; nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.

Wha

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.
Set on towards *London*. Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. *Rich*. Then I muſt not ſay, *no*. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Garden, in the Queen's* Court.

Enter Queen and two Ladies.

Queen. WHAT ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat:
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well, that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the Gardiners.

Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees; —
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins, (16)

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

They'll talk of State; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their Sire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſom weeds, that without profit ſuck

(16) *My Wretchedneſs* ſuits with *a Row of* Pines;] This is meerly, I preſume, *ex Cathedrâ Popianâ*; for I can find no Authority for it, any more than any Senſe in it. Mr. *Rowe*'s Editions, indeed, have it

My Wretchedneſs unto *a Row of* Pines.

But this, again, is wrong; and we muſt read with the old Books

——— *unto a Row of* Pins.

So *Hamlet* ſays;

I value not my Life at a Pin's *Fee.*
——— *Oh, were it but my Life,*
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin. Meaſ. *for* Mea

The Queen here is ſtaking her Afflictions to the moſt inconſiderabl Trifle ſhe can think of, that the Gardiners will talk of State-Affair The Alluſion of a *Row of Pins*, 'tis true, is mean and ridiculous enougl in Conſcience; but theſe diſproportion'd Wagers may be juſtified by Number of parallel Inſtances.

I'll lay my Head *to any good Man's* Hat. Love's Lab. Loſt

And again.

My Hat *to an* Halfpenny. Ibid

My Dukedom *to a beggarly* Denier. Richard III

So *Ford*, a Contemporary Poet with our Author, in his *Love's Sacrifice*

——— ——— *By this Light,*
I'll pledge my Soul *againſt a uſeleſs* Ruſh.

And again in the ſame Play.

'Tis a Lordſhip *to a dozen of* Points, *&c.*

But Examples of this ſort are ſo numerous, that I would be bound wit great Eaſe to furniſh five hundred.

† mocks. W. q. th:

Th

The soil's fertility from wholsom flowers.
Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm state?
When our Sea-walled garden, (the whole Land,)
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with Caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himself met with the Fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
(That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up;)
Are pull'd up, root and all, by *Bolingbroke*;
I mean, the Earl of *Wiltshire*, *Bushy*, *Green*.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bolingbroke* hath seiz'd the wasteful King.
What pity is't, that he had not so trimm'd
And dress't his Land, as we this Garden dress,
And wound the bark, the skin, of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound it self;
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had born the Crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then, the King shall be depos'd?
Gard. Depress't he is already, and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters last night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of *York*,
That tell black tidings.
Queen. Oh, I am prest to death, through want of speaking:
Thou *Adam*'s likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy tongue sound this unpleasing news?

What *Eve*, what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond Fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better Thing than earth,)
Divine his downfal? ſay, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet, what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bolingbroke*; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lord's Scale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few Vanities that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bolingbroke*,
Beſides himſelf, are all the *Engliſh* Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King *Richard* down.
Poſt you to *London*, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more, than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at *London*, *London*'s King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad Look
Should grace the triumph of great *Bolingbroke!*
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'ſt, may never grow.
[*Exe. Queen and Ladies*

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubject to thy Curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of Rue, ſow'r *herb of grace*; (17)
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.
[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

ACT

(17) *I'll ſet a Bank of* Rue, ſow'r *herb of Grace*;] Our Poet has it other Paſſages, not without ſome Superſtition, hinted at *Rue* having th Sur-name of *Herbe de Grace*. So, in his *Winter's Tale*;

——*Reverend*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *in LONDON.*

Enter, as to the Parliament, Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, *Bishop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald*, *Officers*, *and* Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL *Bagot* forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord *Aumerle.*

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when *Glo'ſter*'s death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, "Is not my arm of length,
"That reacheth from the reſtful *Engliſh* Court
"As far as *Calais* to my uncle's head?

——— *Reverend Sirs,*
For You there's Roſemary and Rue, *theſe keep*
Seeming and Savour all the Winter long;
Grace *and Remembrance be unto you Both!*
And *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*;
There's Rue *for you, and here's Some for me. We may call it* herb of Grace *o' Sundays; you may wear your Rue with a Difference.*
Rue, I preſume, might have obtain'd this *Addition* of Reverence, for that it has been employ'd in ſome Countries as an Alexipharmic potent againſt Peſtilence. And as to its general Efficacy againſt Poyſons, *Iſidore*, if we may believe him, tells us; that the Weezel eats of it, to prevent the injury from a Serpent's Bite. But what contributed to its ſuppos'd Sanctity, I gueſs, is, that it was always one of the hallow'd Ingredients uſed in the Preparations by Exorciſts to expel Devils. *Mengus* in his *Flagellum Dæmonum*, (and the other Books of That Stamp) furniſh ſufficient Authorities.

Amongſt

Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, " You rather had refuſe
" The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
" Than *Bolingbroke* return to *England*; adding,
" How bleſt this Land would be in this your Couſin's
death.
Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my Gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.
Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.
Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in gage to thine:
By that fair Sun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble *Glo'ſter*'s death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hou
Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extreameſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who ſets me elſe? by heav'n, I'll throw at all.

have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Surrey. My lord *Fitzwater*, I remember well
The very time *Aumerle* and you did talk
Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heav'n, as heav'n it ſelf is true.
Fitzw. *Surrey*, thou lieſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable boy,
That Lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that Lie, reſt
In earth as quiet, as thy father's ſcull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the tryal, if thou dar'ſt.
Fitzw. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet *Surrey* in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolk* ſay,
That thou, *Aumerle*, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at *Calais*.
Aum. Some honeſt chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolk* lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.
Boling. Theſe Diff'rences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till *Norfolk* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To all his Seigniories; when he's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his tryal.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolk* fought
For Jeſu Chriſt, in glorous chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſign of the chriſtian Croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf

To

To *Italy*, and there at *Venice* gave
His body to that pleasant Country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose Colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, Bishop, is *Norfolk* dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good *Abraham!*— Lords appealants,
Your diff'rences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of tryal.

Enter York.

York. Great Duke of *Lancaster*, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soul
Adopts thee Heir, and his high Scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble *Richard*; then true Nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What Subject can give Sentence on his King?
And who sits here, that is not *Richard*'s Subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's Majesty,
His Captain, Steward, Deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!
That, in a christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.
I speak to Subjects, and a Subject speaks,
Stir'd up by heav'n, thus boldly for his King.
My lord of *Hereford* here, whom you call King,

I

Is a foul traitor to proud *Hereford*'s King.
And if you crown him, let me propheſie,
The blood of *Engliſh* ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And in this ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, conſound.
Diſorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this Land be call'd
The field of *Golgotha*, and dead men's ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe, (18)
It will the wofulleſt diviſion prove,
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt children's children cry againſt you, woe.

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here.
My lord of *Weſtminſter*, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till his day of tryal.
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the Commons ſuit?

Boling. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our Arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

(18) *Oh, if you rear this Houſe againſt* his *Houſe,*] This is only the Reading of our laſt Learned Editor, and can mean no more than This, If you rear the *Parliament-houſe*, or *Bolingbroke*'s Houſe againſt King *Richard*'s Houſe, it will make a moſt woeful Diviſion. But, with Submiſſion, the Poet intended Something farther: i. e. If you aim at ſetting up Monarchy againſt Monarchy, *a Houſe divided againſt it ſelf can never ſtand.* The Alluſion is certainly to this Phraſe in the *Goſpel*; and all the genuine Copies, *uno Ore*, concur in reading;

Oh, if you rear this *Houſe againſt* this *Houſe*,

But Mr. *Pope*, perhaps, may not be for having *Scripture* alluded to, unleſs ludicrouſly; and ſo would not allow a *Biſhop* to quote a *Text*, tho' ever ſo much to his Purpoſe.

Enter

Enter King Richard, *and* York.

K. *Rich.* Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The Favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail to me?
So *Judas* did to *Chriſt:* but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the King!— will no man ſay, *Amen*,
Am I both prieſt and clark? well then, *Amen.*
God ſave the King, although I be not he:
And yet, *Amen*, if heav'n do think him me.
To do what ſervice, am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crown.

K. *Rich.* Give me the Crown.— Here, couſin, ſeize the Crown.
Here on this ſide my hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this golden Crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. *Rich.* My Crown I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my Glories, and my State depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your Crown.

K. *Rich.* Your cares, ſet up, do not pluck my care down.
My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;

You

Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the Crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the Crown?

K. *Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt Nothing be:
Therefore no No; for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo my ſelf;
I give this heavy weight from off my head;
And this unwieldly Scepter from my hand;
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away my Balm;
With mine own hands I give away my Crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred State;
With mine own breath releaſe all dutious oaths.
All pomp and Majeſty I do forſwear:
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in *Richard*'s Seat to ſit,
And ſoon lye *Richard* in an earthy pit!
God ſave King *Henry*, unking'd *Richard* ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State and Profit of this Land:
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. *Rich.* Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King;
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,

Mark'd

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heav'n.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait my ſelf,
Though ſome of you with *Pilate* waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my ſow'r Croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. *Rich.* Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a Sort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon my ſelf,
I find my ſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T'undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soveraign, a ſlave:
Proud Majeſty, a ſubject: State, a peaſant.

North. My lord,——

K. *Rich.* No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giv'n me at the Font,
But 'tis uſurp'd. Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my ſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery-King of ſnow,
Standing before the Sun of *Bolingbroke*,
To melt my ſelf away in water-drops!
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be ſterling yet in *England*, [*To* Boling
Let it command a mirror hither ſtreight,
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come,

K. *Rich.* Fiend, thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

K. *Rich*

K. *Rich.* They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very Book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's my ſelf.

Enter One, with a Glaſs.

Give me that Glaſs, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath Sorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flatt'ring Glaſs!
Like to my Followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? was this the face,
That, like the Sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bolingbroke?*
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this face;
[*Daſhes the Glaſs againſt the Ground.*
As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhivers.
Mark, ſilent King, the Moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. *Rich.* Say That again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul.
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair Couſin.

K. *Rich.* Fair couſin! I am greater than a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but Subjects; being now a Subject,

I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. *Rich.* And ſhall I have?
Boling. You ſhall.
K. *Rich.* Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither.
K. *Rich.* Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſight.
Boling. Go Some of you, convey him to the *Tower*.
K. *Rich.* Oh, good! convey:—— Conveyers are you all, (19)
That riſe thus nimbly by a true King's Fall.
Boling. On *Wedneſday* next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our Coronation: lords, prepare your ſelves.
[*Ex. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle *and* Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy Clergy-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A Plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

(19) *O, good!*— Convey:—— Conveyers *are you all,*] i. e. *Thieves.* This will be explain'd by a Paſſage quoted from the *Merry Wives* of *Windſor*.

Falſ. ——*his* Filching *was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not Time.*

Nym. *The good Humour is to* ſteal *at a Minute's Reſt.*

Piſt. Convey, *the Wiſe it call.* Steal?—*foh! a* Fico *for the Phraſe*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street in* London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To *Julius Cæsar*'s ill-erected Tow'r;
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner, by proud *Bolingbroke*.
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any Resting for her true King's Queen.

Enter King Richard, *and Guards.*

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither; yet look up; behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old *Troy* did stand,
[*To K.* Rich.
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richard*'s tomb,
And not King *Richard*; thou most beauteous Inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an ale-house Guest?

K. *Rich.* Join not with grief, fair Woman, do not so,
To make my End too sudden: learn, good soul,
To think our former state a happy dream,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am sworn brother, Sweet,
To grim Necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to *France*,
And cloister thee in some Religious House;
Our holy lives must win a new world's Crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weak? hath *Bolingbroke* depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpow'r'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly, kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lion and a King of beaſts?

K. *Rich.* A King of beaſts, indeed; if ought but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for *France*;
Think, I am dead; and that ev'n here thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living Leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee Tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betide:
And ere thou bid good Night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable Fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

Enter Northumberland, *attended.*

North. My lord, the mind of *Bolingbroke* is chang'd
You muſt to *Pomfret*, not unto the *Tower*.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

K. *Rich.* *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithal
The mounting *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the Realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the w

T

To plant unrightful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you muſt part forthwith.
K. *Rich.* Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my Crown and me:
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath, 'twixt thee and me:
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiv'ring cold and ſickneſs pines the clime:
My Queen to *France*; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet *May*,
Sent back like *Hollowmas*, or ſhorteſt day.
Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
K. *Rich.* Ay, hand from hand, my Love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Love, but little Policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. *Rich.* So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in *France*; I for thee here:
Better far off; than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with ſighs, I mine with groans:
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. *Rich.* Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief:
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. *Rich.* We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter York, *and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When Weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins coming into *London.*

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richard*'s head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bolingbroke*,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, *Bolingbroke!*
You wou'd have thought, the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, *Bolingbroke!*
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, Country-men;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas! poor *Richard*, where rides he the while?

York. As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,
Are idley bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*; no man cry'd, God ſave him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;

But

But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm it ſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To *Bolingbroke* are we ſworn Subjects now,
Whoſe State, and Honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon *Aumerle.*
York. Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richard*'s friend.
And, Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made King.
Dutch. Welcome, my ſon; who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new Spring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to Prime.
What news from *Oxford?* hold thoſe Juſts and Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know, they do.
York. You will be there?
Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpoſe ſo.
York. What Seal is that, that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who ſees it.
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——
Dutch. What ſhould you fear, my lord?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond he's enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.
York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you, pardon me; I may not ſhew it.
York. I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain, traitor, ſlave!
Dutch. What's the matter, my lord?
York. Hoa, who's within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Dutch. Why, what is't, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.
Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman.
Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.
Dutch. Strike him, *Aumerle.* (Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.)
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,

And

And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the Sacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the King at *Oxford.*
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon:
Sweet *York*, ſweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*
Dutch. After, *Aumerle*; mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as *York:*
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till *Bolingbroke* have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

(20) SCENE *changes to the Court at* Windſor-*Caſtle.*

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, *and other Lords.*

Boling. CAN no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months, ſince I did ſee him laſt.

If

(20) *Scene changes to* Oxford.] This Diſtinction of Scenary, which is marked in none of the former Copies, we owe to the *happy* Efforts of Mr. *Pope*

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heav'n, my lords, he might be found.
Enquire at *London*, 'mongſt the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe Companions:
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers: (21)
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince, I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphs held at *Oxford*.

Boling. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was; he would unto the Stews,
And from the common'ſt Creature pluck a glove
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſp'rate; yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparks of hope; which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our Couſin, that he ſtares,
And looks ſo wildly?

Mr. *Pope* in his Editions. But Indolence and Induſtry work the ſame Effects upon this Gentleman in his Diſcoveries, and are Both the Parents of Error. 'Tis true, the Turnaments, prepar'd for the Deſtruction of *Bolingbroke*, were appointed at *Oxford*, and thither *Bolingbroke* was invited by the Conſpirators. But the Plot was diſcover'd early enough to prevent his ſetting out for *Oxford*; and the Duke of *York* impeach'd his Son to him, and *Aumerle* likewiſe accus'd himſelf, at the Caſtle of *Windſor*, where *Bolingbroke* then reſided, as Mr. *Pope* might have ſeen in our *Engliſh* Chronicles: and therefore thither I have remov'd the Scene.

(21) *And* rob *our Watch, and* beat *our Paſſengers.*] This Faſhion ſeems a little alter'd in our Days, if we were to take this on Truſt for the genuine Reading. But tho' the generality of the Copies have fall'n into this blundering Tranſpoſition, the good old *Quarto*, with which one would imagine Mr. *Pope* had traded ſo accurately, bids us read as I have regulated the Text.

And beat *our Watch, and* rob *our Paſſengers.*

Aum.

Aum. God ſave your Grace. I do beſeech your Majeſty,
To have ſome conf'rence with your Grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our Couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe or ſpeak!
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the Tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [York *within.*
York. My Liege beware, look to thy ſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. Open the door, ſecure fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak, take breath:
Tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.
York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The Treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, read not my name there,
My heart is not confed'rate with my hand.
York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand ſet it down.
I tore it from the traytor's boſom, King,
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!
O loyal father of a treach'rous ſon!

Thou

Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current, and defil'd himself.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad; (22)
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame;
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies:
Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traytor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutchess within.*

Dutch. What ho, my Liege! for heav'n's sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant makes this eager cry?

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King, 'tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Beggar, and the King:
My dang'rous Cousin, let your mother in;
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for his forgiveness prosper may;
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest is sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man;
Love, loving not it self, none other can.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou do here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor rear?

(22) *Thy Overflow of* Good *converts to* Bad] This alludes to that Observation of the Naturalists. That the *Extream* of any Thing is easily converted to its *Contrary*. Mr. *Warburton.*

Dutch.

Dutch. Sweet *York*, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege.
[*Kneels.*

Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech;
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pard'ning *Rutland*, my tranſgreſſing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.
[*Kneels.*

York. Againſt them Both, my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his pray'r's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now:
Say, Pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heav'n ſhall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;

No

No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.
York. Speak it in *French*, King; ſay, *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſow'r husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That ſet'ſt the word it ſelf, againſt the word.
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our Land;
The chopping *French* we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee Pardon to rehearſe.
Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.
Dutch. A God on earth thou art.
Boling. But for our truſty brother-in-law, —— the Abbot, —— (23)
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good Uncle, help to order ſeveral Powers
To *Oxford*, or where-e'er theſe traytors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heav'n make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Exton *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
" Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

(23) *But for our truſty* Brother-in-law, — *the* Abbot, ——] Without theſe Marks of Disjunction, which I have thought proper to add, the *Abbot* here mention'd and *Bolingbroke's* Brother-in-law ſeem to be one and the ſame Perſon: but this was not the Caſe. The Abbot of *Weſtminſter* was an Eccleſiaſtic; but the Brother-in-law, meant, was *John* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Huntingdon*, (own Brother to King *Richard* II.) and who had married with the Lady *Elizabeth* Siſter to *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*.

Serv.

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.
Exton. "Have I no friend? —— quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?
Serv. He did.
Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhall ſay, — I would, thou wert the man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon at* Pomfret *Caſtle.*

Enter King Richard.

I Have been ſtudying, how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my ſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul, the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts, of things divine,) are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word it ſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; *Come, little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls:
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,

And

And ſhall not be the laſt: (Like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the Stocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;)
And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd again; and by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by *Bolingbroke*,
And ſtreight am nothing— but what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing — Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how ſow'r ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numbring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch;
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell; ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, hours, and times — O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in *Bolingbroke*'s proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o'th' clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have help'd mad man to their wits,
In me it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet Bleſſing on his heart, that gives it me!

Fo

For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to *Richard*
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world. *fall-hating W.*

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!
K. *Rich.* Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad Drudge, (24)
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?
Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling tow'rds *York*,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime Maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In *London* ſtreets, that Coronation day;
When *Bolingbroke* rode on Roan Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd.
K. *Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?
Groom. So proudly as he had diſdain'd the ground.
K. *Rich.* So proud, that *Bolingbroke* was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,

(24) *Where no Man ever comes, but that ſad* Dog] I have ventur'd at a Change here, againſt the Authority of the Copies, by the Direction of Mr. *Warburton*. Indeed, *ſad Dog* favours too much of the Comedian, the Oratory of the late facetious Mr. *Penkethman*. And *Drudge* is the Word of Contempt, which our Author chuſes to uſe on other like Occaſions. So in the 2 *Henry* VI.

Oh, that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject Drudges!

And again,

And will you credit this baſe Drudge's *words?* Ibid.

And in many other Paſſages.

Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burthen like an ass;
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd by jaunting *Bolingbroke.*

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer stay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. *Rich.* If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to?

K. *Rich.* Taste of it first, as thou were wont to do.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; for Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*, Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. *Rich.* The Dev'l take *Henry* of *Lancaster*, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help.——

Enter Exton, *and Servants.*

K. *Rich.* How now? what means death in this rude assault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument;
[*Snatching a Sword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stain'd the King's own Land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood;
Both have I spilt: Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Court *at* Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, *with other Lords and attendants.*

Boling. KIND Uncle *York*, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the Rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of *Ciceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?
North. Firſt to thy ſacred State wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to *London* ſent
The heads of *Sal'sbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt* and *Kent*:
The manner of their Taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a paper.*
Boling. We thank thee, gentle *Percy*, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitz-water.

Fitz-w. My lord, I have from *Oxford* ſent to *London*
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traytors,
That ſought at *Oxford* thy dire overthrow.
Boling. Thy pains, *Fitz-water*, ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand Conſpirator, *Abbot* of *Weſtminſter*,
With clog of conſcience, and four melancholy,
Hath yeilded up his body to the Grave:
But here is *Carliſle*, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.
Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.

For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, *with a coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear. Herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Bourdeaux*, by me hither brought.
Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
(25)
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.
Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this
deed.
Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need;
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murth'rer, love him murthered.
The Guilt of Conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With *Cain* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, or light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen Black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my Mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely Bier. [*Exeunt omn*

(25) ——— ——— *for Thou haſt wrought*
A Deed of Slaughter *with thy fatal Hand,*] I have choſe t
Reading of the elder *Quarto* here, *a Deed of* Slander, *&c.* For
chard's Murther might be a Reproach upon the whole Country, t
his Death could not be laid to their general Charge.

T

272 (a) Boling: Oh. who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?

There is a passage in Tully's 5th book of Tusculan questions from which, if Shakespears reading went so far, one would think this beautiful thought was taken; speaking of Epicurus he says, 'Sed unâ 'se dicit recordatione acquiescere 'præteritarum voluptatum: ut si "quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non "facile patiatur, recordari velit se "aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusum "fuisse.

Dramatis Personæ

b 264 Holinshead from M. Paris says
that the D of Hereford Appellant
entered the lists first. p 495.

c 284 With nothing trembles, yet at some-
thing grieves

With something trembles, yet at no-
thing grieves
W.

d 306 And by the warlike hand of buryed
Gaunt. h'

e 290. To take advantage of the absent
(time)
for the time of the Kings absence,
see Yorks speech
Com'st thou, because th' anointed
King is hence?

f 298 One day (too late I fear my noble
lord)
I think the pointing is,
One day too late (I fear. my noble
lord)
Hath ve

9 299 This criticism is confirmed by the King's calling them, a little lower, three Judasses; if Bagot was among them, they were four.

The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, *Sirnam'd* HOT-SPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Henry, *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
* John *Duke of* Lancaſter, }
Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hot-ſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York, } *Enemies to the King.*
Dowglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,
Weſtmorland, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir Walter Blunt, }
Sir John Falſtaff.
Poins,
Gads-hill, } *Companions of* Falſtaff.
Peto,
Bardolph,

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hot-ſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife t*
Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers
Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *ENGLAND.*

Th

(1) The First Part of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the* Court *in* London.

Enter King Henry, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with Care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soil (2)
Shall

(1) *The 1ſt Part of* Henry IV.] The Tranſactions, contain'd in this hiſtorical Drama, are comprized within the Period of about 10 Months: For the Action commences with the News brought of *Hotſpur* having defeated the *Scots* under *Archibald* Earl *Dowglas* at *Holmedon*, (or *Halidown*-hill) which Battle was fought on *Holyrood* day; (the 14th of *September*, 1402:) and it cloſes with the Defeat and Death of *Hotſpur* at *Shrewsbury*; which Engagement happen'd on Saturday the 21ſt of *July* (the Eve of St. *Mary Magdalen*) in the Year 1403.

(2) *No more the thirſty Entrance of this Soil*
Shall dawb *her Lips with her own Children's blood:*] Thus the Oldeſt *Quarto* and the Firſt *Folio*. I have choſe to read with ſome of the more recent Impreſſions, *damp:* and if I do not miſtake the Senſe of the Paſſage, the Antitheſis, that ſeems deſign'd, requires this Reading. *Entrance of this Soil*, I apprehend, cannot well mean an *Invaſion* of the Kingdom: nor could the King have a Reaſon to ſay, that *England* ſhould never again be attempted by hoſtile Arms. The Expreſſion is very obſcure;

[45] Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
files. Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious Close of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' womb,
To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: Then let me hear,
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland*,
What yesternight our Council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My Liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the Charge set down

scure; but I take This to be the Meaning: that the *thirsty* Earth, *chapt* and *flaw'd* with *Drought*, shall no more *damp*, or *moisten* her Lips, or Surface, with her own Children's blood. The *dry* Earth *drinking* in this manner, is a very natural Allusion, and frequent with our Author. So, in his *Troublesom Reign* of King *John*;

Is all the Blood, *y-spilt on either Part,*
Closing *the* Crannies *of the* thirsty Earth,
Grown to a Love-game, and a bridal Feast?

3 Henry VI.

Thy Brother's blood *the* thirsty Earth *hath* drunk.

Titus Andronicus.

Let my Tears stanch *the* Earth's dry Appetite.

But

But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight
Against th' irregular and wild *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that *Welshman* taken;
A thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless transformation,
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. *Henry*. It seems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the holy Land.

West. This, matcht with other, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the North, and thus it did import.
On holy-rood day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* spent a sad and bloody hour:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he, that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. *Henry*. Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his horse, (3)
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

(3) *Sir* Walter Blunt, *new lighted from his Horse*,
Stain'd with the Variation of each Soil,
Betwixt that Holmedon, *&c.*] This Circumstance of *Blunt*'s Speed, and being bespatter'd with the different Dirt of each County, was look'd on, I apprehend, in a ludicrous Light by some Carpers; at least, I find it *parodied* in an old Comedy, and apply'd to a Person in a Scuffle tumbled into the Dirt.

——— ——— *your Band and Doublet*
Torn from your Neck and Back; and your brave Breeches
Stain'd with the Variation of each Soil.
Merry Milk-maids. Ac. 2. *Sc.* 2.

The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, three and twenty Knights,
Balk'd in their own blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon*'s plains. Of prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake the Earl of *Fife*, and eldest son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earls of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith, a conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. *Henry*. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In Envy, that my lord *Northumberland*
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son, who is the theam of Honour's tongue:
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young *Harry*. O could it be prov'd,
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts. —— What think you, Cousin,
Of this young *Percy*'s pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but *Mordake* Earl of *Fife*.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is *Worcester*,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him +prune himself, and bristle up
The Crest of youth against your Dignity.

K. *Henry*. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to *Jerusalem*.
Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we
Will hold at *Windsor*, so inform the lords:
But come your self with speed to us again;

+ plume. H.W.

For

For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.
Weſt. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment of the* Prince's.

Enter Henry *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* John Falſtaff.

Fal. NOW, *Hal*, what time of day is it, lad?
P. *Henry.* Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou haſt forgotten to demand That truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous, to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, *Hal.* For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by *Phœbus*, he, that wandring knight ſo fair. And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King —— as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none.) ——

P. *Henry.* What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. *Henry.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly—

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, (4) let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's booty. Let us be *Diana*'s fore-

(4) *Let not Us, that are Squires of the Night's body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's* Beauty.] This conveys no manner of Idea to me. How could They be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty? They robb'd by Moon-ſhine; they could not ſteal the fair Day-light. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *Booty:* and This I take to be the Meaning. Let us not be call'd *Thieves*, the Purloiners of that *Booty*, which, to the Proprietors, was the Purchaſe of honeſt Labour and Induſtry by Day.

ſters,

sters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chast mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we —— steal.

P. *Henry.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the Moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea; being govern'd, as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on *Monday* night, and most dissolutely spent on *Tuesday* morning; got with swearing, *lay by*; and spent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

(5) *Fal.* By the lord, thou say'st true, lad: and is not mine Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*(6) P. *Henry.* As the honey of *Hybla*, my old lad of the castle; and is not a buff-jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal.

(5) Fal. —— *and is not mine Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench?*
P. Henry. — *and is not a Buff-jerkin a most sweet Robe of Durance?*
Fal. —— *what a Plague have I to do with a Buff-jerkin?*
P. Henry. *Why, what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern?*] This manner of Cross-questioning is not unlike several Passages in *Plautus*; particularly This in *Mostellaria*, Ac. 1. Sc. 3.

Jampridem ecastor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter;
Nec quum me melius, mea Scapha, *rear esse defæcatam.*
S. *Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno Messis magna*
Fuit. P. *Quid ea Messis attinet ad meam Lavationem?*
S. Nihilo plus, quàm Lavatio tua ad Messim.

* (6) *As the Honey of* Hybla, *my* Old *Lad of the* Castle.] Mr. *Rowe*, (as I have observ'd in a Note on the *Merry Wives* of *Windsor*,) took Notice of a Tradition, that this Part of *Falstaff* was said to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcastle*. An ingenious Correspondent (whom I only know by his signing himself L. H.) hints to me, that the Passage above quoted from our Author proves, what Mr. *Rowe* tells us was a Tradition. *Old* Lad of the *Castle* seems to have a Reference to *Oldcastle*. Besides, if this had not been the Fact, (before the Change was made to *Falstaff*) why, in the Epilogue to the Second Part of *Henry* IV. where our Author promises to continue his Story with Sir *John* in it, should he say, *Where, for any Thing I know,* Falstaff *shall dye of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: for* Oldcastle *dy'd a Martyr, and This is not the Man?* This looks

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. *Henry.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. *Henry.* Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

looks like declining a Point, that had been made an Objection to him. I'll give a farther Matter in Proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the Charge. I have read an old Play, call'd, *The famous Victories of* Henry *the* Vth. *containing the Honourable Battle of* Agincourt. ——— The Action of this Piece commences about the 14th Year of K. *Henry* IVth's Reign, and ends with *Henry* the Vth. marrying Princeſs *Catharine* of *France*. The Scene opens with Prince *Henry*'s Robberies. Sir *John Oldcaſtle* is one of his Gang, and call'd *Jockie:* and *Ned* and *Gads-hill* are two other Comrades. ——— From this old imperfect Sketch, I have a Suſpicion, *Shakeſpeare* might form his two Parts of *Henry* the IVth, and his Hiſtory of K. *Henry* V: and, conſequently, 'tis not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, till ſome Deſcendants of That Family mov'd Q. *Elizabeth* to command him to change the Name. When this Change was made, it cannot now be eaſily determined. *Falſtaff* is our Man as far back as the Year 1599; (the Date of my oldeſt *Quarto* of 1 *Henry* IV.) And that this Piece had been play'd, and was well known before that Year, appears from this Circumſtance; that B. Jonſon's *Every Man* out of his *Humour* ſtarted firſt into publick in 1599, and in the Cloſe of it there is mention made of the *Fat* of Sir *John Falſtaff*. I'll obſerve but one Thing more in Support of the Tradition, which will go near to put the Matter out of Queſtion. I have an Edition printed in 1600 of the Firſt Part of the true and honourable Hiſtory of the Life of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, the good Lord *Cobham*. There is a Prologue prefix'd, which expreſſes ſome Fears in the Author, leſt the *doubtful Title* upon the *Argument* in hand ſhould breed ſome Suſpence in the Spectators: *To ſtop which Scruple*, ſays the Prologue, *let this Brief ſuffice*;

It is no pamper'd Glutton *we preſent*,
Nor aged Counſellor *to* youthful Sin.

Every Body muſt agree, that *Falſtaff*'s Character is here unqueſtionably hinted at; and that there could be no Room for ſuch a palliating Caution in this Prologue, unleſs *Oldcaſtle*'s Name had once ſuffer'd by ſupporting *Falſtaff*'s Vices. That the Change was made ſome Years before this Piece appear'd on the Stage, ſeems obvious from one Speech of K. *Henry* V. in it:

Where the Devil are all my old *Thieves?* Falſtaff, *that Villain, is ſo* fat, *he cannot get on's Horſe; but, methinks,* Poins *and* Peto *ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.*

See the Second part of Henry IV. note 7 page 451. *Fal.*

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. *Henry.* Yea and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent —— But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be Gallows ſtanding in *England*, when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. *Henry.* No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. *Henry.* Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, *Hal*, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

P. *Henry.* For obtaining of ſuits? ——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. *Henry.* Or an old Lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolnſhire* bagpipe.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, [10] indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcallieſt, ſweet young Prince —— But, *Hal*, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. *Henry.* Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm

harm unto me, *Hal*, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, *Hal*, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a King's ſon in chriſtendom.

P. *Henry.* Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Jack?*

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. *Henry.* I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

(7) *Fal.* Why, *Hal*, 'tis my vocation, *Hal*. 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins!* —— Now ſhall we know, if *Gads-hill* have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, *Stand*, to a true Man. ——

P. *Henry.* Good morrow, *Ned.*

(7) Fal. *Why*, Hal, *'tis my Vocation*, Hal. *'Tis no Sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.*

Enter *Poins.*

Poins. *Now ſhall we know, if* Gads-hill *have ſet a Match.*] Mr. *Pope* has given us one ſignal Obſervation in his *Preface* to our Author's Works. *Throughout his Plays*, ſays he, *had* all *the* Speeches *been printed without the very* Names *of the* Perſons, *I believe, one might have apply'd them* with Certainty *to every Speaker.* But how fallible the moſt ſufficient Critick may be, the Paſſage in Controverſy is a main Inſtance. As ſignal a Blunder has eſcap'd all the Editors here, as any one thro' the whole Set of Plays. Will any one perſuade me, *Shakeſpeare* could be guilty of ſuch an Inconſiſtency, as to make *Poins* at his firſt Entrance want News of *Gads-hill*, and immediately after to be able to give a full Account of him? —— No; *Falſtaff*, ſeeing *Poins* at hand, turns the ſtream of his Diſcourſe from the Prince, and ſays, Now ſhall we know whether *Gads-hill* has ſet a Match for Us; and then immediately falls into Railing and Invectives againſt *Poins*. How admirably is This in Character for *Falſtaff!* And *Poins*, — who knew well his abuſive manner, ſeems in Part to overhear him: and ſo ſoon as he has return'd the Prince's Salutation, cries, by way of Anſwer, *What ſays Monſieur* Remorſe? *What ſays Sir* John Sack *and* Sugar?

Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal.* What says Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir *John* sack and sugar? *Jack!* how agree the devil and thou about thy soul, that thou soldest him on *Good Friday* last, for a cup of *Madera*, and a cold capon's leg?

P. *Henry.* Sir *John* stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. *Henry.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gads-hill*; there are pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich offerings, and traders riding to *London* with fat purses. I have vizors for you all; you have horses for your selves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I have bespoke supper to morrow night in *East-cheap*; we may do it, as secure as sleep if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, *Yedward*; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. *Henry.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not cry, stand, for ten shillings.

P. *Henry.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. *Henry.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

P. *Henry.* I care not.

Poins. Sir *John*, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'ſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believ'd; that the true Prince may (for recreation-ſake,) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* Farewel, thou latter ſpring! Farewel, all-hallown ſummer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet hony lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. (8) *Falſtaff*, *Bardolfe*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

(8) Falſtaff, HARVEY, ROSSIL, *and* Gads-hill *ſhall rob thoſe Men that We have already way-laid.*] Thus the whole Stream of Editions, from the Firſt downwards. But thus We have two Perſons named, as Characters in this Play, that never were once inſerted among the *Dramatis Perſonæ* in any of the Impreſſions whatſoever. But let us ſee who they were, that committed this Robbery; and then, perhaps, we may be able to account for this Pair of additional Thieves, as They at preſent ſeem. In the ſecond Act, We come to a Scene of the *High-way*. *Falſtaff*, wanting his Horſe, which had been hid on purpoſe to plague him, calls out on *Hal*, *Poins*, *Bardolfe*, and *Peto*; and ſays, He has a great Mind to leave theſe Rogues. Preſently, *Gads-hill* joins 'em, with Intelligence of Travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince ſays, —— You Four *ſhall front 'em in the narrow Lane*, Ned Poins *and* I *will walk lower*. So that the *Four* to be concern'd are *Falſtaff*, *Bardolfe*, *Peto*, and *Gads-hill*. Accordingly, the Robbery is committed: and the Prince and *Poins* afterwards rob them *Four*. When the Matter comes to an Examination in the *Boar's-Head* Tavern, the Prince rallies *Peto* and *Bardolfe* for their running away; who confeſs the Charge. Upon the Evidence now is it not plain, that *Bardolfe* and *Peto* were *two* of the *four* Robbers? And who then can doubt, but *Harvey* and *Roſſil* were the Names of the Actors that perform'd thoſe two Parts; and by Miſtake, in the old Play-houſe Books, put inſtead of the Names of the Characters to be repreſented by them? So, throughout a whole Scene, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*, the Names of *Kemp* and *Cowley* are printed in the old Books, inſtead of the *Town-Clerk* and *Dogberry:* as, in another Scene of the ſame Play, *Jack Wilſon* we find mark'd to Enter inſtead of *Balthazar*. The like Inaccuracies are frequent thro' *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. It were to be wiſh'd, indeed, Miſtakes of this Sort had happen'd throughout our Author's Works: for ſo We might have known what particular Parts were perform'd by *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, and the other eminent Actors concern'd in the *Company* with him.

P. *Henry*. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them.

P. *Henry*. Ay; but, 'tis like, they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. *Henry*. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd Back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. *Henry*. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow night in *East cheap*, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord. [*Exit* Poins

P. *Henry*. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare Accidents.

S

So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie men's hopes; *1.*
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My Reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than That which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the* Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and others.*

K. *Henry.* MY blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition, (*h.*)
Which hath been ſmooth as oyl, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of Reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
Wor. Our Houſe, my ſoveraign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of Greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame Greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have help'd to make ſo portly.
North. My good lord, ——
K. *Henry. Worceſter*, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow. 2 [*713*]
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit* Worceſter.

You were about to speak. [*To* Northumberland.
North. Yes, my good lord.
Those prisoners, in your Highness' name demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your Majesty.
Or Envy therefore, or Misprision,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extream toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
[33 He gave his nose: and took't away again;
113] Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse
Betwixt the wind, and his Nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: amongst the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
[13] I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
(a) (To be so pester'd with a popinjay,)
Out of my Grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the soveraign'st thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,

Th

This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly: And but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier. ——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majeſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever *Harry Percy* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and, in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach 3
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.
K. *Henry.* Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with proviſo and exception,
That we at our own charge ſhall ranſom ſtrait
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe, that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd *Glendower*;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve;
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall ask me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted *Mortimer.*
Hot. Revolted *Mortimer?*
He never did fall off, my ſoveraign Liege, (9)
But by the chance of war; to prove That true,

(9) *He never did fall off, my Sov'reign Liege,*
But by the Chance of War.] The Senſe here is very careleſſy expreſs'd, if this be the genuine Reading: for, in that Caſe, the Poet muſt mean; He never did *fall off*, tho' We by the Chance of War have

Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle *Severn*'s sedgie bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift *Severn*'s flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp'd head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
Never did base and rotten Policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. *Henry.* Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou belieſt him;
He never did encounter with *Glendower*;
He durst as well have met the Devil alone,

have *lost* his Service. Mr. *Warburton* has suspected the Text; and therefore I'll subjoin his Reasons and Emendation. —— "A very pretty "way of apologizing for *Mortimer!* The King calls him *revolted Mor* "*timer*; and well he might, if He had indeed revolted, tho' *by th* "*Chance of War.* Can the Chance of War excuse a Soldier for for "feiting his Honour? Our military Men will scarce allow it. But i "Case *Hot-spur* had a mind to insinuate, that the Chance of War wa "an Alleviation to the Revolt, he would not, sure, in common Sens "have resented the Epithet in such a manner as to repeat the King' "Words with great Disdain; — *revolted* Mortimer! This would b "execrable Stuff, indeed, in the Mouth of a Soldier, or a Reasoner. "am persuaded therefore the Poet wrote;

He never did fall off, my Sov'reign Leige,
But bides *the Chance of War.*

"*i. e.* abides by it, endures it. And That, indeed, was a sufficien "Proof that He had not fain off, if he yet endured the Rigours of Impr "sonment. And that this was truly *Hot-spur*'s Sentiment, that is, tha "he had at least a Mind to make the King believe so, hear his ow "Words afterwards;

——— *suffer'd his Kinsman* March,
(Who is, if ev'ry Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King;) to be engag'd *in* Wales, *&c.*

As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art not asham'd? but, sirrah, from this hour [29]
Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you — My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K.* Henry.

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after strait,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause a while;
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
But I will lift the †downfall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bolingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad. [*To* Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this heat up, after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling ev'n at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd, (e)
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* expedition;

† down-trod. Qu: 1599.

From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you; — did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my brother *Mortimer*
Heir to the Crown?
North. He did; my ſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the Crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous Subornation? ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle King)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power
Ingag'd them both in an unjuſt behalf;
(As Both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down *Richard*, that ſweet lovely Roſe,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bolingbroke?*
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd Honours, and reſtore your ſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.
Revenge the jeering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Ev'n with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay —

Wor.

Wor. Peace, Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter, deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear. [139]
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim: (6)
Send Danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So Honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple. — O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.
North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſie leap, (10)
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the Deep,
Where fadom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the locks:
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Corrival all her Dignities.
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!
Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here, [84]
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good Couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble *Scots*,
That are your priſoners ——
Hot. I'll keep them all.
By heav'n, he ſhall not have a *Scot* of them:

(10) *By Heav'n, methinks, it were an eaſy Leap*
To pluck bright Honour, &c.] This bold *Rhodomontado* of *Hot-ſpur*, however, by the mouthing of an Actor, it may be always crown'd with Applauſe; I find, and not without ſome Juſtice, was carp'd at and ridicul'd in our Author's Time. In *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*, (the *Rehearſal* of thoſe Days,) a Grocer's Wife brings her Prentice *Ralph* to the *Play-houſe* to act a Part; and encouraging him to exert, ſays, *Hold up thy Head*, Ralph; *Shew the Gentlemen what Thou can'ſt do: Speak a* huffing *Part: I warrant you, the Gentlemen will* accept *of it.* And then *Ralph* repeats this whole Speech of *Hot-ſpur*.

No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not;
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes;
Those prisoners you shall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat:
He said, he would not ransom *Mortimer:*
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer:*
But I will find him when he lyes asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, *Mortimer!*
Nay, I will have a Starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.
Wor. Hear you, cousin: a word.
Hot. All Studies here I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bolingbroke:*
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of *Wales*,
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,)
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewel, my kinsman; I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.
North. Why, what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician *Bolingbroke:*
In *Richard*'s time —— what do ye call the place? —
A plague upon't! — it is in *Glo'stershire* ——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept —
His uncle *York* —— where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bolingbroke:*
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg.*
North. At *Barkley* castle.
Hot. You say true:
Why, what a deal of candied Courtesie
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his *infant fortune came to age*, ——

And

And *gentle Harry Percy* — and *kind couſin* —
The Devil take ſuch cozeners — God forgive me —
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your *Scottiſh* priſoners.
[*To* Hot-ſpur.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtrait,
And make the *Dowglas'* Son your only mean
For Pow'rs in *Scotland*; which, for divers reaſons (11)
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted. — You, my lord, [*To* North.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that fame noble Prelate, well belov'd,
Th' Arch-biſhop.
Hot. York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at *Briſtol*, the lord *Scroop*.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion, that ſhall bring it on.

(11) ——— *which for diverſe Reaſons*
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted You, my Lord.
Your Son in Scotland *being thus employ'd,*
Shall ſecretly into the Boſom creep
Of that fame noble Prelate, &c.] I have chang'd the Pointing of this Paſſage by the Direction of Dr. *Thirlby*; and certainly with juſt Reaſon. *Worceſter* is here planning out a Conſpiracy to his Nephew and Brother. But *Worceſter* never calls his Nephew *my Lord:* nor was *Hotſpur* intended to be the Perſon to ſtir up the *Archbiſhop*. 'Do You, 'ſays He to *Hot-ſpur*;) deliver up your Priſoners; releaſe *Dowglas* 'ranſomleſs, and employ him to raiſe a Force for you in *Scotland*, 'which will be granted; And You, my Lord, (ſays He to *Northumber-* 'land) while your Son is ſo employ'd, ſhall go and work upon the 'Archbiſhop of *York* to riſe and aſſiſt You.' Conſonant to this, the King, at the End of this Play ſends his Son *John* with an Army towards *York*,
To meet Northumberland *and Prelate* Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in Arms.

Hot.

Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill lett'ſt ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble Plot;
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha! —
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear our ſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think, we deem our ſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe;
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to *Glendower*, and lord *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our Pow'rs at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive, I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our Sport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *an Inn at* Rocheſter.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, oſtler?

Oſt. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, *Tom*, beat *Cutt*'s ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the wi-thers, out of all ceſs. (i)

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince *Robin* Oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the moſt villainous houſe in all *London* road for fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1 *Car.* Like a Tench? by th' Maſs, there's ne'er a King in Chriſtendom could be better bit, than I have been ſince the firſt cock. [106]

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a Loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, (12) and two razes

(12) *And two* Razes *of Ginger*] As our Author in ſeveral Paſſages mentions a *Race* of Ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the *Raze*

razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody, the Turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd. What, oſtler? a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a! marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to *London?*

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great Charge. [*Exeunt Carriers*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain! ——

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Chamb. Good morrow, maſter *Gads-hill*; it holds current, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred mark

Raze mention'd here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle Root of it, from the *Italian* Term *Radice*; but a *Raze* is the *India* Term for a *Bale* of it. Two Roots of this Spice, 'tis obvious, would hardly have been ſent from *Rocheſter* to *London* by the Carrier.

wit.

with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St. *Nicholas'* clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhipp'ſt St. *Nicholas* as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and, thou know'ſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; (13) burgomaſters, and great Moneyers; ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak, ſooner than drink; and drink, ſooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their Saint the Common-wealth; or rather, not pray

(13) *Burgo-maſters, and great* one-eyers.] *Perhaps* oneraires, *Truſtees or Commiſſioners*; ſays Mr. *Pope*. But how this Word comes to admit of any ſuch Conſtruction, I am at a loſs to know. The Word is apparently of *French* Termination; and muſt have its Derivation from *Onus* of the *Latines:* accordingly the *French* ſay *Nefs oneraires*, Ships of Burthen: and ſo *un Agent oneraire* is ſuch an Agent *qui a le Soin & la Charge d'une choſe, dont un autre a l'honneur*. So that this Expoſition does not at all ſort with the Characters intended by our Author. To Mr. *Pope*'s ſecond Conjecture, of *cunning Men that look ſharp and aim well*, I have nothing to reply ſeriouſly: but chooſe to drop it. I formerly ſuſpected that we ſhould read *Seigniors*; but I retract it as a bad Conjecture. The Reading, which I have now ſubſtituted, I owe to the Friendſhip of the ingenious *Nicholas Hardinge*, Eſq; A *Moneyer*, is an Officer of the Mint, which makes Coin and delivers out the King's Money. *Moneyers* are alſo taken for Banquers, or thoſe that make it their Trade to turn and return Money. Either of theſe Acceptations will admirably ſquare with our Author's Context.

to

to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal, as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of Fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the Fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to, — *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Highway.*

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, *and* Peto.

Poins. COME, shelter, shelter; I have removed *Falstaff*'s horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. *Henry.* Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hang'd, *Poins!*

P. *Henry.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal, what a brawling dost thou keep?

Fal. What, *Poins! Hal!* ——

P. *Henry.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill, I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company

pany hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines. *Poins! Hal!* a plague upon you both. *Bardolph! Peto!* I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another. [*They whistle.*] Whew! — a plague upon you all. Give me my horse; you rogues, give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. *Henry*. Peace, ye fat guts, lye down, lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. *Henry*. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal I pr'ythee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my horse, good King's son.

P. *Henry*. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal Go hang thy self in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this; an have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison; when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill *and* Bardolph.

Gads. Stand, ——

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our Setter, I know his voice: Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's

mony of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. *Henry.* Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poins* and I will walk lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. *Henry.* What, a coward, Sir *John Paunch?*

Fal. Indeed, I am not *John* of *Gaunt*, your grandfather; but yet no coward, *Hal.*

P. *Henry.* Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, *Jack*, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him; farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. *Henry. Ned*, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by: stand close.

Fal. Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a foot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand, ——

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whoreson caterpillars; bacon-fed-knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your store were here. On, bacons,

bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men must live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to *London*, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day; an the Prince and *Poins* be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more valour in that *Poins*, than in a wild Duck.

P. *Henry.* Your mony.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and* Poins *set upon them. They all run away, and* Falstaff *after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. *Henry.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possest with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good *Ned.* Now *Falstaff* sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lord* Percy's *House.*

Enter Hot-spur *solus, reading a letter.*

BUT *for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House.* He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? *in respect of the love he bears our House!*

he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of *York* commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his
[62] lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my self, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my lord of *York*, and *Owen Glendower?* Is there not besides, the *Dowglas?* have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this? an infidel. Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will set forward to night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate!* I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A banish'd woman from my *Harry*'s bed?
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why

Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholy!
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watcht,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets; [3]
Of baſilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of priſoners ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are
theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is *Gilliams* with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes from the Sheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan ſhall be my Throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O *Eſperance!*
Bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Park.

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath not
Such a deal of spleen as you are tost with.
In faith, I'll know your business, that I will.
I fear, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir
About his Title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go —
Hot. —— So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question, I shall ask.
I'll break thy little finger, *Harry*,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler: — love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them currant too — gods me! my horse.
What say'st thou, *Kate?* what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For since you love me not,
I will not love my self. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*,
I must not have you henceforth question me,
Whither I go; nor reason, where about.
Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than *Harry Percy*'s wife. Constant you are,
But yet a woman; and for secresie,
No lady closer. For I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.
Lady. How, so far?
Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither shall you go too:

To

To day will I set forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you, *Kate?*
Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's-*Head Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* NED, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their conscience, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of courtesie; telling me flatly, I am no proud *Jack*, like *Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, so they call me;) and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good lads in *East-cheap*. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet; (14) and when you breathe in your watring, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but, sweet *Ned*,—(to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I give thee this penny-worth of sugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other *English* in his

(14) *And when you* breath *in your watering*, &c.] This decent way of expressing an Indecency puts me in mind of the same Decorum among the *Greeks*, which is quoted three times by *Suidas*, and which exactly comes up to this Phrase quoted by our Author. Ἀποφθᾶν, τὸ πέρδεσθαι, ἀσκημόνως λέγων· ἀσκημονέστερον δὲ, διαπτῦσαι καὶ ἀποπτῦσαι. — Ἀποφθᾶν· *Sic honestè* pedere *vocatur: Honestiùs verò est*, διαπτῦσαι, & ἀποπτῦσαι.

life, than *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and *You are welcome, Sir:* with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir; Score a pint of bastard in the half moon*, or so.) But *Ned*, to drive away the time till *Falstaff* come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some bye-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *anon*. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins Francis,——

P. *Henry*. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis,——

Enter Francis *the drawer*.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir; look down into the pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. *Henry*. Come hither, *Francis*.

Fran. My lord.

P. *Henry*. How long hast thou to serve, *Francis?*

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. Five years; by'rlady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in *England*, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry*. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be——

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you stay a little, my lord.

P. *Henry*. Nay, but hark you, *Francis*, for the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, I would it had been two.

P. *Henry*. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins.

Poins. Francis,——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. *Henry.* Anon, *Francis?* no, *Francis*, but to morrow, *Francis*; or *Francis*, on *Thurſday*; or, indeed, *Francis*, when thou wilt. But, *Francis*,——

Fran. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, *Spaniſh*-pouch.

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. *Henry.* Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, *Francis*, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In *Barbary*, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,——

P. *Henry.* Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the gueſts within. My lord, old Sir *John* with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. *Henry.* Let them alone a while, and then open the door. *Poins,*—— [*Exit Vintner.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir;

P. *Henry* Sirrah, *Falſtaff* and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. *Henry.* I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman *Adam*, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, *Francis?*

Fran.

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. *Henry.* That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a Parrot, and yet the ſon of a Woman!— His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the hot-ſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands and ſays to his wife, fie, upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet *Harry*, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in *Falſtaff*; I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn ſhall play dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rivo*, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolfe, *and* Peto.

Poins. Welcome, *Jack*; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and *Amen!* Give me a cup of ſack, boy— Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. *Henry.* Didſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter? (15) pitiful-hearted Butter, that melted at the

(15) *pitiful-hearted* Titan, *that melted at the ſweet Tale of the* Sun?] This abſurd Reading poſſeſſes all the Copies in general; and tho' it has paſs'd thro' ſuch a Number of Impreſſions, is Nonſenſe which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the Inadvertence either of Tranſcribers, or the Compoſitors at *Preſs*. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical Names of the *Sun*; but we have no Authority from Fable for *Titan*'s melting away at his own ſweet Tale, as *Narciſſus* did at the Reflexion of his own ſweet Form. The Poet's Meaning was certainly this: *Falſtaff* enters in a great Heat, after having been robb'd by the *Prince* and *Poins* in Diſguiſe: and the Prince ſeeing him in ſuch a Sweat, makes the following *Simile* upon him: "Do but look upon that Compound of "Greaſe;— his Fat drips away with the Violence of his Motion, juſt "as *Butter* does with the Heat of the *Sun-beams* darting full upon it." I corrected the Paſſage in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *Reſtor'd*; and Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, has been ſo gracious to ſay at the Bottom of his Page; *Or rather*, Butter *that melted*, &c.

ſweet

ſweet tale of the Sun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward— Go thy ways, old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there live not three good men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world; I ſay. (16) I would, I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill! [139]

P. *Henry* How now, *Woolſack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of *Wales?*

P. *Henry.* Why, you whorſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. *Henry.* Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

(16) *I would, I were a* Weaver; *I could ſing* Pſalms, &c] This is plainly a Fling at the *Puritanical* Sectaries of our Author's Time. And I have obſerv'd This, that when the Men of Wit of his Age, and ſince, would characterize an ignorant ſanctified Zealot, they have generally made him a *Weaver* by Profeſſion: which ſhews, that That Spirit was moſt remarkable among thoſe Mechanicks: and, I believe, I can account for its ſo happening. It is very well known, that when *Philip* the 2d was for ſtifling the Birth of the *Reformation* in *Flanders* and the *Low Countries* by an inquiſitional Reſtraint, many of the Inhabitants forſook their Country, and ſought Refuge amongſt their Neighbours. Thoſe, who came into *England*, brought over with them the *Woollen Manufactory*, and the *Principles* of *Calvin:* and at the ſame time taught us to weave Cloth, and ravel out the Contexture of Church-Government. So that *Puritaniſm* (a Word, which then took its Riſe) and *Weaving* were generally profeſs'd by one and the ſame Artiſt. Their Love for *Pſalmody* was what then did, and ſtill does, diſtinguiſh the Diſciples of *John Calvin*.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Fal.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to day.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all cowards, still, say I!

P. *Henry.* What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. *Henry.* Where is it, *Jack?* where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. *Henry.* What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—— let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. *Henry.* Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a *Jew* else, an *Ebrew Jew.*

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. *Henry.* What, fought ye with them all?

Fal.

Fal. All? I know not, what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heav'n, you have not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have pay'd, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, *Hal*, If I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe; thou know'ſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. *Henry.* What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, *Hal*, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me; I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. *Henry.* Seven? why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee let him alone, we ſhall have more anon.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, *Hal?*

P. *Henry.* Ay, and mark thee too, *Jack.*

Fal Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to: theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of———

P. *Henry.* So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe. (*h*)

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves in *Kendal* green came at my back, and let drive

drive at me; (for it was so dark, *Hal*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. *Henry*. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whor-
o. son obscene greasie tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. *Henry*. Why, how could'st thou know these men in *Kendal* green, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, *Jack*, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? no; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. *Henry*. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,——

p. *Fal*. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzel, you stock-fish: O for breath
c. to utter! What is like thee? You taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,——

P. *Henry*. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thy self in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, *Jack*.

P. *Henry*. We two saw you four set on four, you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house. And, *Falstaff*, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight—— What trick? what device? what starting hole, canst thou now

find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, *Jack:* what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt, I am as valiant as *Hercules*; but beware inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of my ſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the mony. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play *extempore?*

P. *Henry.* Content;— and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!— no more of that, *Hal*, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my lord the Prince!

P. *Henry.* How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what Say'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, there is a Nobleman of the Court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. *Henry.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. *Henry.* Pr'ythee, do, *Jack.*

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* Now, Sirs, by'r lady you fought fair; ſo did you, *Peto*; ſo did you, *Bardolph:* you are Lions too, you ran

ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. *Henry.* Tell me now in earneſt; how came *Falſtaff*'s ſword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed, and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was the blood of true men. I did That I did not theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. *Henry.* O villain, thou ſtolleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert taken in the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd *extempore*; thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. *Henry.* I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. *Henry.* Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. *Henry.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Jack*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's talon in the waſte; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of ſighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir *John Braby* from your father; you muſt go to the Court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, *Percy*;— and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the devil his

his true Liegeman upon the croſs of a *Welſh*-hook: what a plague call you him——

Poins. O, *Glendower.*

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame; and his ſon-in-law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and that ſprightly *Scot* of *Scots*, *Dowglas*, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular——

P. *Henry.* He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a piſtol kills a Sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. *Henry.* So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal hath good mettle in him, he will not run.

P. *Henry.* Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow,— but afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. *Henry.* Yes, *Jack*, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct: well, he is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blue-caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtoln away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. *Henry.* Then 'tis like, if there come a hot *June*, and this civil Buffeting hold, we ſhall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like, we ſhall have good trading that way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that devil *Glendower?* art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. *Henry.* Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. *Henry.* Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this Chair ſhall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crown.

P. *Henry.* Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved—— Give me a cup of Sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, (17) and I will do it in King *Cambyſes'* vein.

P. *Henry.* Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech—— Stand aſide, Nobility——

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful Queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hoſt. O rare, he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry Players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain—*Harry*, I do not only marvel, where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompany'd: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lyeth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed Son of heav'n

(17) *and I will do it in King* Cambyſes's *Vein.*] The Banter here is upon a Play written in old-faſhion'd Metre, call'd, *a Lamentable Tragedy, mix'd full of pleaſant Mirth, containing the Life of* Cambyſes *King of* Perſia, *&c.* If the whole were writ in that Meaſure with the Specimen given us by Mr. *Langbaine* in his *Account* of the *Dramatic Poets*; it is in *Eight* and *Six*, as *Quince* calls it in *Midſummer Night's Dream.* This was the Verſification chiefly in Vogue, in the 14th and 15th Centuries: and moſt of the Plays of that Date, in black Letter, are in that Meaſure.

prove

prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not (r)
to be ask'd. Shall the ſon of *England* prove a thief,
and take purſes? a queſtion to be ask'd. There is a
thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is
known to many in our Land by the name of pitch:
this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo
doth the company thou keep'ſt; for, *Harry*, now do
I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in plea-
ſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes
alſo; and yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have of-
ten noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. *Henry*. What manner of man, an it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaff*: if that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, *Harry*, I ſee virtue in his looks. *If then the tree may be known by the fruit, (s)
as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that *Falſtaff*; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. *Henry*. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? do thou ſtand for Me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me?—If thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. *Henry*. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand; judge, my maſters.

P. *Henry*. Now, *Harry*, whence come you!

Fal. My noble lord, from *Eaſt-cheap*.

P. *Henry*. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe.—— Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. *Henry*. Swearеſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion.

Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtufft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted *Manning-tree* Ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P *Henry.* That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, *Falſtaff*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. *Henry.* I know, thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in my ſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, (ſaving your reverence,) a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked: if to be old and merry, be a ſin, then many an old Hoſt, that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharoah*'s lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poins*; but for ſweet *Jack Falſtaff*, kind *Jack Falſtaff*, true *Jack Falſtaff*, valiant *Jack Falſtaff*, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old *Jack Falſtaff*; baniſh not him thy *Harry*'s company baniſh plump *Jack*, and baniſh all the world.

P. *Henry.* I do, I will.

[*Knocking*; *and* Hoſteſs *goes out*

Enter Bardolph *running.*

Bard. O, my lord, my lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the Play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that *Falſtaff*.

Enter

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe: ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, *Hal?* never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. *Henry.* And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope, I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter, as another.

P. *Henry.* Go, hide thee behind the arras, the reſt walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. *Henry.* Call in the Sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. *Henry.* What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. *Henry.* The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I my ſelf at this time have imploy'd him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord: there are two gentlemen Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. *Henry.* It may be ſo; if he have robb'd theſe men, He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. *Henry.* I think, it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o' clock. [*Exit.*

P. *Henry.* This oily raſcal is known as well as *Paul's*; go call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaff? — faſt aſleep, behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. *Henry.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his pockets.

[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*

P. *Henry.* What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2 *s.* 2 *d.*
Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5 *s.* 8 *d.*
Item, Anchoves and ſack after ſupper, 2 *s.* 6 *d.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. *Henry.* O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread, to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the Court in the morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelveſcore. The mony ſhall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Archdeacon of* Bangor's *House in WALES.*

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, *Lord* Mortimer, *and* Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosp'rous hope.
Hot. Lord *Mortimer*, and cousin *Glendower*,
Will you sit down?
And, uncle *Worcester*—— A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is;
Sit, cousin *Percy*, sit, good cousin *Hot-spur:*
For by that name, as oft as *Lancaster*
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heav'n.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I blame him not: at my Nativity,
The front of heav'n was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning Cressets; know, that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
Hot. So it wou'd have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though your self had ne'er been born.
Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. I say, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.
Glend. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your Nativity.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vext,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my Birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of *England*, *Wales*, or *Scotland*,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man ſpeaks better *Welſh*.
I'll to dinner. ——

Mort. Peace, couſin *Percy*; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bolingbroke* made Head
Againſt my Pow'r; thrice from the banks of *Wye*,
And ſandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the Map: ſhall we divide our Right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. Th' Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*; and, dear coz. to you
The remnant northward, lying off from *Trent*.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs, that this night may execute)
To morrow, couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good lord of *Worceſter*, will ſet forth,
To meet your father, and the *Scottiſh* Power,
As is appointed us, at *Shrewsbury*.
My father *Glendower* is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords:
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteal and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from *Burton* here, [11]
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.

I'll

I'll have the Current in this place damm'd up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver *Trent* ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee, it doth.

Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtrait and even.

Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hot. Who ſhall ſay me *nay?*

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in *Welſh.*

Glend. I can ſpeak *Engliſh*, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the *Engliſh* Court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an *Engliſh* ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue, that was never ſeen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew! ——
Than one of theſe ſame meeter-ballad-mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. [*Exit.*
Mort. Fie, couſin *Percy*, how you croſs my father?
Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of dreamer *Merlin*, and his prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing Griffin, and a moulting Raven;
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat;
And ſuch a deal of skimble-skamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lackeys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tir'd horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmil, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a Lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As Mines of *India:* ſhall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.
Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And, ſince your coming here, have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault;

Though

Though sometimes it shews greatness, courage, blood,
(And that's the dearest grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, *with the ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no *English*, I no *Welsh*.

Glend. My daughter weeps, she will not part with you.
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her, she and my aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily.

[Glendower *speaks to her in* Welsh, *and she answers him in the same.*

Glend. She's desp'rate here: a peevish self-will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in* Welsh

Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty *Welsh*,
Which thou pow'r'st down from those two swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and, but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in* Welsh

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine, (18)

And

(18) *I understand thy Kisses, and Thou mine;*
And that's a feeble *Disputation.*] Thus Both Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* in their Editions; but they have much enfeebled what *Mortimer* meant to say, in this aukward Epithet. This is not talking like a fond Bridegroom in the Honey-Moon, as, 'tis evident, *Mortimer* is. I have restor'd the Reading of the Old Copies, which, I am confident, is the

And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.
[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such diff'rence betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the diff'rence betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heav'nly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians, that shall play to you, 6
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet strait they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lad. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Musick plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands *Welsh*, and 'tis no marvel, he is so humourous: by'rlady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours: lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in *Irish*.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken?

the true one. What *Mortimer* would say to his young Wife, is This: Tho' I don't understand your *Welsh*, I understand the Tenderness of your Kisses, I feel the Force of their Argument, and moving Rhetorick, &c.

Hot.

Hot. No.
Lady. Then be still.
Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.
Lady. Now God help thee!
Hot. To the *Welsh* lady's bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hot. Peace, she sings.
[*Here the Lady sings a* Welsh *song.*
Come, I'll have your song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.
Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife; not you, *in good sooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and, *as sure as day:* and giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'st further than *Finsbury.*
Swear me, *Kate*, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *insooth*,
And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread,
To velvet-guards, and *Sunday*-citizens.
Come, sing.
Lady. I will not sing.
Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be *Robin-Red-Breast* teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours: and so come in, when ye will. [*Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, lord *Mortimer*, you are as slow,
As hot lord *Percy* is on fire to go.
By this, our book is drawn: we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Presence-chamber in* Windsor.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. *Henry.* LORDS, give us leave; the Prince of *Wales* and I
Must have some private conference: but be near,

For

For we ſhall preſently have need of you. ——
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not, whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heav'n,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poor, ſuch baſe, ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. *Henry.* So pleaſe your Majeſty, I wiſh, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well, as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
My ſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of Greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers;
I may for ſome things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. *Henry.* Heav'n pardon thee: yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Anceſtors.
Thy place in Council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,

So

So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had ſtill kept loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs Baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at!
That men would tell their children, this is he.
Others would ſay, where? which is *Bolingbroke?*
And then I ſtole all courteſie from heav'n,
And dreſt my ſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned King.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at; and ſo my State,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping King, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and raſh bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt; carded his State;
Mingled his Royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by men's eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but, as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on ſun-like Majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:

Bu

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, *Harry*, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy Princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind it self with foolish tenderness.

P. *Henry*. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more my self.

K. *Henry*. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* set foot at *Ravenspurg*;
And ev'n as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Interest to the State,
Than thou, the shadow of succession!
For, of no Right, nor colour like to Right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the Realm,
Turns head against the Lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and rev'rend bishops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned *Dowglas*, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief Majority,
And military Title capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this *Hot-spur Mars* in swathing cloaths,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
Th'Arch-bishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglas* and *Mortimer*,

Capitulate againſt us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'ſt and deareſt enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vaſſal fear,
Baſe inclination, and the ſtart of ſpleen,
To fight againſt me under *Percy*'s Pay;
To dog his heels, and curt'ſie at his frowns,
To ſhow how much thou art degenerate.

P. *Henry*. Do not think ſo, you ſhall not find it ſo:
And heav'n forgive them, that ſo much have ſway'd
Your Majeſty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on *Percy*'s head.
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your ſon.
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when e'er it lights,
That this ſame child of honour and renown,
This gallant *Hot-ſpur*, this all-praiſed Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet.
For every honour ſitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I ſhall make this northern Youth exchange
His glorions deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
T'engroſs up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render every glory up,
Yea, even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will tear the reck'ning from his heart.
This, in the name of heav'n, I promiſe here:
The which, if I perform, and do ſurvive,
I do beſeech your Majeſty, may ſalve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperature.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thouſand deaths,
Ere break the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.

K. *Henry*.

K. *Henry*. A hundred thouſand Rebels die in this!
Thou ſhalt have Charge, and ſoveraign Truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good *Blunt?* thy looks are full of ſpeed.
Blunt. So is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Lord *Mortimer* of *Scotland* hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the *Engliſh* rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month, at *Shrewsbury:*
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promiſes be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a State.
K. *Henry*. The Earl of *Weſtmorland* ſet forth to day,
With him my ſon, lord *John* of *Lancaſter*;
For this advertiſement is five days old.
On *Wedneſday* next, *Harry*, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On *Thurſday*, we our ſelves will march: our meeting
Is at *Bridgnorth*; and, *Harry*, you ſhall march
Through *Glo'ſterſhire:* by which, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at *Bridgnorth* ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. BArdolph, am not I fall'n away vilely, ſince this laſt action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown: I am wither'd; like an old apple *John*. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe; the inſide of a

church! company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid mony, that I borrow'd, three or four times; liv'd well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *John*, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our Admiral, thou beareſt the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire and *Dives* that liv'd in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. —— If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face the ſon of utter darkneſs. When thou rann'ſt up *Gads-hill* in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou had'ſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in mony. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack, that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years, heav'n reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would, my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame *Partlet* the hen, have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir *John*, what do you think, Sir *John?* do you think, I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess; *Bardolph* was shav'd, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd; go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defie thee; I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir *John:* you do not know me, Sir *John*; I know you, Sir *John*; you owe me money, Sir *John*, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true woman, *Holland* of eight shillings an ell: you owe mony here besides, Sir *John*, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor, he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grand-father's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack*, a ſneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would ſay ſo.

Enter Prince Henry *marching, and* Peto, *playing on his Truncheon like a Fife:* Falſtaff *meets them.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, *Newgate*-faſhion.

Hoſt. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſs *Quickly?* how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good, my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and liſt to me.

P. *Henry.* What ſay'ſt thou, *Jack?*

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pickt: this houſe is turn'd bawdy-houſe, they pick pockets.

P. *Henry.* What didſt thou loſe, *Jack?*

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, *Hal?* three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. *Henry.* A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. *Henry.* What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for woman-hood, Maid-*Marian* may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and ſetting

ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

P. *Henry.* An Otter, Sir *John*, why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. *Henry.* Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord, and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound, *Hal?* a million; thy love is worth a million: thou ow'ſt me thy love.

Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid, my ring was copper.

P. *Henry.* I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, *Hall*, thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lion's whelp.

P. *Henry.* And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himſelf is to be fear'd as the Lion; doſt thou think, I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my Girdle break!

P. *Henry.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſom of thine; it is all fill'd up with guts and midriff. Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whorſon, impudent, imboſs'd raſcal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, *Memorandums* of bawdy-houſes, and one poor penny-worth of ſugar-candy to

make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd
(6) with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not asham'd?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal?* thou know'st, in the state of innocency, *Adam* fell: and what should poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the days of villany? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you pickt my pocket?

P. *Henry.* It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready Breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any
(t.) honest reason: thou seest,* I am pacify'd still. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.* Now, *Hal*, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad,—— how is That answer'd?

P. *Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. *Henry.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. *Henry.* I have procur'd thee, *Jack*, a Charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one, that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thank'd for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. *Henry. Bardolph,*——

Bard. My lord?

P. *Henry.* Go bear this letter to lord *John* of *Lancaster*, to my brother *John*. This to my lord of *Westmorland*; go, *Peto*, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. *Jack*, meet me to morrow

morrow in the *Temple-Hall* at two o'clock in the afternoon, there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive mony and order for their furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percy* ſtands on high;
And either they, or we, muſt lower lye.
Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh, this tavern were my drum! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to SHREWSBURY.*

Enter Hot-ſpur, Worceſter, *and* Dowglas.

HOT-SPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble *Scot*; if ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral currant through the World.
By heav'n, I cannot flatter: I defie
The tongues of ſoothers. But a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than your ſelf.
Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well—— What letters haſt thou there?——
I can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ.

Mess. He cannot come, my lord, he's grievous sick.
Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his Power;
Under whose government come they along?
(*u.*) *Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not his mind!
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his physicians.
Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,
Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward sickness——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: nor thought he meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a Trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Because the King is certainly possest
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?
Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.
Hot. A perillous gash, a very limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one Cast? to set so rich a Main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom, and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dow. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversion.

We

We now may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.
Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Devil and Miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and meer diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt upon.
Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger Dare to our great enterpriſe,
Than if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the Kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſie turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.
Dow. As heart can think; there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in *Scotland*, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin *Vernon*, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of *Weſtmorland*, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince *John* of *Lancaſter*.
Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver.

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He shall be welcome too: where is his son?
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of *Wales*,
And his comrades, that daft the world aside
And bid it pass?
Ver. All furnisht, all in arms,
(*Iv.*) All plum'd like Estridges, that with the wind
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of spirit as the month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young *Harry*, with his beaver on, *up. W*
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an Angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
Hot. No more, no more; worse than the Sun in *March*,
This praise doth nourish agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed *Mars* shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
x *Harry* to *Harry* shall (not horse to horse)
Meet, and ne'er part, till One drop down a coarse.
Oh, that *Glendower* were come!
Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Pow'r this fourteen days.

Dow.

Dow. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a froſty ſound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and *Glendower* being both away,
The Pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Road, near* Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. *Bardolph*, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a bottle of ſack: our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to night.
Bard. Will you give me mony, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottel makes an angel.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coynage. Bid my lieutenant *Peto* meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain; farewel. [*Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a ſowc'd gurnet: I have miſ-us'd the King's Preſs damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been ask'd twice on the banes: ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil, as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck-fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their ſervices;

* deer. H.

ſervices: and now my whole Charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſ-carded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fall'n, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; (19) ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old-fac'd ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch skare-crows: I'll not march through *Coventry* with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and

(19) ——*ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old*-fac'd *Ancient*.] *Shakeſpeare* uſes this Word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an Enſign or Standard bearer, and alſo the Colours or Standard borne, that I cannot be at a Certainty for his Alluſion here. If the Text be genuine, I think, the Meaning muſt be; as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an Enſign all his days; that has let Age creep upon him, and never had Merit enough to gain Preferment. Mr. *Warburton*, who underſtands it in the Second Conſtruction, has ſuſpected the Text, and given the following ingenious Emendation. —— " How is an old-fac'd *Ancient*, or " *Enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? On the contrary, Nothing is eſteem'd " more honourable than a ragged Pair of *Colours*. A very little Alteration will reſtore it to its Original Senſe, which contains a Touch of the " ſtrongeſt and moſt fine-turn d Satire in the World;

Ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old Feaſt *Ancient:*

" i. e. the *Colours* uſed by the City-Companies in their Feaſts and Proceſſions. For each Company had one with its peculiar Device, which " was uſually diſplay'd and borne about on ſuch Occaſions. Now Nothing could be more witty or ſatirical than this Compariſon. For as " *Falſtaff*'s Raggamuffins were reduc'd to their tatter'd Condition thro' " their riotous Exceſſes; ſo this old Feaſt Ancient became torn and ſhatter'd, not in any manly Exerciſe of Arms, but amidſt the Revels of " drunken Bacchanals.

thrown

thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtoll'n from my Hoſt of St. *Albans*; or the red-nos'd Inn-keeper of *Daintry*. But that's all one, they'll find linnen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, *and* Weſtmorland.

P. *Henry*. How now, blown *Jack?* how now, quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal?* How now, mad wag, what a devil doſt thou in *Warwickſhire?* My good lord of *Weſtmorland*, I cry you mercy; I thought, your Honour had already been at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant, as a Cat to ſteal cream.

P. *Henry*. I think, to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

P. *Henry*. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. *Henry*. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haſte. *Percy* is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir *John*: I fear, we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Gueſt. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Shrewsbury.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglas, *and* Vernon.

Hot. WE'll fight with him to night.
Wor. It may not be.
Dow. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Dow. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and from cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, *Dowglas:* by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any *Scot* that lives.
Let it be seen to morrow in the battel,
Which of us fears.
Dow. Yea, or to night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To night, say I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horse
Of my cousin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your uncle *Worcester*'s horse came but to day,
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half half of himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In gen'ral, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of Rest.
Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[*The Trumpet sounds a parley.*
Enter

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt:* and would to God,
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and ev'n thoſe Some
Envy your great deſervings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality;
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heav'n defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But, to my Charge— The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs: and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt:
And pardon abſolute for your ſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.
Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and my ſelf,
Did give him that ſame Royalty he wears:
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal;
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd, *Northumberland* did lean to him,

They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſs knows it ſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked ſhore at *Ravenſpurg:*
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Common-wealth;
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his Country's wrongs; and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the Fav'rites that the abſent King
In Deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the *Iriſh* war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then, to the point.——
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soon after That depriv'd him of his life:
And, in the neck of That, task'd the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman *March*,
(Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
Indeed, his King) to be encag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the Council-board,
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the Court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his Title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot.

Hot. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some Surety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.
Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be, ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heav'n, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Archbiſhop of* York's Palace.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *and Sir* Michell.

York. HIE, good Sir *Michell*, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin *Scroop*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.
Sir *Mich.* My lord, I gueſs their tenour.
York. Like enough.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giv'n to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed Power,
Meets with lord *Harry*; and I fear, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſs of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Pow'r was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendower*'s abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies;
I fear, the Pow'r of *Percy* is too weak,
To wage an inſtant tryal with the King.
Sir *Mich.* Why, my good lord, there's *Dowglas*, and lord *Mortimer*.
York. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir *Mich.* But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, *Harry Percy*,
And there's my lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And so there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The special head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, lord *John* of *Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir *Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell*, speed;
For if lord *Percy* thrive not, ere the King
Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewel, Sir *Michell*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Camp at* Shrewsbury.

Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaster, *Earl of* Westmorland, *Sir* Walter Blunt, *and* Falstaff.

K. HENRY.

HOW bloodily the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

P. *Henry.* The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

K. *Henry.* Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.
[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter

Enter Worceſter, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

K. *Henry*, How now, my lord of *Wor'ſter?* 'tis not well,
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Truſt,
And made us doff our eaſie robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. *Henry.* You have not ſought it, Sir? how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (20)*

* (20) Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.* ——— Prince. *Peace,* Chevet, *peace.*] This, I take to be an arbitrary Refinement of Mr. *Pope*'s: nor can I eaſily agree, that *Chevet* is *Shakeſpeare*'s Word here. Why ſhould Prince *Henry* call *Falſtaff* Bolſter, for interpoſing in the Diſcourſe betwixt the King and *Worceſter?* With Submiſſion, he does not take him up here for his unreaſonable Size, but for his ill-tim'd unſeaſonable Chattering. I therefore have preferr'd the Reading of the Old Books. A *Chewet*, or *Chuet*, is a noiſy chattering Bird, a *Pie*. This carries a proper Reproach to *Falſtaff* for his meddling and impertinent Jeſt. And beſides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince ſhould fleer at *Falſtaff*, on Account of his Corpulency, I doubt not, but he would have call'd him *Bolſter* in plain *Engliſh*, and not have wrapp'd up the Abuſe in the *French* Word *Chevet*. In another Paſſage of this Play, the Prince honeſtly calls him *Quilt*; 'Tis pity, Mr. *Pope* did not turn this into *Lodier*, or *Materas*, if his *French* would extend ſo far. As to Prince *Henry*, his Stock in this Language was ſo ſmall, that when he comes to be King, he hammers out one ſmall Sentence of it to Princeſs *Catharine*, and tells her, *It is as eaſy for him to conquer the Kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more* French.

P. *Henry*. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from my self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you, my Staff of Office did I break
In *Richard*'s time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
(And you did swear that Oath at *Doncaster*,)
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n Right;
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we sware our aid: but in short space
It rain'd down fortune showr'ring on your head,
And such a flood of Greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming suff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead:
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the gen'ral Sway into your hand;
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*;
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle gull, the Cuckow's bird,
Useth the Sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That ev'n our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self have forg'd against your self,

By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. *Henry.* Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market-Croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings and poor Diſcontents;
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation. ——
And never yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. *Henry.* In both our armies, there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in tryal. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percy:* By my hopes,
(This preſent enterprize ſet off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman, (21)
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,
I have a truant been to Chivalry,
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majeſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great Name and Eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a ſingle fight.

(21) *I do not think, a braver Gentleman,*
More active, valiant, or more valiant young,] I have alter'd the pointing, and added *Hyphens* betwixt both the Adjectives in the ſecond Verſe. Without them the Senſe ſeems feeble and cold. The Prince means, in my Opinion, he did not know a braver Gentleman than *Hot-ſpur*; one more ſprightly and ſtirring in his Valour, or more valiant for his Youth. The latter Branch of this Character *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*, have expreſs'd thus;
I have not ſeen ſo young *a Man*, ſo noble;

K. *Henry*. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit, Considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your Cousin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with Reply;
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit* Worcester, *with* Vernon.

P. *Henry*. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The *Dowglas* and the *Hot-spur* both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. *Henry*. Hence, therefore, every Leader to his Charge.
For on their answer will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just! [*Exeunt*.

Manent Prince Henry, *and* Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battel, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. *Henry*. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee that friendship: Say thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would, it were bed time, *Hal*, and all well.

P. *Henry*. Why, thou owest heav'n a death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off, when I come on? how then? can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no. or take away the grief of a wound? no. honour hath no skill in surgery then? no. What is honour? a word. what is that word honour? Air; a trim Reckoning.—who hath it? he that dy'd a *Wednesday*. doth he feel it? no. doth he hear it? no. is it insen-

insensible then? yea, to the dead. but will it not live with the living? no. why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a meer scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Percy's *Camp.*

Enter Worcester, *and Sir* Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, No, my nephew must not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberal kind offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere best, he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The King shou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like a Fox,
Who ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My Nephew's Trespass may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hair-brain'd *Hot-spur*, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We, as the Spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not *Harry* know,
In any case, the offer of the King.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter

Enter Hot-spur *and* Dowglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:
Deliver up my lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what news?
Wor. The King will bid you battel presently.
Dow. Defie him by the lord of *Westmorland*.
Hot. Lord *Dowglas*, go you then and tell him so.
Dowg. Marry, I shall, and very willingly.
[*Exit* Dowglas.
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the King.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King *Henry*'s teeth:
And *Westmorland*, that was ingag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the King,
And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.
Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth!* Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare,
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his Praise:
[113] By still dispraising Praise, valued with You.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,

He

He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he master'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; But let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.
Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear (22)
Of any Prince, ſo wild, at liberty.
But be he as he will, yet, once ere night,
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſie.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

(22) ——— ——— *Never did I hear*
Of any Prince ſo wild a Liberty] Thus Mr. *Pope* has given it us in Both his Editions, as if *a Liberty* could mean *a Libertine*. Whether Chance, or Purpoſe, be the Source of this Reading, is not eaſy to determine: for, beſides that this Gentleman's Indolence is ſo ſingular, his Vein of Criticiſm is ſo extravagant, that, like our Author's *Fools*, he is ſeldom or never to be call'd to an Account for his Rhetorick. I have reſtored the Reading of the Old Copies: and his Meaning is, that a Prince of ſo wild and licentious a Behaviour ſhould not be ſuffer'd at Liberty for Fear of doing Miſchief. He inculcates the ſame Sentiment ſeveral times in *Hamlet*, on Account of that Prince's Madneſs.

Madneſs in Great Ones muſt not unwatch'd *go.*
I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe *with us*
To let his Madneſs range.
His Liberty *is full of Threats to all.*
How dang'rous *is it, that this Man* goes looſe.

And

And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, — the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my Tale,
For I profess not talking: only this,
Let each man do his best. And here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperanza! Percy!* and set on:
Sound all the lofty instruments of war;
And by that musick let us all embrace:
For (heav'n to earth) some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesie.

[*They embrace, then exeunt. The Trumpets sound.*

The King entreth with his Power; Alarm to the battel. Then enter Dowglas, *and Sir* Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battel crossest me?
What honour dost thou seek upon my head?
Dow. Know then, my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battel thus,
Because, some tell me, that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dow. The lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath bought
Thy likeness; for instead of thee, King *Harry*,
This sword hath ended him; so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty *Scot*,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford*'s death.

Fight, Blunt *is slain: then enter* Hot-spur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadst thou fought at *Holmedon* thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a *Scot*.

Dow.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lies the King.

Hot. Where?

Dow. Here.

Hot. This, *Dowglas?* no: I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelf.

Dow. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dow. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murther all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm, enter Falſtaff *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at *London*, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir *Walter Blunt?* there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, [70] and as heavy too: heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my rag-o-muffians where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword,
Many a noble man lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies.
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. (23) Turk *Gregory* never did ſuch deeds in arms, as

(23) *Turk* Gregory] By this Turk *Gregory* our Author muſt certainly mean Pope *Hildebrand* who aſſum'd the Name of *Gregory* the 7th. *Fox*, in his Book of Martyrs, tells terrible Stories of this *Hildebrand*.

It

as I have done this day. I have paid *Percy*, I have made him sure.

P *Henry*. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my sword: but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. *Henry*. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, *Hal*, 'tis hot. There's That will sack a city.

[*The Prince draws out a bottle of Sack.*

P. *Henry*. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

He'll W. *Fal* If *Percy* be alive, I'll pierce him; if he do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Alarum, Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John *of* Lancaster, *and the Earl of* Westmorland.

K. *Henry*. I pr'ythee, *Harry*, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord *John* of *Lancaster*, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. *Henry*. I do beseech your Majesty make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. *Henry*. I will do so:
My lord of *Westmorland*, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. *Henry*. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;
And heav'n forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of *Wales* from such a field as this,

It was He, who surmounted almost invincible Obstacles to deprive the Emperor of the Right of Investiture of Bishops, which his Predecessors had so long in vain attempted. But the Reason of giving him this Epithet of *Turk* was on Account of that infamous Penance he enjoin'd the Emperor *Henry* IV and the treading on his Neck. *Fox* had made this *Gregory* so odious, that, I don't doubt, but the good Protestants at that Time were well pleas'd to hear his Tyranny publickly remark'd on. Mr. *Warburton*.

Where

Where ſtain'd Nobility lies trodden on,
And Rebels arms triumph in maſſacres!
Lan. We breathe too long; come, couſin *Weſtmorland*,
Our duty this way lies; for heav'n's ſake, come.
P. *Henry.* By heav'n, thou haſt deceiv'd me, *Lancaſter*,
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, *John*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.
K. *Henry.* I ſaw him hold lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.
P. *Henry.* Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King Henry. *Enter* Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? they grow, like *Hydra*'s heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?
K. *Henry.* The King himſelf, who, *Dowglas*, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek *Percy* and thy ſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelf.
Dow. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine, I'm ſure, thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight: the King being in danger.*

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Hold up thy head, vile *Scot*, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again: the Spirits
Of *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.
[*They fight*, Dowglas *flyeth.*

Chearly,

Chearly, my lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawsey* hath for succour sent,
And so hath *Clifton:* I'll to *Clifton* strait.

K. *Henry.* Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost opinion,
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. *Henry.* O heav'n! they did me too much injury,
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
Th' insulting hand of *Dowglas* over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treach'rous labour of your son.

K. *Henry.* Make up to *Clifton*, I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey.* [*Exit.*

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

P. *Henry.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harry Percy.*

P. *Henry.* Then I see
A very valiant Rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of *Wales:* and think not, *Percy*,
To share with me in Glory any more:
Two Stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign,
Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales.*

Hot. Nor shall it, *Harry*, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heav'n,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. *Henry.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, *Hal*; to it, *Hal.* Nay, you shall find no boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter

Enter Dowglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh, *Harry*, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lyes on my tongue: no, *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for —— [*Dies.*

P. *Henry.* Worms, brave *Percy.* Fare thee well!
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit, (24)
A Kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, ev'n in thy behalf, I'll thank my ſelf
For doing theſe fair Rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heav'n;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the Grave,

(24) *When that this Body did contain a Spirit,*
A Kingdom *for it was too ſmall a Bound!*
But now two paces *of the vileſt Earth*
Is room enough!] A Reflexion, very like this in Subſtance, our Author has again given us in his *Julius Cæſar.*
O mighty Cæſar! *Do'ſt thou lie ſo low?*
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Meaſure?
Both theſe Paſſages may very well ſeem to have had their Foundation from *Juvenal.*
—— —— Mors *ſola fatetur*
Quantula *ſint* Hominum Corpuſcula. ——
Unus Pellæo Juveni non ſufficit Orbis,
Æſtuat *infælix* anguſto limite *mundi*
—— — — ——
Sarcophago contentus erit. Sat. X.

But not remember'd in thy epitaph. [*He sees* Falstaff
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? poor *Jack*, farewel!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a Deer to day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lye. [*Exit.*

Falstaff *rises.*

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me to morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant *Scot* had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder *Percy*, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear, I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I: nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me. [*Takes* Hot-spur *on his back*

Enter Prince Henry, *and* John *of* Lancaster.

P. *Henry.* Come, brother *John*, full bravely hast thou flesht
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. *Henry.* I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground: art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak, we will not trust our eyes

With

Without our ears: thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not *Jack Falſtaff*, then am I a *Jack:* there is *Percy*, if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himſelf. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can aſſure you.

P. *Henry.* Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? lord, lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by *Shrewsbury* clock: if I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e'er I heard.

P. *Henry.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *John.*
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[*A Retreat is ſounded.*
The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heav'n reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a noble man ſhould do. [*Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Lord* John *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* Weſtmorland, *with* Worceſter *and* Vernon *Priſoners.*

K. *Henry.* Thus ever did Rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited *Wor'ſter*, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three Knights upon our party ſlain to day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,

If like a christian thou had'st truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. *Henry.* Bear *Worcester* to death, and *Vernon* too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt* Worcester *and* Vernon, *guarded.*
How goes the field?

P. *Henry.* The gallant *Scot*, lord *Dowglas*, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble *Percy* slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and, I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. *Henry.* With all my heart.

P. *Henry.* Then, brother *John* of *Lancaster*, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:
His valour, shewn upon our crests to day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Ev'n in the bosom of our adversaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courtesie,
Which I shall give away immediately.

K. *Henry.* Then this remains; that we divide our Power.
You son *John*, and my cousin *Westmorland*,
Tow'rds *York* shall bend you, with your dearest speed,
To meet *Northumberland* and Prelate *Scroop*,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms.
My self and You, son *Harry*, will tow'rds *Wales*,
To fight with *Glendower* and the Earl of *Marche*.
Rebellion in this Land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day;
And since this business so far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The

a. 356. When all smarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pester'd with a popinjay,)
Out of my grief, and my impatience
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

The 2d line comes in very awkwardly here, I cannot help thinking it is out of its place‡, and that we should read

When all smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;

b. 361. If he fall in, good night, or sink, or swim:
As there is no person mentioned before, to whom he should refer, I have suspected it should be read,
If we fall in ——

c 382 O for breath to utter! What is like thee?
I think it should be pointed
O for breath to utter what is like thee!

d. 427 Mastr'd, is there used for was Master of, so V. 3. p 37. l. 18.

‡ There is an instance of such a transposition in K Lear Vol V. p 151. note 22

(c) 359. Lord Mortimer was declared by the Parliament Heir to K. Richard and proclaimed as such in the year 1386
This was Roger Lord Mortimer Earl of March he was killed soon after in Ireland and succeeded by this Edmund his eldest Son. Holinsh: Vol 3. p 448.

Dramatis Personæ.

John Duke of Lancaster, so he is called likewise in the 2d part of Henry IV. p: 457 & 498. Holinshead calls Thomas K Henry's second son Thomas of Lancaster; but if the addition belonged to both, I do not see that the Dukedom did to either, it was merged in the Crown, and Thomas was created D of Clarence in 1412. John, D of Bedford in 1414. But the battle of Shrewsbury was in 1403 long before those creations Hol: 448

Lady Percy, Elisabeth, daughter of Roger Mortimer Earl of March. Rap: I. 536

A. B of York. Scroop.

f. 400 The skipping King —— carded his
fraters. carded for discarded.
Hanmer reads 'scarded.

g 371 Hotspur, reading a letter.
This letter was from George Dunbar
Earl of March in Scotland.

h. 354 Mighty, and to be feard, than my con-
dition
Mighty and to be feard in my condition.
condition here is temper = Vol II 79
H.
Which is the hot condition of their blood—

i 365 — wrung — out of all cess.
cess Hanm: but it means out of all
moderate rate metaph: from taxes.

k 368. —and make her their boots
or make her —— Hanm:

l 373 frontiers forfins
Hanm:

m 378 Rivo says the Drunkard
Ribi. Ital: imperat: fr ribere =
re. Drink again. Hanm:

n 381 Down fell his hose
Their. Hanm:

o 382 — fallow-catch. Ketch.

p. — — you elf-skin. Eelskin. Hanm:
[see n. q
q 384 — taken in the manner
manour. Hanm: m p496.
— with the manner. W. is in the fact

r 387. — micher. hedge-creeper. idle fellow

s — If thin the tree may be known by the
fruit as the fruit by the tree ——
Hanmer reads,
If then the fruit may be know'n by the
tree as the tree by the fruit ——

t 408. Thou seest I am pacified still. &c
Hanmer points it thus
— Thou seest I am pacified — Still?
Nay prythee be gone. [Exit Hostess
weeping.

u 410 His letters bear his mind not I his mind
Hanmer reads.
Mrs: His letters bear his mind, not I.
*Hotsp: His mind. f. Worcester q.

w. 412 —— that with the wind
Baited like eagles &c ——
—— and with the wind
Baiting like Eagles —— Han:
Bait

x — Harry to Harry shall, (not horse to horse.)
Meet &c
Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse.,
Meet &c.

y. 413 — to Sutton-cop-hill —
Sutton-colfield. Hanm:

z

z. 413. Doomsday is near ——
f. It doomsday's near ——

1 355 — falsifie men's hopes — fears. W

2 ibid The moody frontier — frontlet. W.

3 357 —— impeach.
What he then said, see, he unsays it now.

4 378 —(pitiful hearted Titan) in a parenthesis. W.

5. 367 Speak sooner than think, and think sooner than pray. W.

6. 397 And though th' musicians — W.

7 400 — Scarded is discarded — W.

8 423 — valued young. H.

9 382 *So Falstaff speaking of Justice Shallow says, "you might have truss'd him, and all his apparrel into an Eel-skin. p. 496. Fairies I suppose are reckoned Spirits, and to have no shins.

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King *HENRY* V.

PROLOGUE.

(1) *Enter* RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears: for which of you will ſtop
The Vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumour* ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Upon my tongues continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of Peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but *Rumour*, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepar'd defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant War,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour* is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And, of ſo eaſie and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* here?
I run before King *Harry*'s victory;
Who in a bloody field by *Shrewsbury*

(1) Rumour, *painted full of Tongues.*] This Deſcription of *Rumour* is plainly to me a Draught copied from *Virgil*'s Picture of *Fame.*

——— cui quot ſunt corpore Plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.

Tam ficti pravique tenax, *quàm* nuntia veri.
Hæc tùm multiplici populos ſermone *replebat*
Gaudens, & pariter facta *atque* infecta *canebat.*

Æneid. IV.

Hath

Hath beaten down young *Hot-ſpur* and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Under the wrath of noble *Hot-ſpur*'s ſword;
And that the King before the *Dowglas'* rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of *Shrewsbury*,
And this worm-eaten Hold of ragged ſtone; (2)
Where *Hot-ſpur*'s father, old *Northumberland*,
Lies crafty-ſick. The Poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me. From *Rumour*'s tongues,
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

(2) *And this worm-eaten* Hole *of ragged Stone,*] *Northumberland* had retir'd and fortified himſelf in his Caſtle, a Place of Strength in thoſe Times, tho' the Building might be impair'd by its Antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our Poet wrote:

And this worm-eaten Hold *of ragged Stone.*

So, in the 3d *Henry* VI.

The Queen with all the Northern Earls and Lords
Intends here to beſiege you in your Caſtle;
She is hard by with twenty thouſand Men;
And therefore fortify your Hold, *my Lord.*

So *Daniel*, in his *Miſeries* of *Civil Wars*, ſpeaking of this very Earl's Retirement, ſays;

Northumberland, *recover'd, ſtill out ſtands,*
The Principal of this great Family
And Faction; having Berwick *in his hands,*
With other Holds; ——

Dramatis Perſonæ.

KING Henry *the Fourth.*
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry *the Fifth.*
Prince John *of* Lancaſter, } *Sons to* Henry *the Fourth,*
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter, } *and Brethren to* Henry
Thomas *of* Clarence, } *the Fifth.*

Northumberland, }
The Arch-Biſhop of York, }
Mowbray, }
Haſtings, } *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry
Lord Bardolph, } *the Fourth.*
Travers, }
Morton, }
Colevile, }

Warwick, }
Weſtmorland, }
Surrey, } *Of the King's Party.*
Gower, }
Harcourt, }
Lord Chief Juſtice, }

Falſtaff, }
Poins, }
Bardolph, } *Irregular Humoriſts.*
Piſtol, }
Peto, }
Page, }

Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *Servant to* Shallow.
Phang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*

Mouldy, }
Shadow, }
Wart, } *Country Soldiers.*
Feeble, }
Bulcalf, }

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.
Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

The

(3) The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Northumberland's* Caſtle.

Enter Lord Bardolph; *the Porter at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the lord *Bardolph* doth attend him here.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard;
Pleaſe it your Honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, lord *Bardolph?* ev'ry minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

(3) *The 2d Part of* Henry IV.] The Tranſactions compriz'd in this Hiſtory take up about 9 Years. The Action commences with the Account of *Hotſpur*'s being defeated and kill'd; and cloſes with the Death of K. *Henry* IV, and the Coronation of K. *Henry* V.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from *Shrewsbury.*
North. Good, if heav'n will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince *Harry* ſlain outright; and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*; young Prince *John*,
And *Weſtmorland*, and *Stafford*, fled the field.
And *Harry Monmouth*'s brawn, the hulk Sir *John*,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignifie the times,
Since *Cæſar*'s fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from *Shrewsbury?*
Bard. I ſpake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name;
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant *Travers*, whom I ſent
On *Tueſday* laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way.
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, *Travers*, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir *John Umfrevil* turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and being better hors'd
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He ask'd the way to *Cheſter*; and of him
I did demand what news from *Shrewsbury.*
He told me, that Rebellion had ill luck;
And that young *Harry Percy*'s Spur was cold.
With That he gave his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels

Againſt

Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? again:
Said he, young *Harry Percy*'s ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?
Bard. My lord, I'll tell you;
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine Honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my Barony. Ne'er talk of it.
North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by *Travers*,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the Nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.
Say, *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from *Shrewsbury?*
Mort. I ran from *Shrewsbury*, my noble lord,
Where hateful Death put on his uglieſt Mask
To fright our Party.
North. How doth my ſon, and Brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe-be-gone, *a*
Drew *Priam*'s curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his *Troy* was burn'd:
But *Priam* found the fire, ere he his tongue:
And I, my *Percy*'s death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou would'ſt ſay: your Son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble *Dowglas:*
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.

But

But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with brother, ſon, and all, are dead!
Mort. Dowglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord your ſon———
North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, *Morton*, ſpeak:
Tell thou thy Earl, his Divination lies;
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mort. You are too Great, to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that *Percy*'s dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he, which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news (4)
Hath but a loſing office: and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

(4) *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome News*
Hath but a loſing Office:] This Obſervation is certainly true in Nature, and has the Sanction of no leſs Authorities than Thoſe of *Æſchylus* and *Sophocles*; who ſay almoſt the ſame Thing with our Author here.

Ὦμοι, κακὸν μὲν πρῶτον ἀγγέλλειν κακά·
Æſch. in *Perſ.*
Στέργει γὰρ εἰδεὶς ἄγγελον κακῶν ἐπῶν.
Soph. in *Antigone.*

Henr. Stephens has taken Notice, that in ſome of *Æſchylus*'s printed Copies this 2d Verſe quoted had been inſerted as a Part of his Text: but judges, the Miſtake happen'd firſt from its having been tranſcrib'd in the Margin as a parallel Sentiment. *Fortaſſe autem ex hoc* Æſchyli *verſu natus eſt ille,* ſays He. This learned Man does not ſeem to have known, or remember'd, that the Verſe was to be given to *Sophocles.*

Bard.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.
Mort. I'm ſorry, I ſhould force you to believe
That, which, I would to heav'n, I had not ſeen.
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To *Henry Monmouth*; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted *Percy* to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his Camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing, that's heavy in its ſelf,
Upon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
So did our men, heavy in *Hot-ſpur*'s loſs,
Lend to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
That arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
Than did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble *Wor'ſter*
Too ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious *Scot*,
The bloody *Dowglas*, whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlain th'appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his ſtomach and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight
Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy Pow'r t'encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young *Lancaſter*
And *Weſtmorland*. This is the news at full.
North. For this, I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſick: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe feaver-weaken'd joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; ev'n ſo my limbs,

Weaken'd

Weaken'd with grief, being now inrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The rugged'ſt hour, that time and ſpight dare bring, (5)
To frown upon th'enrag'd *Northumberland!*
Let heav'n kiſs earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed Contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born *Cain*
Reign in all boſoms, that each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And Darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord;
Sweet Earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th' event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head: it was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you ſay, Go forth. And none of this,

(5) *The* ragged'ſt *Hour that Time and Spight dare bring*
To frown, &c.] I know very well, our Author frequently uſes this Epithet, when he ſpeaks either of ſharp o'erhanging Rocks, ruin'd Fortifications, *&c.* but there is no Conſonance of Metaphors here betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any Dignity in the Image. On Both Accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect, our Author wrote, as I have reform'd the Text, *The* rugged'ſt *Hour*, &c.

Though

Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than That being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dang'rous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And ſince we are o'er-ſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of *York* is up
With well-appointed Powers: he is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men to fight.
For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs; conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the Biſhop
Turns Inſurrection to Religion;
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his Riſing with the blood
Of fair King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from *Pomfret* ſtones;
Derives from heav'n his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land
Gaſping for life, under great *Bolingbroke:*
And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, *with his Page bearing his ſword and buckler.*

Fal. SIrrah, you, giant! what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water it ſelf was a good healthy water. But for the party that own'd it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, Man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in my ſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a Sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whorſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at (E.) my heels. I was never mann'd with an agot till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: (6) The *Juvenal*, the Prince your maſter! whoſe

(6) *The* Juvenil, *the Prince your Maſter!*] All the old Editions both here, and in ſeveral other Paſſages of our Author, write, *Juvenal.* Why our modern Editors have been ſo nice to make the Change, I cannot ſay. Both the Words are equally well deriv'd. *A* juvenis *eſt tùm* juvenalis *tùm* juvenilis; *ut à* verna, vernalis, vernilis:—— ſays *Voſſius* in his *Etymologicon.* Nor does the Uſage want its Authorities. *Juvenalia, νεότητα. Juvenalis, νεοτερικὸς, νεανικὸς·* ſay the old *Gloſſaries.*—— Juvenalia *fingebantur* Dianæ *ſimulachra, quià ea Ætas fortis eſt ad toleranda viam.* Diana *enim viarum putabatur Dea*; ſays *S. Pompeius Feſtus.* In like manner, the Poets:

Et mihi quæ fuerint juvenali *in Corpore Vires.* Virg. *Æneid.* V
Tu mihi dictaſti juvenalia *Carmina primus.* Ovid. *Epiſt. ad* Maxim
Facete, comis, animo juvenali *Senex.* Auſonius *ad* Nepo
Nunc ego te puerum, mox in juvenalibus *annis,*
Famque virum cernam. Idem. *Idyll.* IV
Scilicet immenſæ, viſis juvenalibus *armis,*
Subſident Alpes? Sil. Italicus. *l.* II
Accipe facundi carmen juvenale *Propertî.* Martial. *l.* XIV
&c. &c.

chi

chin is not yet fledg'd; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek: yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heav'n may finish it when it will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Mr. *Dombledon*, about the satten for my short cloak and slops?

Page. He said, Sir, you should procure him better assurance than *Bardolph:* he would not take his bond and yours, he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the Glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whorson *Achitophel*, a rascally yea-forsooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon *security?* the whorson-smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon *security:* I had as lief they would put rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked, he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satten, as I am a true Knight, and he sends me *security.* Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's *Bardolph?*

Page. He's gone into *Smithfield* to buy your Worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in *Paul's*, and he'll buy me a horse in *Smithfield.* If I could get me but a wife in the Stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him, about *Bardolph.*

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, and't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at *Shrewsbury:* and, as I hear, is now going with ſome Charge to the lord *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Ch. Juſt. What, to *York?* call him back again.

Serv. Sir *John Falſtaff*,———

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir *John*———

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack Subjects? do not the Rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg, than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knight-hood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knight-hood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide That, which grows to me? if thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wer't better be hang'd: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John Falſtaff*, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope, your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly

humbly beſeech your lordſhip, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, I ſent for you before your expedition to *Shrewsbury*,——

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear, his Majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from *Wales*.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fall'n into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it? be it, as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in *Galen*. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think, you are fall'n into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

(7) *Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſt'ning, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as *Job*, my lord, but not ſo patient: your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould

(7) Fal. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*] In the oldeſt *Quarto* Edition, which I have of this Play, (printed, in 1600) this Speech ſtands thus.

Old. *Very well, my Lord, very well:*

I had not obſerv'd This, when I wrote my Note, to the 1 *Henry* IV, concerning the Tradition of *Falſtaff*'s Character having been firſt call'd *Oldcaſtle*. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident Proof, of the Thing being ſo: and that, the Play being printed from the Stage-Manuſcript, *Oldcaſtle* had been all along alter'd into *Falſtaff*, except in this ſingle Place by an Overſight: of which the Printers not being aware, continued theſe initial Traces of the Original Name.

be your Patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple it self.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my Counsel learned in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir *John*, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He, that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would, it were otherwise: I would, my means were greater, and my waste slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath mis-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at *Shrewsbury* hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on *Gads-hill*. You may thank the unquiet time, for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord,——

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping Wolf.

Fal. To wake a Wolf, is as bad as to smell a Fox.

Ch. Just. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel-candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.——

Ch. Just. (8) You follow the young Prince up and [104] down, like his ill angel.

Fal.

(8) *You follow the young Prince up and down like his* evil *Angel.*] What a precious Collator has Mr. *Pope* approv'd himself in this Passage? Besides, if This were the true Reading, *Falstaff* could not have made the witty

Fal. Not ſo, my lord, your ill angel is light: but I hope, he, that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go;—— I cannot tell; Virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving recknings; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſe-berry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young; you meaſure the heat of our Livers, with the bitterneſs of your Galls; and we that are in the va-ward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call your ſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir *John*.

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the mony, and have at him. For the box o'th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have checkt him for it; and the

witty and humourous Evaſion he has done in his Reply. I have reſtor'd the Reading of the oldeſt *Quarto*. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls *Falſtaff* the Prince's *ill Angel*, or Genius: which *Falſtaff* turns off by ſaying, an *ill Angel* (meaning the Coin call'd an *Angel,*) is *light*; but, ſurely, it can't be ſaid that He wants *Weight: ergo,*—— the Inference is obvious. Now Money may be call'd *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never call'd *evil*, with Regard to its being under Weight. This Mr. *Pope* will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt Puns:* but if the Author wrote a *Pun*, and it happens to be *loſt* in an Editor's Indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his Grimace, venture at bringing it back to Light.

young Lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heav'n ſend the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heav'n ſend the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the King hath ſever'd you and Prince *Harry*. I hear, you are going with lord *John* of *Lancaſter*, againſt the Archbiſhop and the Earl of *Northumberland*.

Fal. Yes, I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it; but look you, pray, all you that kiſs my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the Lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but a bottle, would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt ever.—— 'but it was always yet the trick of our *Engliſh* Nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhou'd give me Reſt: I would to God, my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heav'n bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch Juſt Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin *Weſtmorland*. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.— A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy,——

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of *Lancaſter*, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of *Weſtmorland*, and this to old Mrs. *Urſula*, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or t'other, pla s the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable: a good wit will make uſe of any thing; I will turn diſeaſes to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Archbiſhop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter Arch-biſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray *(Earl Marſhal) and Lord* Bardolph.

York. THUS have you heard our cauſe, and know our means:
Now, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And firſt, Lord Marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th'occaſion of our arms,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How in our means we ſhould advance our ſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the pow'r and puiſſance of the King?

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our Supplies live largely in the hope
Of great *Northumberland*, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord *Haſtings*, ſtandeth thus;
Whether our preſent five and twenty thouſand
May hold up head without *Northumberland?*

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theam ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe,
Of aids uncertain ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord *Bardolph*; for, indeed,
It was young *Hot-ſpur*'s caſe at *Shrewsbury*.

Bard. It was, my lord, who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the air, on promiſe of Supply;
Flatt'ring himſelf with project of a Power
Much ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts;
And ſo, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his Pow'rs to death,
And, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early Spring
We ſee th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as Deſpair,
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
f. In fewer offices?* at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? much more, in this great Work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a Kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation,
Queſtion ſurveyors, know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite: or elſe,
We fortifie in paper and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:

Like

Like one, that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.
Haſt. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born; and that we now poſſeſt
The utmoſt man of expectation:
I think, we are a body ſtrong enough,
Ev'n as we are, to equal with the King.
Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thouſand?
Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord *Bardolph.*
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one Pow'r againſt the *French*,
And one againſt *Glendower*; perforce, a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.
York. That he ſhould draw his ſev'ral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.
Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the *French* and *Welſh*
Baying him at the heels; never fear That.
Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?
Haſt. The Duke of *Lancaſter*, and *Weſtmorland*:
Againſt the *Welſh*, himſelf and *Harry Monmouth*:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the *French*,
I have no certain notice.
York. Let us on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The Commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many! with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beat heav'n with bleſſing *Bolingbroke*,

Before

Before he was, what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trim'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thy ſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What Truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his Grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came ſighing on
After th'admired heels of *Bolingbroke*,
Cry'ſt now, O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this. O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt, and to come, ſeem beſt; things preſent, worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids, be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Street in* LONDON.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Fang *and* Snare.

HOSTESS.

MR. *Fang*, have you enter'd the action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where's your yeoman? is he a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hoſt. O Lord, ay, good Mr. *Snare.*

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Hoſt. Ay, good Mr. *Snare*, I have enter'd him and all

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives: for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas-the-day! take heed of him; he ſtab'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly; he cares not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither; — I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once; if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good Mr. *Fang*, hold him ſure; good Mr. *Snare*, let him not ſcape. He comes continually to *Pie-corner*, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle: and he is indited to dinner to the *Lubbar's-head* in *Lombard-ſtreet* to Mr. *Smooth*'s the *Silkman*. I pray ye, ſince my action is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. (9) A hundred mark is a long Lone, for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, unleſs a woman ſhould be made an Aſs and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and the boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant malmſey-noſe knave, *Bardolph* with him. Do your offices, do your offices:

(9) *A hundred Mark is a long* one,] A long *one?* A long What? a long Mark? For That's the only antecedent Subſtantive it has to agree with: and common Senſe won't admit of its being coupled to That. It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, how familiar it is with our Poet to play the Chimes upon Words *ſimilar* in *Sound*, and *differing* in *Signification*: and therefore I make no Queſtion but he wrote,

A hundred Mark is a long Lone *for a poor* lone *Woman to bear*; *i. e.* 100 Marks is a good round Sum for a poor Widow to venture on Truſt. According to the old way of writing the Word was ſpelt, more generally, *Lone*, than, *Loan*, as it is now.

Mr.

Mr. *Fang* and Mr. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *John*, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. *Quickly*.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, *Bardolph:* cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder! O thou hony-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? (10) O thou hony-
b. ſeed rogue! thou art a hony-ſeed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, *Bardolph*.

Fang. A reſcue, a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-ſeed!

Fal. Away, you ſcullion, you rampallian, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Chief Juſtice, attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir *John?* what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to *York*.
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of *Eaſt-cheap*, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

(10) *O thou* honey-ſeed *Rogue!*] The Poet very humorouſly makes Dame *Quickly* blunder out this Word, inſtead of *homicide*.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord, it is for all; all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir *John?* fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thy ſelf, and the mony too. Thou did'ſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my *Dolphin*-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on *Wedneſday* in *Whitſun-week*, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of *Windſor*; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip *Quickly?* coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou did deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou can'ſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawci-

neſs

neſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know, you have practis'd upon the eaſie-yielding ſpirit of this woman. ——

Hoſt. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her; the one you may do with ſterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſawcineſs: If a man will court'ſie and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak, as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect your reputation, and ſatisfie the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr. Gower.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter *Gower*, what news?

Gower. The King, my lord, and *Henry* Prince of *Wales*
Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman ——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman; — come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heav'nly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the Prodigal, or the *German* Hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries: let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in *England*. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with

with me; do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know, thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir *John*, let it be but twenty nobles, I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill. —

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have *Doll Tear-Sheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſt. and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At *Baſingſtoke*, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe,
Are march'd up to my lord of *Lancaſter*,
Againſt *Northumberland* and the Arch-biſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from *Wales*, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. *Gower*.

Fal. My lord, ——

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here,
I thank you, good Sir *John*.

Ch. Juſt. Sir *John*, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countreys as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter *Gower?*

Ch. Juſt.

(11) *Ch. Juſt.* What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *continues in* LONDON.

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins.

P. *Henry.* TRUST me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. *Henry.* It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. *Henry.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my Greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linnen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great

(11) Ch. Juſt. *What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe Manners, Sir* John? Fal. *Maſter* Gower, *if they become me not*, &c.] This ſame Affectation of Inadvertence is again practis'd by our Poet in the 1ſt Part of *Henry* VI. Act 5. betwixt Princeſs *Margaret* and *Suffolk*, when He has made her his Priſoner. But there it wants the Grace and Humour, which we find here; becauſe *Margaret* and *Suffolk* are forc'd to talk *aſide* to themſelves: and the *Chief Juſtice* and *Falſtaff* have here Maſter *Gower* to addreſs Themſelves to by Turns.

while

while, becauſe the reſt of thy low Countreys have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland. And God knows, whether thoſe, that bawl out of the ruins of thy linnen, ſhall inherit his Kingdom: but the midwives ſay, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idley? tell me, how many good young Princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is.

P. *Henry.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Poins?*

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. *Henry.* It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. *Henry.* Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad now my father is ſick; albeit, I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. *Henry.* By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in the Devil's book, as thou and *Falſtaff*, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick; and keeping ſuch vile company, as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. *Henry.* What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. *Henry.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes *Bardolph.*

P. *Henry.* And the Boy that I gave *Falſtaff*; he had him from me chriſtian, and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph *and Page.*

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. *Henry.* And yours, moſt noble *Bardolph.*

(12) *Bard.* Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window; at laſt, I ſpy'd his eyes, and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wives new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. *Henry.* Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally *Althea*'s dream, away!

P. *Henry.* Inſtruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. *Henry.* A crowns-worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him mony.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! well, there is ſix pence to preſerve thee.

(12) Poins. *Come, you virtuous Aſs,* &c.] Tho' all the Editions concur in giving this Speech to *Poins*, it ſeems evident to me, by the *Page*'s immediate Reply, that it muſt be placed to *Bardolfe*. For *Bardolfe* had call'd to the Boy from an Ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk: and, the Boy being aſham'd of it, 'tis natural for *Bardolfe*, a bold unbred Fellow, to banter him on his aukward Baſhfulneſs. I have therefore placed it to him.

Bard.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the Gallows ſhall be wrong'd.

P. *Henry.* And how doth thy maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. *Henry.* Deliver'd with good reſpect; — and how doth the *Martlemas*, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician; but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. *Henry.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falſtaff, knight,* ——— Every man muſt know that, as often as he hath occaſion to name himſelf: even like thoſe that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they ſay, *there is ſome of the King's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he, that takes upon him not to conceive: (13) the anſwer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. *Henry.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from *Japhet.* But, to the letter: —— *Sir* John Falſtaff, *knight, to the ſon of the King, neareſt his father,* Harry *Prince of* Wales, *Greeting.*

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. *Henry.* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romans *in brevity.* (14)

(13) *The Anſwer is as ready as a* borrow'd *Cap.*] But how is a *borrow'd* Cap ſo ready? Read, a *Borrower's* Cap: and then there is ſome Humour in it. For a Man, that goes to borrow Money, is of all Others the moſt complaiſant: His Cap is always at hand.

Mr. *Warburton.*

(14) *I will imitate the honourable* Romans *in brevity.*] I don't know, who could furniſh *Shakeſpeare* with this Account of the *Roman* Brevity, but *Pliny* the Younger: B. 1. Epiſt. xi. *Olim nullas mihi Epiſtolas mittis. Nihil eſt (inquis,) quòd ſcribam. At hoc ipſum ſcribe, Nihil eſſe quod ſcribas: Vel ſolùm illud, unde incipere Priores ſolebant, Si vales, bene eſt; ego valeo.* — *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* But, after all, ſhould it not be *Roman,* (in the *ſingular* Number) and *Brutus* be meant? For He was peculiarly Laconick in his Stile.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Poins. Sure, he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded.

P. *Henry. I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with* Poins, *for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears, thou art to marry his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewel. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him,* Jack Falſtaff *with my familiars:* John *with my brothers and ſiſters: and Sir* John *with all* Europe.

Poins. My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. *Henry.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, *Ned?* muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. *Henry.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us: is your maſter here in *London?*

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. *Henry.* Where ſups he? doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in *Eaſt-cheap.*

P. *Henry.* What company?

Page. Epheſians, my lord, of the old church.

P. *Henry.* Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mrs. *Quickly,* and Mrs. *Dol Tear-ſheet.*

P. *Henry.* What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. *Henry.* Even ſuch kin, as the pariſh heifers are to the town Bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, *Ned,* at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord, I'll follow you.

P. *Henry.* Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph,* no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. *Henry.* Fare ye well: go. This *Dol Tear-ſheet* ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. *Albans* and *London.*

P. *Henry.* How might we ſee *Falſtaff* beſtow himſelf to night in his true colours, and not our ſelves be ſeen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. *Henry.* From a God to a Bull? (15) a heavy declenſion. It was *Jove*'s caſe. From a Prince to a prentice, a low transformation; that ſhall be mine: for in every thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, *Ned.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Northumberland, *Lady* Northumberland, *and* *Lady* Percy.

North. I Pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be like them to *Percy*, troubleſome.

L. *North.* I have giv'n over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will: your wiſdom be your guide.

North. Alas, ſweet wife, my Honour is at pawn,
And, but my Going, nothing can redeem it.

L. *Percy.* Oh, yet, for heav'ns ſake, go not to theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,

(15) *A heavy* deſcenſion.] This is the Reading, which Mr. *Pope* has eſpous'd: but, why not, *Declenſion?* is not the Term purely ſynonomous? So in *Richard* III.

Seduc'd the Pitch and Height of all his Thoughts
To baſe Declenſion *and loath'd Bigamy.*

And ſo, in *Hamlet*;

——— ——— *and to* decline
Upon a Wretch, whoſe natural Gifts were poor
To Thoſe of mine!

For here it ſignifies, to *ſtoop, deſcend.*

When you were more endear'd to it, than now;
When your own *Percy*, when my heart-dear *Harry*,
Threw many a northward Look, to ſee his father
Bring up his Pow'rs: but he did look in vain! (16)
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honours loſt; yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heav'nly Glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the Sun
In the grey vault of heav'n: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of *England* move
To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glaſs,
Wherein the noble Youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe, that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him. So that in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, wond'rous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to None, unſeconded by You;)
To look upon the hideous God of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field,

(16) *But he did* long *in vain!*] Nothing of *longing* has been expreſs'd before, which makes me ſuſpect this Reading. *Shakeſpeare*, and moſt of the Writers of his Time, lov'd a Repetition of the ſame Word: and as it is immediately before ſaid, that *Percy* threw many a Northward *Look*, I am perſwaded the Poet wrote;

——————— *but he did* look *in vain!*

I cannot help on this Occaſion quoting a Paſſage from *Ariſtophanes*, which has been ſuſpected and tamper'd with.

Ἴλλος γεγένημαι προσδοκῶν, ὁ δ' οὐδέπω.

Theſmoph. verſ. 853.

Keuſter, who objects, that *Expectation* of any Body could never have the Effect here mention'd, would have us read, Ἄυος γεγένημαι, &c. I am *dry'd, pined away*, &c. with ſtanding and expecting him. I own, I have always thought, the Error lay in another Word; and would read,

Ἴλλος γεγένημαι προσδρακών· ὁ δ' οὐδέπω.

My Eyes are perfectly diſtorted, turn'd a-ſquint, *with* looking *out for him: but I can ſee Nothing of him.*

Where

Where nothing but the ſound of *Hot-ſpur*'s Name
Did ſeem defenſible: ſo you left Him.
Never, O, never do his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhal and the Archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but half their numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hot-ſpur*'s neck)
Have talk'd of *Monmouth*'s Grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-ſights.
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. *North.* Fly to *Scotland*,
Till that the Nobles and the armed Commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. *Percy.* If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger. But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon:
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow:
And never ſhall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heav'n,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for *Scotland*; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's-head *Tavern in* Eaſtcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* WHAT the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-*Johns?* thou know'ſt, Sir *John* cannot endure an Apple-*John*.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of Apple-*Johns* before him, and told him there were five more Sir *Johns*; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights. It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot That.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou can'ſt find out *Sneak*'s Noiſe; Mrs. *Tear-ſheet* would fain hear ſome muſick. Diſpatch! the room where they ſupt is too hot, they'll come in ſtrait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince, and Maſter *Poins* anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir *John* muſt not know of it. *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old *Utis:* it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee, if I can find out *Sneak*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweet heart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drank too much canarys, and that's a marvellous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better then I was: hem.—

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in Court*—— empty the jourden ——— *and was a worthy King:* how now, Mrs. *Dol?*

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſect; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs. *Dol.*

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, *Dol*; we catch of you, *Dol*, we catch of you; grant That, my poor Vertue, grant That.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your[+] brooches, pearls and owches: for to [146] ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charg'd chambers bravely———

Dol. Hang your ſelf, you muddy Conger, hang your ſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as[+] rheumatick as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of *Bourdeaux* ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuft in the Hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, *Jack:* thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, antient *Piſtol* is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foul-mouthd'ſt rogue in *England.*

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear, Hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacifie your ſelf, Sir *John*; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Do'ſt thou hear—— it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir *John*, never tell me; your Ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter *Tiſick* the deputy the other day; and, as he ſaid to me—— it was no longer ago than *Wedneſday* laſt—— neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he;—— maſter *Domb* our miniſter was by then;—— neighbour *Quickly*, ſays he, receive thoſe that are civil; for faith he, you are in an ill name: (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon;) for, ſays he, you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed, what gueſts you receive: receive, ſays he, no ſwaggering companions.—— There come none here. You would bleſs you, to hear what he ſaid. No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not ſwagger with a *Barbary* hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. (17) Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honeſt man

(17) Cheater *call you him? I will bar no honeſt man my Houſe, nor no* Cheater.] The Humour of This conſiſts in the Hoſteſs's Miſtake in the Signification of the Word *Cheater*. For the Officer, who was concern'd in collecting the *Eſcheats* due to the *Crown*, was call'd by the common People

man my houſe, nor no cheater; but I do not love ſwaggering, by my troth; (18) I am the worſe, when one ſays, ſwagger: feel, maſters, how I ſhake, look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, as if it were an aſpen leaf: I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph *and Page.*

Piſt. Save you, Sir *John.*

Fal. Welcome, ancient *Piſtol.* Here, *Piſtol*, I charge you with a cup of ſack: do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir *John*, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, Sir, you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you, Miſtreſs *Dorothy*, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion! what? you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-linnen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your maſter.

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs *Dorothy.*

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal, you filthy bung,

People the '*Cheater.* i. e. the *Eſcheater.* And This was the honeſt Man the good Woman dreamt of. But as the publick Officers of the Revenue were always had in *Odium*, I make no Doubt, but the Poet meant here likewiſe to ridicule the Officer. Mr. *Warburton.*

(18) *I am the worſe, when one ſays* ſwagger: feel, *Maſters; how I ſhake.*

Dol. *So you do, Hoſteſs.*

Hoſt. *Do I? yea, in very Truth do I,* as if it were an Aſpen leaf.] This Fright of the Hoſteſs, tho' perfectly in Nature and Character, ſeems ſneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle.*

By the Faith of my Body, a' has put me into ſuch a Fright that I tremble *(as they ſay)* as 'twere an Aſpen leaf. *Look o' my little finger*, George, *how it* ſhakes. *Now, in Truth*, every Member of my Body is the worſe for't.

away:

away: by this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the ſawcy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale raſcal, you basket-hilt ſtale jugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your [154] ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, *Piſtol*; I wou'd not have you go off here: diſcharge your ſelf of our company, *Piſtol.*

Hoſt. No, good captain *Piſtol*: not here, ſweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd captain? if Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word, before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal *Bardolph*, I could tear her: I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto*'s damned lake, to the infernal deep, where *Erebus* and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down! down, *h* dogs; down, fates: have we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good captain *Peeſel*, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-horſes (19)

And

(19) ——— *Shall Pack-horſes,*
And hollow pamper'd Jades of Aſia,
Which cannot go but thirty Miles a day, &c.] *Piſtol*, tis certain, does not *deliver himſelf like a Man of this World*; but we'll derive one Teſtimony from hence, that all his *Extravaganza*'s are not meer unmeaning Flights of Wildneſs; but thrown in to convey Strokes of Satire, and

And hollow-pamper'd jades of *Aſia*,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with *Cæſars*, and with *Cannibals*,
And *Trojan Greeks?* nay, rather damn them with
King *Cerberus*, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins: (20) have We not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer? do you think, I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair *Calipolis*; come,

and expoſe the Fuſtian of ſome contemporary Pieces. In the 2d Part of an old Play, call'd, *Tamburlaine*'s *Conqueſts*, Or The *Scythian* Shepherd, *Tamburlaine* appears in his Chariot, drawn by the Kings of *Trebizond* and *Soria*, with Bits in their Mouths. He, holding the Reins in his left hand, and a Whip in his right, ſcourges them; and thus begins the Scene.

Holla! *ye pamper'd Jades of* Aſia,
What! can ye draw but twenty Miles a-day,
And have ſo proud a Chariot at your Heels,
And ſuch a Coachman as great Tamburlaine?

This Paſſage was in ſo ſtrong Ridicule, that I find it again parodied in a Comedy call'd, *The Sun's Darling*; as alſo in the *Coxcomb*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

(20) *Have we not* Hiren *here?*

Hoſt. *O' my Word, Captain, there's none ſuch here.*] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this truſty and invincible Sword by my Side? For, as King *Arthur*'s Swords were call'd *Caliburne* and *Ron*; as *Edward* the Confeſſor's, *Curtana*; as *Charlemagne*'s, *Joyeuſe*; *Orlando*'s, *Durindana*; *Rinaldo*'s, *Fuſberta*; and *Rogero*'s, *Baliſarda*; ſo *Piſtol*, in Imitation of theſe Heroes, calls his Sword *Hiren*. I have been told, *Amadis du Gaul* had a Sword of this Name. It ſeems to belong to ſome *Spaniſh* Romance, and we may, perhaps, gather the Reaſon of the Name from that Language. LA CRUSCA explains *hiriendo*, (the Gerund from *hirir*, to ſtrike;) *en frappant*, *battendo*, *percotendo:* From hence it ſeems probable that *Hiren* may be deriv'd; and ſo ſignify, a *ſwaſhing*, *cutting* Sword.—But what wonderful Humour is there in the good Hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking *Piſtol*'s Drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a Whore in the Houſe, and therefore telling him, *On my Word, Captain, there's none ſuch here; what the good-jer! do you think, I would deny her?*

give

give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormente, ſperato me contente.*

Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there:
Come we to full points here; and are *&* *cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. (21) Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif: what! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, *Bardolph*, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrew? then Death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three: come, *Atropos*, I ſay.

[*Drawing his ſword.*

(21) *Sweet Knight, I kiſs thy* Neif.] i. e. I kiſs thy Fiſt. Mr. *Pope* will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*. i. e. a Woman-Slave that is born in one's houſe; and that *Piſtol* would kiſs *Falſtaff*'s domeſtick Miſtreſs *Dol Tearſheet*. But I appeal to every One that ſhall but read the Scene over, whether This could poſſibly be the Poet's Meaning. There is a perfect Fray betwixt *Dol* and *Piſtol*; She calls him an hundred the worſt Names She can think of: He threatens to murder her Ruff, and ſays, He could tear her. *Bardolph* would have him be gone; but He ſays, he'll ſee her damn'd firſt: and *Dol*, on the other hand, wants him to be thruſt down Stairs, and ſays, She can't endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcal. I ſhould very little expect, that theſe Parties, in ſuch a Ferment, ſhould come to kiſſing. And I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* thought of no Reconciliation: For the Brawl is kept on, till it riſes to drawing Swords; and *Piſtol*, among 'em, is huſtled down Stairs. I can't think, any more is intended by the Poet than This: that *Falſtaff*, weary of *Piſtol*'s wrangling, tells him, He would be quiet: and that *Piſtol*, who had no Quarrel with Sir *John*, but a ſort of Dependance on him, ſpeaks the Knight fair and tells him, *that he kiſſes his* Fiſt: for ſo the Word *Neif* ſignifies in our Northern Counties. So, before, in *Midſummer Night's Dream*;

Bott. *Give me thy* Neif, *Monſieur* Muſtard-ſeed.

And ſo in *B. Jonſon*'s Poetaſter;

I wu'not, my good two penny Raſcal; reach me thy Neife.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, *Jack*, be quiet, the raſcal is gone: ah, you whorſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th' groin? methought, he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk: you have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!———

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? come, let me wipe thy face——— come on, you whorſon chops—ah, rogue! I love thee—thou art as valorous as *Hector* of *Troy*, worth five of *Agamemnon*; and ten times better than the nine Worthies: a villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, *Dol.* A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followd'ſt him like a church: thou whorſon little tydie *Bartholomew* Boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter

Enter Prince Henry *and* Poins *disguis'd.*

Fal. Peace, good *Dol*, do not speak like a death's-head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good Pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, *Poins* hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!— his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury* mustard: there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another: the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their *Averdupois.*

P. *Henry.* Would not this Nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. *Henry.* Look, if the wither'd Elder hath not his poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, *Dol.*

P. *Henry.* *Saturn* and *Venus* this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery *Trigon* his man be not lisping to his master's old Tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper?

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive mony on *Thurſday*: Thou ſhalt have a cap to morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo: prove, that ever I dreſs my ſelf handſom till thy return—— Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, *Francis.*

P. *Henry. Poins.* Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha! a baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou *Poins* his brother?

P. *Henry.* Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. *Henry.* Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the lord preſerve thy good Grace! Welcome to *London.*— Now heav'n bleſs that ſweet face of thine: what, are you come from *Wales?*

Fal. Thou whorſon-mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. *Henry.* You whorſon candle-myne, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. *Henry.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by *Gads-hill*; you knew, I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think, thou waſt within hearing.

P. *Henry.* I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal*, on my honour, no abuſe.

P. *Henry.* Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, *Hal.*

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, *Ned*, in the world; honeſt *Ned*, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, *Hal*, none, *Ned*, none; no, boys, none.

P. *Henry.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardiſe doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine Hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt *Bardolph*, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead Elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prickt down *Bardolph* irrecoverable, and his face is *Lucifer*'s privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt-worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. *Henry.* For the women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns, poor ſoul! for the other, I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think, thou art not: I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole *Lent?*

P. *Henry.* You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays That, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? look to the door there, *Francis.*

Enter Peto.

P. *Henry.* *Peto*, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at *Weſtminſter*,
And there are twenty weak and wearied Poſts
Come from the North; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir *John Falſtaff*.

P. *Henry.* By heaven, *Poins*, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion like the South
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword, and cloak: *Falſtaff*, good night.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpickt. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently: a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah: farewel, Hoſteſs; farewel, *Dol.* You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again, ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt —— well, ſweet *Jack*, have a care of thy ſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty nine years, come peſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs. *Tear-ſheet*, —

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtreſs *Tear-ſheet* come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, *Dol*, run; run, good *Dol*. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Palace in* LONDON.

Enter King Henry *in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of *Surrey* and of *Warwick*;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed.
[*Exit Page.*
How many thousands of my poorest Subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft Nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasie pallets stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the Great,
Under the Canopies of costly State,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull God, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsom beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious Surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slip'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurley, death it self awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose

To

To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then happy low! lye down; (22)
Uneaſie lyes the head, that wears a Crown.

Enter Warwick *and* Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majeſty.
K. *Henry.* Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o' clock, and paſt.
K. *Henry.* (23) Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. *Henry.* Then you perceive the body of our Kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet diſtemper'd, *t*
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine;
My lord *Northumberland* will ſoon be cool'd.
K. *Henry.* Oh heav'n, that one might read the book of fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times

(22) ——— *then happy* low! lye down;
Uneaſie lyes *the head,* &c.] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text, Mr. *Warburton* thinks, *Shakeſpeare* would not have uſed ſo poor a Repetition as *lye down* and *uneaſie lyes.* He therefore conjectures
——— *Then happy,* lowly Clown!
Uneaſie lyes *the Head, that wears a Crown.*
This, ſays He, is the juſt Concluſion from all ſaid before. If Sleep will fly a King, and conſort it ſelf with Beggars, then happy the *lowly Clown,* and uneaſy the crown'd Head.

(23) *Why then good morrow to you* all, *my Lords:*
Have you read o'er, &c.] I muſt account for the Change I have ventur'd at here. In the preceding Page the King ſends Letters to *Surrey* and *Warwick,* with Charge that they ſhould read them and attend him. Accordingly here *Surrey* and *Warwick* come, and no body elſe, in Obedience to that Summons. The King would hardly have ſaid *Good morrow* to You All, to two Peers, and no more. My Emendation wants no further Support, than This naked Stating of the Caſe.

Make Mountains level, and the Continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt it ſelf
Into the Sea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptune*'s hips: how Chances mock,
And Changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten Years gone,
Since *Richard* and *Northumberland*, great Friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince,
This *Percy* was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, ev'n to the eyes of *Richard*
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
[*To* Warwick
When *Richard*, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by *Northumberland*,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy.
'*Northumberland*, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin *Bolingbroke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heav'n knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that Neceſſity ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it.)
'The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
'Shall break into corruption: ſo went on,
Foretelling this ſame time's condition,
And the diviſion of our amity.

War. There is a hiſtory in all men's lives,
Figuring the Nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may propheſie,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie intreaſured.

Such

Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the neceſſary form of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſs,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that ſeed grow to a greater falſeneſs,
Which ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
Unleſs on you.

K. *Henry.* Are theſe things then neceſſities?
Then let us meet them like neceſſities;
And that ſame word even now cries out on us:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fifty thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
The Pow'rs, that you already have ſent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain inſtance that *Glendower* is dead.
Your Majeſty hath been this fortnight ill,
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours perforce muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. *Henry.* I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Juſtice* Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow *and* Silence, *Juſtices*; *with* Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, *and* Bull-calf.

Shal. COME on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin *William* is become a good ſcholar: he is at *Oxford* ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the Inns of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clement*'s-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſty *Shallow* then, couſin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *John Doit* of *Staffordſhire*, and black *George Bare*, and *Francis Pickbone*, and *Will Squele* a *Cot's-wold* man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the *Bona-Roba*'s were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was *Jack Falſtaff*, (now Sir *John*) a boy, and page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sil. This Sir *John*, couſin, that comes hither anon about Soldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *John*, the very ſame: I ſaw him break *Schoggan*'s head at the Court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one *Sampſon Stockfiſh*, a fruiterer, behind *Grays-Inn*. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of Bullocks at *Stamford* Fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old *Double* of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. *John* of *Gaunt* loved him well, and betted much mony on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clowt at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and

a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph, *and Page.*

Sil. Here come two of Sir *John Falſtaff*'s men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow*, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this County, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir *John Falſtaff*; a tall gentleman, by heav'n! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good Knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: better accommodated —— it is good, yea, indeed, is it; good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated —— it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir *John.* Give me your good hand, give me your Worſhip's

ſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir *John*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card*, as I think, ——

Shal. No, Sir *John*, it is my couſin *Silence*; in Commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter *Silence*, it well befits, you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal Fie, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. *Ralph Mouldy*: — let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is *Mouldy*?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir *John*? a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldy*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things, that are mouldy, lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir *John*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery; you need not to have prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, *Mouldy*, you ſhall go. *Mouldy*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir *John*. — Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir *John?*

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir *John?*

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble.*

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, *Feeble?*

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battel, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous *Feeble:* thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful Dove, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Prick the woman's

woman's tailor well, master *Shallow*, deep, master *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would, *Wart* might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee *Bulcalf*.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me *Bulcalf*, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my lord captain, ——

Fal. What doſt thou roar before th'art prickt?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon Cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his Coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O, Sir *John*, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint *George*'s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter *Shallow*, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is *Jane Nightwork* alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter *Shallow*.

Shal

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master *Shallow*.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart: she was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, she must be old, she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old, and had *Robin Night-work* by old *Night-work*, before I came to *Clement*'s-Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five years ago.

Shal. Hah, cousin *Silence*, that thou hadst seen That, that this knight and I have seen! —— hah, Sir *John*, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir *John*, we have: our watch-word was, hem, boys. — Come, let's to dinner; Oh, the days that we have seen! come, come.

Bul. Good master corporate *Bardolph*, stand my friend, and here is four *Harry* ten shillings in *French* Crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather because I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, Sir, I did not care for mine own part so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old Dame's sake stand my friend: she hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and she's old and cannot help her self: you shall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a base mind: if it be my destiny so: if it be not, so. No man is too good to serve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Fal.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: — I have three pound to free *Mouldy* and *Bulcalf*.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal Come, Sir *John*, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldy*, *Bulcalf*, *Feeble* and *Shadow*.

Fal. *Mouldy*, and *Bulcalf*: ——— for you, *Mouldy*, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, *Bulcalf*, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *John*, Sir *John*, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter *Shallow*, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter *Shallow*. Here's *Wart*; you ſee, what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow *Shadow*, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: and, for a retreat, how ſweetly will this *Feeble*, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into *Wart*'s hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold, *Wart*, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, *Wart*, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at *Mile-End-Green*, when I lay at *Clement*'s Inn, (24) I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthur*'s Show;

(24) *I was then Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's *Show.*] The only Intelligence I have glean'd of this worthy Wight, Sir *Dagonet*, is from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *burning Peſtle*. Boy.

Show; (25) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master *Shallow*, God keep you; farewel, master *Silence*. I will not use many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir *John*, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, master *Shallow*.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, *Bardolph*, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice *Shallow*. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starv'd Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about *Turnbal-street*; and every third word a lie, more

Boy. *Besides, it will shew ill favouredly to have a* Grocer's Prentice *to court a King's Daughter.*

Cit. *Will it so, Sir? You are well read in Histories! I pray you, what was Sir* Dagonet? *Was not he* Prentice *to a* Grocer *in* London? *Read the Play of The* Four Prentices *of* London, *where they toss their Pikes so:* &c.

(25) *There was a little quiver Fellow, and he would manage you his Piece thus.*] This extreme fine Sketch of Nature and Humour in *Shallow*'s Character seems, in my Opinion, invidiously enough sneer'd at in the *Burning Pestle* above quoted.

Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, tan. — *O Wench*, and thou hadst but seen little *Ned* of *Aldgate* drum! *How he made it roar again and laid on like a Tyrant; and then struck softly till the Ward came up, and then thunder'd again, and together We go.* Sa, sa, sa, bounce, *quoth the Guns; Courage, my Hearts, quoth the Captains; Saint* George, *quoth the Pikemen; and withal* here they lay and here they lay; and yet for all This I am here, *Wench.*

duly

duly paid to the hearer than the *Turk*'s tribute. I do remember him at *Clement*'s Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight were invincible. He was the very *Genius* of famine, yet leacherous as a Monkey, and the whores call'd him Mandrake: he came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the over-ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his *Fancies*, or his *Good-nights*. (26) And now is this Vice's dagger become a Squire, and talks as familiarly of *John* of *Gaunt* as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the Marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told *John* of *Gaunt* he beat his own name; for you might have truſs'd him and all his apparel into an Eel-skin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a Manſion for him; a Court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a
[71] philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young Dace be a bait for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

(26) *And now is this* Vice's *Dagger.*] By *Vice* here the Poet means that *drole* Character in the old Plays, (which I have ſeveral Times mention'd in the Courſe of theſe Notes,) equipp'd with Aſſes Ears and a Wooden Dagger. It is very ſatirical in *Falſtaff* to compare *Shallow's* Activity and Impertinence to ſuch a Machine as a *wooden Dagger* in the Hands and Management of a *Buffoon*.

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt in* Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, *and* Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?
Haſt. 'Tis *Gaultree* foreſt.
York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from *Northumberland*;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To *Scotland*; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think, it is my lord of *Westmorland.*
West. Health and fair Greeting from our General,
The Prince, lord *John*, and Duke of *Lancaster.*
York. Say on, my lord of *Westmorland*, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it self, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage, *f. heady*
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary; *W.*
I say, if damn'd Commotion so appear'd
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend Father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, my lord Arch-bishop,
Whose See is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd,
Whose white investments figure innocence,
The Dove and very blessed Spirit of Peace;
Wherefore do you so ill translate your self,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
k Turning your books to Graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
York. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.
Briefly, to this end: we are all diseas'd,
And with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought our selves into a burning feaver,

And

And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late King *Richard* being infected, dy'd.
But, my most noble lord of *Westmorland*,
I take not on me here as a physician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather shew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see, which way the stream of time doth run,
And are inforc'd from our most Quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd access unto his person,
Ev'n by those men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the Examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine, (27)

(27) *Of forg'd Rebellion with a Seal divine?*] In one of my Old *Quarto*'s of 1600 (for I have Two of the self same Edition; one of which

And consecrate Commotion's Civil Page?
York. My brother general, the Common-wealth, (28)
To Brother born an household Cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O my good lord *Mowbray*,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd

which, 'tis evident, was corrected in some Passages during the working off the whole Impression;) after the Line above quoted I found this Verse,

And consecrate Commotion's civil Edge.

I have thought the Verse worth preserving, and ventur'd to substitute *Page* for *Edge*, with Regard to the Uniformity of Metaphor. Tho', I confess, the Latter may very well do in this Sense: that the Sword of Rebellion, drawn by a Bishop, may in some Sort be said to be consecrated by his Reverence; as the King, afterwards, talking of going to the Holy Wars, says,

We'll draw no Swords, but What are sanctified.

(28) *My Brother General the Commonwealth*
I make my Quarrel in particular.] From the same corrected Old *Quarto* I retriev'd the intermediate Line now added to the Text; and which, as Mr. *Warburton* observ'd to me, is a very sensible and very necessary Line. "The Sense is this; (says my ingenious Friend;) "My Brother General the Commonwealth, which ought to be the Nur- "sing Father of Us all, equally distributing its Benefits, is become an "household Enemy even to Those of his own House, to *brothers born*; "by disinheriting Some who have an equal Title to the Patrimony "with Others, to whom it gives all: And This I make my Quarrel. "And this was the Grievance: the constant one that makes all the "Malecontents in Civil Commotions; that Honours were not equally "distributed.

To

To all the Duke of *Norfolk*'s Seigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The King, that lov'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when *Harry Bolingbroke* and he
Being mounted and both rowled in their ſeats,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of *Bolingbroke*;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under *Bolingbroke*.
Weſt. You ſpeak, lord *Mowbray*, now, you know not what.
The Earl of *Hereford* was reputed then
In *England* the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of *Coventry*;
For all the country in a general voice
Cry'd hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on *Hereford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the King. (29)
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe. ——

(29) *And bleſs'd and grac'd* more than the King himſelf] The Two oldeſt Folio's (which firſt gave us this Speech of *Weſtmorland*) read this Line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd, and did *more than the King*.

Dr. *Thirlby* ſaw it was corrupted by the Tranſcribers, and gave me that eaſy Cure, with which I have reform'd the Text, ſo very near to the Traces of the corrupted Reading.

Here come I from our princely General,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lyes;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battel is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well; by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence;
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *John* a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. That is intended in the General's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my lord of *Weſtmorland*, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantial form;
And preſent executions of our wills,
To us, and to our purpoſes confin'd;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Weſt.

West. This will I shew the General. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battels, we may meet; (30)
And either end in peace, (which heav'n so frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* West.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That ev'ry slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, ev'ry idle, nice and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action.
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That ev'n our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord, note this; the King is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean, [122]
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion;
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.

(30) *In sight of Both our Battles, we may meet*
At *either end in Peace; (which Heav'n so frame!*
Or to the Place of Diff'rence, &c.] The Alteration which I have made here in the Pointing, and that easy but certain Change in the Text, I owe to the Direction of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

So that this Land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his pow'r, like to a fangleſs Lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of *Weſtmorland.*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of *York* in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my lord, we come.

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter.

Lan. You're well encounter'd here, my couſin *Mowbray*;
Good day to you, my gentle lord Arch-biſhop,
And ſo to you, lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My lord of *York*, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of Rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.

That

That man that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſs? With you, lord Biſhop,
It is ev'n ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heav'n?
To us, the Speaker in his Parliament:
To us, th'imagin'd voice of heav'n it ſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, the ſanctities of heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the rev'rence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heav'n,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The Subjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heav'n and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of *Lancaſter*,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of *Weſtmorland*,
The time miſ-order'd doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With Grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true Obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have Supplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo Succeſs of miſchief ſhall be born,

And

And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While *England* ſhall have generation.
Lan. You are too ſhallow, *Haſtings*, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.
Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwer them directly
How far-forth you do like their articles?
Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And Some about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Pow'rs unto their ſeveral Counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.
York. I take your princely word for theſe Redreſſes
Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.
Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.
York. To you, my noble lord of *Weſtmorland.*
Weſt. I pledge your Grace; and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd, to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to ye
Shall ſhew it ſelf more openly hereafter.
York. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord, and gentle couſin *Mowbray.*
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.

Weſt.

West. Therefore be merry, Coz, since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus; some good thing comes to morrow.
York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! they shout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.
Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit* West.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.
York. Go, good lord *Hastings:*
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* Hastings.
Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lye to night together.

Re-enter Westmorland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The Leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful Steers unyoak'd, they took their course
East, west, north, south: or like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my lord *Hastings*; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord Arch-bishop, and you, lord *Mowbray*,
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan.

Lan. I pawn'd you none:
I promis'd you Redreſs of theſe ſame grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But for you, Rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heav'n, and not we, hath ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

Enter Falſtaff *and* Colevile.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a Knight, Sir: and my name is *Colevile* of the dale.

Fal. Well then, *Colevile* is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place, the dale. *Colevile* ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough: ſo ſhall you ſtill be *Colevile* of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, who e'er I am: do ye yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rowze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir *John Falſtaff*, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in *Europe:* my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter

Enter Prince John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Weſtmorland.

Lan. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now,
Call in the Pow'rs, good couſin *Weſtmorland.*
[*Exit* Weſt.
Now, *Falſtaff*, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome Gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extreameſt inch of poſſibility. I have founder'd nineſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir *John Colevile* of the dale, a moſt furious Knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-nos'd fellow of *Rome* there, *Cæſar*,— I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſie than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, *Colevile* kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have Right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan.

Lan. Is thy name *Colevile?*
Cole. It is, my lord.
Lan. A famous Rebel art thou, *Colevile.*
Fal. And a famous true Subject took him.
Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.
Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thy ſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?
Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.
Lan. Send *Colevile* then with his Confederates
To *York*, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee, you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we tow'rd the Court, my lords;
I hear, the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through *Glo'ſterſhire*; and when you come to Court, 'pray, ſtand my good Lord in your good report.
Lan. Fare you well, *Falſtaff*; I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*
Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation

ration in it; it aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the Sherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of Sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without Sack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a meer hoard of gold kept by a devil, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertil Sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt humane principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to Sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, *Bardolph?*

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through *Gloceſterſhire*, and there will I viſit maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Palace at* Weſtminſter.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, *and* Glouceſter.

K. *Henry.* NOW, lords, if heav'n doth give ſucceſsfull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Navy is addreſs'd, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength:
And pauſe us, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoak of Government.

War. Both which, we doubt not, but your Majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. *Henry. Humphry*, my ſon of *Glouceſter*,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windſor.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. *Henry.* Is not his brother, *Thomas* of *Clarence*, with him?

Glou. No, my good lord, he is in preſence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. *Henry.* Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of *Clarence.*

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, *Thomas*;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his Greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,

By ſeeming cold, or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humourous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day. [70] n
His temper therefore muſt be well obſerv'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his Paſſions, like a Whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in:)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh gun-powder. [157]

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. *Henry.* Why art thou not at *Windſor* with him, *Thomas?*

Cla. He is not there to day; he dines in *London.*

K. *Henry.* And how accompanied? can'ſt thou tell That?

Cla. With *Poins*, and other his continual followers.

K. *Henry.* Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds:
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches it ſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,

Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Tow'rds fronting peril and oppos'd decay?

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his Followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. *Henry.* 'Tis ſeldom, when the Bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—— Who's here? *Weſtmorland?*

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my Soveraign, and new happineſs
Added to That, which I am to deliver!
Prince *John*, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop *Scroop*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your Law;
There is not now a Rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Olive ev'ry where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. *Henry.* O *Weſtmorland*, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heav'n keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall

As

As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl *Northumberland*, and the lord *Bardolph*,
With a great Pow'r of *Engliſh* and of *Scots*,
Are by the Sh'riff of *Yorkſhire* overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, pleaſe it you, contains at large.
K. *Henry*. And wherefore ſhould theſe good news make me ſick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words ſtill in fouleſt letters?
She either gives a ſtomach, and no food;
(Such are the poor in health) or elſe a feaſt,
And takes away the ſtomach; (ſuch the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.)
I ſhould rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my ſight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!
Glou. Comfort your Majeſty!
Cla. Oh, my royal father!
Weſt. My ſoveraign lord, chear up your ſelf, look up.
War. Be patient, Princes; you do know, theſe fits
Are with his Highneſs very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll ſtrait be well.
Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out theſe pangs;
Th'inceſſant care and labour of his mind (31)
Hath wrought the mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glou. The People fear me; for they do obſerve
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature:

(31) *Th'inceſſant Care and Labour of his Mind*
Hath wrought the Mure, &c.] *Daniel*, in his *Miſeries* of the *Engliſh* Civil Wars, ſpeaking of the long Decay *Henry* IV felt from inward Sickneſs, has this very Thought. I don't know the Date of that Poem being wrote, ſo cannot ſay which Poet has copied from the Other.

And Pain and Grief, inforcing more and more,
Beſieg'd the Hold that could not long defend;
Conſuming ſo all the reſiſting Store
Of thoſe Proviſions Nature deign'd to lend,
As that the Walls, *worn* thin, *permit the* Mind
To look out thorough, *and his Frailty find.* Book IV. St. 84.

The Seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doting chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great Grandsire *Edward* sick'd and dy'd.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.
K. *Henry.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
x[56] Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper Musick to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the Musick in the other room.
K. *Henry.* Set me the Crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. *Henry.* Who saw the Duke of *Clarence?*
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. *Henry.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?
How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. *Henry.* Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. *Henry.* If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physick.
War. Not so much noise, my lords; sweet Prince, speak low;
The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us?
P. *Henry.* No; I will sit, and watch here by the King. [*Exeunt all but P.* Henry.

Why

Why doth the Crown lye there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armor worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs Down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound, indeed; this is a ſleep,
That from this golden Rigol hath divorc'd (32)
So many *Engliſh* Kings. Thy Due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My Due from thee is this imperial Crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives it ſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
Which heav'n ſhall guard: and put the world's whole
ſtrength
Into one gyant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal Honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

(32) *That from this golden* Rigol—] *i. e.* Ring, or Circle. In *Macbeth*, he has expreſs'd it;

All that impedes thee from the Golden Round.

But We once more meet with the Word *Rigol* in our Author's Works;

About the mourning and congealed Face
Of that black Blood a watry Rigol *goes*, &c.
Tarquin *and* Lucrece.

The Word ſeems of *Italian* Extraction. — Ridda, *Chorea, cùm nexis manibus ſaltando in Orbem vertuntur. A* Ridda, Ridoletto, rigoletto, rigolo. — So *Ferrarius* in his *Origines Italicæ*. Hence a *Rigolet*, or *Rigol*, may, I preſume, ſtand in *Engliſh* for a Circle, any Thing round.

Enter Warwick, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

K. *Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!*
Cla. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Majeſty? how fares your Grace?
K. *Henry.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.
K. *Henry.* The Prince of *Wales!* where is he? let me ſee him.
War. This door is open, he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.
K. *Henry.* Where is the Crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. *Henry.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death? find him, my lord of *Warwick*,
And chide him hither ſtrait; this part of his
Conjoins with my diſeaſe, and helps to end me.
See, ſons, what things you are! how quickly nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from ev'ry Flow'r,
Our thighs are packt with wax, our mouths with honey.
We bring it to the hive; and, like the Bees,

Are

Are murder'd for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the dying father.

Enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. *Henry.* But wherefore did he take away the Crown?

Enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, *Harry*;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. [*Ex. Lords.*
P. *Henry.* I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. *Henry.* Thy wiſh was father, *Harry*, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty Chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my Honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſs, that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of Dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln That, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lov'dſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my Grave thy ſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctifie thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give That, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, royal State! All you ſage Councellors, hence;
And to the *Engliſh* Court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour-confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble Guilt; (33)
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth *Harry* from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint; and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor Kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with Wolves, thy old inhabitants.

(33) England *ſhall double* gild *his treble* Guilt.] This Line is in all the Editions in general, but Mr. *Pope*'s; and he has thought fit to caſhier it. If he imagin'd the Conceit too mean, he ought at leaſt to have degraded it to the bottom of his Page, not abſolutely ſtifled it. But mean as the Conceit is, our Author has repeated it again in his K. *Henry* V.

Have for the Gilt of France *(O* Guilt, *indeed!)*
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearful France.

P. *Henry.* O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
[*Kneeling.*
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,)
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your Crown;
And he, that wears the Crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your Honour and as your Renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! if I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble Change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the Crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the Might of it;
Let heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,

That

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. *Henry*. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, *Harry*, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel,
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this Crown; and I my ſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to blood-ſhed,
[161] Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my Reign hath been but as a Scene,
Acting that Argument: And now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
For W. So thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt Reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my State. Therefore, my *Harry*,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign Quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,

May

May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the Crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. *Henry.* My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my Poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, *and* Warwick.

K. *Henry.* Look, look, here comes my *John* of *Lancaſter.*

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. *Henry.* Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon *John*;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd, Trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my lord of *Warwick?*

P. *Henry.* My lord of *Warwick.*——

K. *Henry.* Doth any Name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis call'd *Jeruſalem*, my noble lord.

K. *Henry.* Laud be to God! ev'n there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in *Jeruſalem:*
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lye:
In that *Jeruſalem* ſhall *Harry* die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, Shallow's *Seat in* Gloſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to night. What! *Davy*, I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter *Robert Shallow*.

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, *Davy*,——

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, *Davy*, *Davy*, let me ſee, *Davy*, let me ſee; yea, marry, *William* Cook, bid him come hither.— Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, *Davy*. But, for *William* Cook,—— are there no young Pidgeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir— Here is now the Smith's note for ſhooing, and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid—— Sir *John*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of *William*'s

William's wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at *Hinckly* Fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some Pidgeons, *Davy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell *William* Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, *Davy*. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' Court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, *Davy*, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linnen.

Shal. Well conceited, *Davy*. About thy buſineſs, *Davy*.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance *William Viſor* of *Woncot* againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill. 3

Shal. There are many complaints, *Davy*, againſt that *Viſor*; that *Viſor* is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir, therefore I beſeech your Worſhip let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to, I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong: look about, *Davy*. Where are you, Sir *John?* come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter *Bardolph*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter *Bardolph*; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir *John*.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter *Robert Shallow*. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] *Bardolph*, look to our horſes.

horſes. —— If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermites-ſtaves as maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits and his: they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſervingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent like ſo many wild Geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: If to his men, I would curry with maſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe Bearing or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this *Shallow* to keep Prince *Henry* in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without *Intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir *John* ——

Fal. I come, maſter *Shallow*; I come, maſter *Shallow*. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE *changes to the Court, in* London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick *and the Lord Chief Juſtice.*

War. HOW now, my lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War.

War. He's walk'd the way of Nature;
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.
Ch. Juſt. I would, his Majeſty had call'd me with him.
The ſervice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed, I think, the young King loves you not.
Ch Juſt. I know, he doth not; and do arm my ſelf,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſie.

Enter Lord John *of* Lancaſter, Glouceſter, *and* Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead *Harry:*
O, that the living *Harry* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many Nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!
Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.
Lan. Good morrow, couſin *Warwick.*
Glou. Clar. Good morrow, couſin.
Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much Talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!
Glou. O, good my lord, you've loſt a friend, indeed;
And I dare ſwear, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.
Lan. Tho' no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; would, 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir *John Fa'ſtaff* fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in Honour,
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.
War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heav'n ſave your Majeſty!
P. *Henry.* This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the *Engliſh*, not the *Turkiſh* Court;
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* ſucceeds,
But *Harry*, *Harry*. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heav'n, I bid you be aſſur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep, that *Harry*'s dead; and ſo will I.
But *Harry* lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.
Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.
P. *Henry.* You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſur'd, I love you not.
[*To the Ch. Juſt.*
Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. *Henry.*

P. *Henry*. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate heir of *England!* was this easie?
May this be wash'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his Power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his Law,
While I was busie for the Common-wealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my Place,
The Majesty and Pow'r of Law and Justice,
The image of the King whom I presented;
And struck me in my very Seat of Judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To have a Son set your decrees at naught:
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person.
Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your working in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much prophan'd;
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
Behold your self so by a son disdain'd:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r so silencing your son.
After this cold consid'rance, sentence me;
And, as you are a King, speak in your State,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my Liege's Soveraignty.
P. *Henry*. You are right Justice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:

And I do wiſh, your Honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;
'Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
'That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
'And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
'That would deliver up his Greatneſs ſo
'Into the hand of juſtice. — You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th'unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well-practis'd wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his Grave, (34)

(34) *My Father is gone* wail'd *into his Grave,*
(For in his Tomb lye my Affections)] This ridiculous Reading (which, I preſume, is Mr. *Pope*'s Conjecture, unſupported by Authorities, or Reaſon;) is not only Nonſenſe in it ſelf, but is the Cauſe that Nonſenſe poſſeſſes the following Verſes. The Poet certainly wrote, as I have reſtor'd with all the old Copies. "My Father, ſays the Prince, "is gone *wild* into his Grave, for now all my *wild* Affections lye in-"tomb'd with him; and I ſurvive with his *ſober* Spirit and Diſpoſiti-"on, to diſappoint thoſe Expectations the Publick have form'd of me." This the Prince had reſolv'd to do, upon his Father's Demiſe; as we have heard from his own Mouth:

——————— *If I do feign,*
O, let me in my preſent Wildneſs *dye:*
And never live to ſhow th' incredulous World
The noble Change *that I have* purpoſed.

That he did make this Change, we hear from the Archbiſhop in the Beginning of *Henry* V.

The Breath no ſooner left his Father's body,
But that his Wildneſs, mortified *in him,*
Seem'd to dye *too.*

Theſe two Quotations very plainly aſſert our Poet's Reading, and are flagrant Teſtimonies of Mr. *Pope*'s unhappy Fatality in gueſſing wrong.

For

For in his tomb lye my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity 'till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods, o
And flow henceforth in formal Majeſty.
Now call we our high Court of Parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our State may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That War or Peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our State,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten *Harry*'s happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shallow's *Seat in* Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, *the Page, and* Davy.

Shal. NAY, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth: come, couſin *Silence*; and then to bed. [71]

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beggars all,

all, Sir *John:* marry, good air. Spread, *Davy*, ſpread, *Davy*; well ſaid, *Davy*.

Fal. This *Davy* ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir *John*. By th' Maſs, I have drank too much Sack at ſupper.—A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter *Silence*. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr. *Bardolph* ſome wine, *Davy*.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit: good maſter Page, ſit: (35) proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter *Bardolph*, and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,*
For women are Shrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think, maſter *Silence* had been a man of this mettle.

(35) Proface. *What you want in Meat, you have in Drink.*] I meet with this Word again in an old Comedy, call'd, The *Widow's Tears*.

Well, I have done;— and well done, Frailty.
Proface; *how like ſt Thou it?*

(Spoken to a Girl, that is greedily eating Victuals brought her by the Speaker.) I have not found this Word any where explain'd; but I preſume it a Contraction from the *Italian* Phraſe, *Bon vi profaccia*; i. e. Much Good may't do You.

Sil.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy, ——

Davy. Your Worſhip —— I'll be with you ſtreight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing.] *A cup of wine,*
That's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter *Silence.*

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolph*, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to maſter *Bardolph*, and to all the cavileroes about *London.*

Dav. I hope to ſee *London*, ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, *Davy,* ——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, maſter *Bardolph?*

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look; who's at door there, ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

2 *Sil.* [Singing.] *Do me right, and dub me Knight,* *Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one *Piſtol* come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? let him come in.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Sir *John*, ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, *Piſtol?*

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet Knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realm.

Sil. Indeed, I think he be, but goodman *Puff* of

3 *Barſon.

Piſt. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
Sir *John*, I am thy *Piſtol* and thy friend;
And helter skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of *Africa* and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe *Aſſyrian* Knight, what is thy news?
Let King *Cophetua* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And *Robin-hood*, *Scarlet*, and *John*.

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the *Helicons?*
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then *Piſtol* lay thy head in fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which King? *Bezonian*, ſpeak or die. (36)

Shal. Under King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir *John*, thy tender Lamb-kin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When *Piſtol* lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging *Spaniard*.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, *Bardolph*, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chuſe what office thou wilt in the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee with Dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a Knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter *Silence* to bed: maſter *Shallow*, my lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's Steward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet *Piſtol!* away, *Bardolph:* come, *Piſtol*, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thy ſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter *Shallow*. I know, the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the Laws of *England* are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and wo to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

(36) ——————Bezonian, *ſpeak or die.*] So again *Suffolk* ſays in 2 *Henry* VI.

Great Men oft die by vile Bezonians.

We are not to imagine this any Nation of People; but it is a Term of Reproach, frequent in the Writers contemporary with our Poet, and of *Italian* Extraction. *Biſogno*, among other Significations, means, *Neceſſity*; and *Biſognoſo*, a *needy* Perſon; thence, metaphorically, a baſe Scoundrel.

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
"Where is the life that late I led," ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, *and Beadles.*

Hoſt. NO, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have deliver'd her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal, if the child, I go with, do miſcarry, thou had'ſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir *John* were come, he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miſcarry.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and *Piſtol* beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, (37) thou thin man in a

(37) *Thou thin Man in a* Cenſer!] A *Cenſer*, 'tis well known, is a Veſſel for burning Incenſe, a Perfume-pan. But what is this *thin Man* in it? I have ſeen ſeveral antique *Cenſers*, exactly in the Shape of our Diſhes for the Table, which, being of Braſs, were beat out exceeding thin. In the Middle of the Bottom was rais'd up, in imboſs'd Work, with the Hammer, the Figure of ſome *Saint* in a kind of barbarous hollow *Baſs-relief*, the whole Diameter of the Bottom. The Saint was generally He, to whom the Church, in which the Cenſer was us'd, was dedicated: (tho' I once ſaw one with an *Adam* and *Eve* at the Bottom.) Now this *thin Beadle* is compar'd, for his Subſtance, to one of theſe *thin* hammer'd *Figures*, with the ſame kind of Humour that *Piſtol* in the *Merry Wives* calls *Slender* a *laten* Bilboe.

Mr. *Warburton.*

* II 325. Cenſer!

Cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwindg'd, I'll forſwear half kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that Right ſhould thus o'ercome Might! Well, of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Juſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!——

Hoſt. Thou Atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a publick Place near* Weſtminſter-*Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* MORE ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the Coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, *and the Boy.*

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. But it is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy *Dol* and *Helen* of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither by mechanick dirty hands.
Rowze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell *Alecto*'s ſnake,
For *Dol* is in. *Piſtol* ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King *Hal*, my royal *Hal!*

Piſt. The heav'ns thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you, what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my *Jove*, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers: How

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. Know, the Grave doth gape (38)
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heav'n doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self,
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

(38) ——— ——— *Know, the Grave doth gape*
For Thee thrice wider than for other Men] I cannot help observing on this Passage, as one of *Shakespeare*'s grand Touches of Nature. The *King*, having shaken off his Vanities, in this Scene reproves his old Companion Sir *John* for his Follies with great Severity. He assumes the Air of a Preacher; bids him fall to his Prayers, and consider how ill grey Heirs become a Buffoon; bids him seek after Grace, *&c.* and leave gourmandizing. But that Word, unluckily presenting him with a pleasant Idea, he can't forbear pursuing it in these Words, —*Know, the Grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is just falling back into *Hal* by an humourous Allusion to *Falstaff*'s Bulk: but He perceives it at once, is afraid Sir *John* should take the Advantage of it, so checks both himself and the Knight with

Reply not to me with a Fool-born jest;

and resumes the Thread of his Discourse, and moralizes on to the End of the Chapter. This, I think, is copying Nature with great Exactness, by shewing how apt Men are to fall back into old Customs; when the Change is not made by degrees, as the Habit itself was, but determined of all at once, on the Motives of Honour, Interest, or Reason. And Nothing is more disgusting than that vicious Practice of *Dramatick Poets* of violating the *Unity* of *Character*, and giving the same Personage different Aims, Pursuits, Appetites, and Passions, at the latter End of the Piece from what he set out with at the Beginning; that Rule of *Horace*'s being much more general than He makes it:

Servetur *ad* imum
Qualis ab incœpto *processerit*, & sibi constet.

Mr. *Warburton*.

Till

Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſ-leaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to Evil:
And, as we hear you do reform your ſelves,
We will according to your ſtrengths and qualities
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my lord,
To ſee perform'd the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Ex. King*, &c.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir *John*, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr. *Shallow*. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir *John*, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This, that you heard, was but a colour,——

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir *John*.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner: come, lieutenant *Piſtol*; come, *Bardolph*. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Prince John.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir *John Falſtaff* to the *Fleet*,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon.
Take them away.

Piſt.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento. (39)
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter, *and Chief Juſtice.*

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſh'd, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.
Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.
Lan. The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as *France.* I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

(39) *Si Fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento*] This falſe *Italian* is not from the Editors, but purpoſely from the Author. *Piſtol,* as an ignorant Fellow, but an Affecter of Languages, quotes a Scrap he has heard, at all Adventures; not knowing whether he is right, or believing that any of the Company know. It ſeems to me a Fragment from ſome *Chanſon,* or *Madrigal*; and, perhaps, ſtood thus in the Original.

Si Fortuna me tormenta,
La Speranza *me contenta.*

If Fortune afflict me, I'll wrap my ſelf up contented in the Hope of her growing kinder.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'sie; last, my speech. My fear is your displeasure; my court'sie, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing Play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John *in it, and make you merry with fair* Catharine *of* France; *where, for any thing I know,* Falstaff *shall die of a Sweat, unless already he be kill'd with your hard opinions: for* Oldcastle *died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.*

The End of the Third VOLUME.

II Part of Henry IV.

Dramatis Personæ.

a. 443. — so wor-be-gone. overwhelm: ed with sorrow. Spensers Fairy Queen V. 8 16.
And what was she herself so wor-begone

b 460 ---- a Man-queller? Man-killer I suppose our kill comes from the Saxon quellan. Wicklef in his translation of the N. T. uses this word for Carnifex Mark. 6. 27. "Herod sent a man-quell: "er and commanded his head [John the "Baptist's] to be brought. So Holinshead Vol: 3. p. 567. "The people [of Roan] ran about the streets crying, and call: ing the Captains and Governers murther: ers and Man-quellers.
Woman-queller I suppose Shakespeare uses in a more ludicrous sense.

c 511 — apprehensive, quick. Forgetive — Forgetive I believe is a word of Shake: speare's own making, but it must mean able to forge or invent.

d 525 William Visor of Woncot — and p. 534 Goodman Puff of Barson — Woodmancot and Barton, which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neigh: borhood of Justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley Hundred in Glouestershire; This I ima=

gine

gine was done to disguise the Satire a little; for Sr Thomas Lucy, who by the* coat of arms he bears must be the real Justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford in Warwickshire. * Merry Wives of Windsor Vol: 1. p 224.

a 448 Mann'd with an aggot ——
aglet sr Vol. 1. p 438. n. 13 H

f 456 —— draw anew the model
In fewer offices? at least desist
or else. Hanm:

g 476 — play the saucy cuttle with me.

h — Sirrah is an affected name which he gives to his sword, in imitation of the Durindana, Caliborn &c of the Knights in Romance.

i 484. A watch-case or a common larum-
to. H. bell.

k 498 Turning your books to graves ——
glaives Hanm:

l 499 And are enforc'd from our most Quiet
there
Hanmer reads quiet spheres. q.

properties confin'd. W.

m. 502. confin'd r: confirm'd. Hanm:

n. 513 As *Flaws congealed in the spring of day
*Sudden impetuous gusts of wind H. qu:

o 531 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods —
Floods of State — Hanm:

q 462 — these bed hangings
dead is faded W.

r 468 — eat twenty of his words. plenty W.

s 480 — clasping too his masters old Ta:
bles
= You clasp young Cupids tables
Cymbeline W.

t. 485 slight-distemper'd. W.

u 502 — lawful banks — W.

w 505 — in common fence is self-defence W.

x 516 — doting favorable hand — W

y 528 A rated and forestall'd remission
is that must be sought for & bought with
supplication. W

z 534 Samingo. He means to say San Domingo
H.

1 473 brooches. bodkins. broche Fr:

2 ib: rheumatic. angry, Splenetic. ‡ ‡

Johnson. Every man in his humour

Cash. Why good-man Cob, you
mistake me.

Cob. Why I have my rewme, and
I can be angry as well as an:
other, sir. p 38.

3 525} William Visor of Woncot
534} Goodman Puff of Barson

Woodmancot and Barton,
which I suppose are the places here
meant, are both in the Hundred
of Berkley in Gloucestershire

‡ Quickly. He did in some sort, in:
deed handle women; but then he was
rheumatic, and talked of the whore
of Babylon. Hen: V. Vol 4. p 32

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